AUG. 25, 1945 10c

Liberty

Book: I TOOK THE SKY ROAD

Greatest Action Book of the War

RUSSIA AND THE U. S. A.

By JOHN GUNTHER

BASKERVILLE

PILOT *and* CREW CHIEF
– A GREAT TEAM

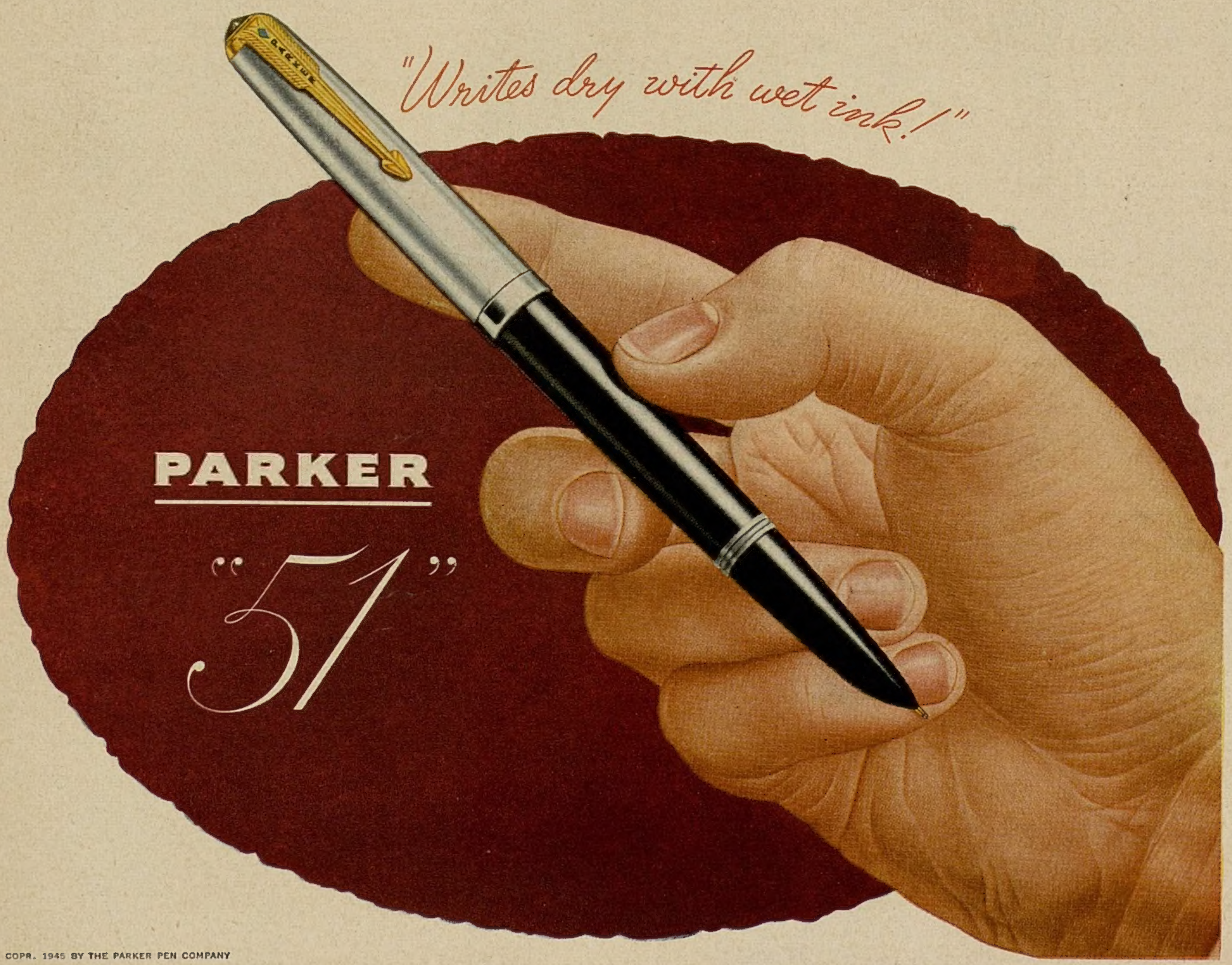
Coming closer...

YOUR PROUD POSSESSION OF A PARKER "51"

You know, of course, that Parker 51's are scarce. There are reasons. ◆ *The "51" is not hastily mass-produced. It is a precision instrument, achieved by 56 years of craftsmanship. And today, with Parker working to produce vital war equipment, we build but a fraction of the 51's we could sell.* ◆ *Happily, more of these "most wanted" pens are coming. We hope the day is not far off when you may own a "51".* ◆ *Then you'll touch that protected point to the paper—and find it starts instantly! Agile as your own forefinger, the Parker "51" keeps pace with your thoughts. So smooth is the tip of costly Osmiridium, it seems to float above the paper.* ◆ *And look! Like magic, each word dries as you write! For this pen—and only this pen—has the design and construction which permit satisfactory use of the world's fastest drying ink, Parker "51" Ink. Ordinary ink may also be used.* ◆ *Such a pen is worth waiting for. Place a reservation order with your Parker dealer now.* ◆ *Parker "51" pens come in four colors: Black, Blue Cedar, Dove Gray, Cordovan Brown. $12.50; $15.00. Pencils, $5.00; $7.50. Sets, $17.50 to $80.00. Parker Vacumatic pens, $8.75. Pencils, $4.00.*

The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin

MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT—BUY WAR BONDS NOW


"Writes dry with wet ink!"
PARKER
"51"

COPR. 1945 BY THE PARKER PEN COMPANY

CAB No. 533

TIRE RECORD:

MAKE: Goodyear SERIAL No. 496T7859
INSTALLED: 7/8/44 1st RECAP: 10/10/44
2nd RECAP: 12/15/44 REMOVED: 2/15/45
TOTAL MILES 48,169

CAB No. 533

TIRE RECORD:

MAKE: Goodyear SERIAL No. 83WY5210
INSTALLED: 2/28/44 1st RECAP: 6/15/44
2nd RECAP: 7/14/44 3rd RECAP: 10/15/44
REMOVED: 2/15/45
TOTAL MILES 85,271

CAB No. 533

TIRE RECORD:

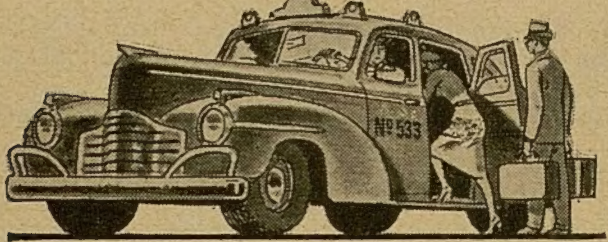
MAKE: Goodyear SERIAL No. 609F9830
INSTALLED: 3/17/44 1st RECAP: 7/12/44
2nd RECAP: 9/26/44 3rd RECAP: 12/26/44
REMOVED: 2/15/45
TOTAL MILES 78,879

CAB No. 533

TIRE RECORD:

MAKE: Goodyear SERIAL No. N59Z5730
INSTALLED: 3/17/44 1st RECAP: 7/13/44
2nd RECAP: 10/16/44 3rd RECAP: 12/30/44
REMOVED: 2/15/45
TOTAL MILES 78,879

Learn about tires from cab No 533

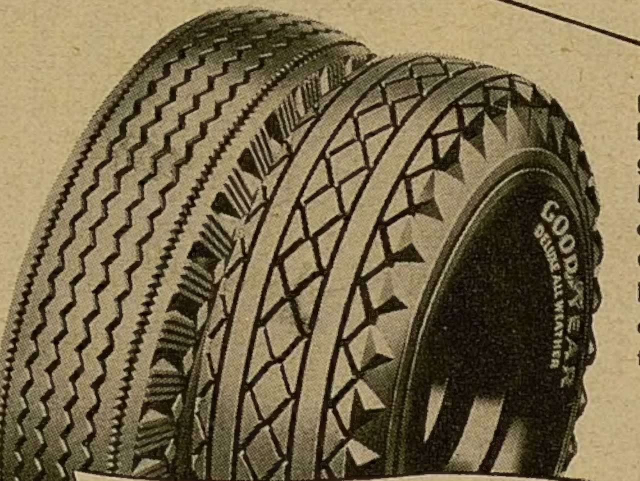


YOU get a pretty clear picture of the rugged quality built into Goodyear synthetic rubber tires from the four record cards shown above. They give the tire history of Cab No. 533, operated by a large taxi company in a big midwestern city.

Between February and July, 1944, Cab No. 533 was equipped all around with new Goodyears. During the following months it was driven by some 25 to 30 different men, mainly in city traffic with frequent stops and starts. That's a stern test of tires.

Yet Goodyears stood up amazingly in that grueling grind, with total service ranging from 48,169 to 85,271 miles. One secret of that mileage was the ability of these tires, as the records show, to take TWO to THREE recaps — proof of the greater strength and endurance of Goodyear's patented low stretch Supertwist cord construction.

Not every driver will get mileages so high, because few drivers are as careful about proper inflation and tire care as this cab company. But many such high-mileage records evidence the long-wearing quality inherent in Goodyears — a low-cost-per-mile performance that makes them your shrewdest buy.



IF YOU ARE NOT ELIGIBLE FOR A NEW GOODYEAR, get a Goodyear Extra-Mileage Recap and a new Goodyear tube — both now available without ration certificate.

BUY WAR BONDS
BUY FOR KEEPS

Supertwist, All-Weather—T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

ATTENTION! When your hair gets that dull, lifeless look . . . when it feels dry under your fingers . . . when loose dandruff starts to appear . . . chances are that nature isn't supplying enough natural scalp oils. That means Dry Scalp. It calls for 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic.

5 drops a day keep Dry Scalp away

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

AT EASE! Here's help. Five drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic a day check Dry Scalp by *supplementing* the natural scalp oils. Your hair regains that natural, just-combed look. Your scalp feels better. For 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic works with nature, not against it—contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Use it also with massage before shampooing.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

More bottles sold today than any other hair tonic

In This Week's Liberty

PAUL HUNTER, PUBLISHER

Edward Maher, Editor

Associates

Edward Hutchings, *Exec. Editor*
William E. Rae, *Articles*
Kathryn Bourne, *Fiction*
Joseph Anthony, *Books*
Sid L. Hydeman, *Art*
Lee Pasquin, *Management*
Elizabeth Wilson, *Hollywood*
Stacy V. Jones, *Washington rep.*

Staff: Ruth Berman • Alison Butcher • Elsie Christie • Molly Cric_may • Harry E. Dounce • Helen Greenwood • Otto Kurth • Jerome Parker • Carleton Porter • Vivian Sande • M. J. Tait • Daniel E. Wheeler

★ ARTICLES

Will Peace Be with Us? Part One, *John Gunther* 17
Banzai—Jap Suicide Charge, *T/Sgt. Alvin M. Josephy, Jr.* 20
The Law Protects the Missing, *Jacques W. Bacal* 22
How Well Do You Read? *Ruth McCoy Harris* 26
Fighting Words, *Lt. Robert T. Furman, Jr., U. S. N. R.* 28
They Wish upon a Star—and Win! *Elizabeth Wilson* 34

★ FICTION

The Golden Headache, *George Armin Shaftel* 18
Who's the Sucker?—Short Short, *Darrell Huff* 24
Waldo the Weep, *Stanley Disney* 32
Four Months with Each of Us, *Frances W. Quinlin* 36

★ BOOK CONDENSATION

I Took the Sky Road—*Commander Norman M. Miller's breezy and vivid account of air forays against the Japs—abridged to a reading time of one evening* 39

★ FEATURES

Vox Pop 6
On the Beam, *Wayne Parrish* 13
The Camera Eye—Pictures 30
Books in Review, *Joseph Anthony* 54
Crossword Puzzle 54
Woman-Talk, *Margaret Fishback* 64
Colonel Stoopnagle's Fictionary (*Unabashed*) 72
Liberty Goes to the Movies 78
This Man's War, *Old Sarge* 84

★ EDITORIAL

Another Kind of Justice We Owe the Veteran
Paul Hunter 90

Cover: Pilot and Crew Chief—a Great Team
Painted by Lt. Col. Charles Baskerville
(For story see page 87)

PUBLISHED BY LIBERTY MAGAZINE, INC.

President, Paul Hunter; *Vice-Presidents*, Edward Maher, Homer Rockwell, Lester Tunison; *Sec. and Treas.*, Thomas W. Kavanaugh; *Business Mgr.*, John Dungan; *Circulation Mgr.*, Lee Wagner.

NO LONGER CONNECTED WITH MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS OR THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

THE NAMES AND THE DESCRIPTIONS OF ALL CHARACTERS IN THE FICTION STORIES APPEARING IN LIBERTY ARE WHOLLY FICTITIOUS. IF THERE IS ANY RESEMBLANCE, IN NAME OR IN DESCRIPTION, TO ANY PERSON, LIVING OR DEAD, IT IS PURELY A COINCIDENCE.

Contributors are advised to retain copies of their material, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and name and address, but we will not be responsible for any loss of such material.

Liberty, August 25, 1945, Vol. 22, No. 34. Published weekly by Liberty Magazine, Inc 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 192 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents copy. Subscription price $3.50 a year in the United States and possessions, $4.50 year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Centra and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and Frenc Guiana. All other countries $5.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscriptio or change of address, please allow at least forty-five (45) days for Liberty to reac you. Copyright, 1945, by Liberty Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canad Registered at Stationers' Hall, Great Britain. Registro Nacional de la Propieda Intelectual. All rights reserved.

Which ONE OF THESE SIX BEST SELLERS DO YOU WANT ABSOLUTELY *Free*

WITH MEMBERSHIP IN THE LITERARY GUILD BOOK CLUB

EARTH AND HIGH HEAVEN — *By Gwethalyn Graham*

EARTH AND HIGH HEAVEN
GWETHALYN GRAHAM

Can Love and Religion Mix?

They knew they were madly in love — but could not trust their hearts! Was the risk too great? Was the price too high? Here is a beautiful love story woven around a great social problem! "Has charm, romantic appeal and dramatic force as well as 'social significance'."—*New York Times*

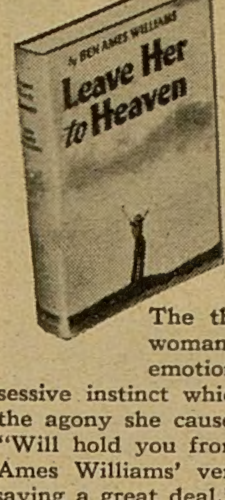
CAPTAIN FROM CASTILE — *By Samuel Shellabarger*

Captain from Castile

Marriage Would Have Been Scandalous!

In search of gold and glory, young Pedro de Vargas successfully fought intrigue, hardship, and death. Only his heart was vulnerable—and though it was a matter of course that Catana be his mistress, it was scandalous to think of marrying her! "Crammed with melodrama, pageantry and spectacular feats of arms on an epic scale." —*New York Times*

LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN — *By Ben Ames Williams*



Makes Jealous Women Blush for Shame!

The thrilling story of a jealous woman—of her fierce, uncontrolled emotion and passion, of her possessive instinct which stopped at nothing—of the agony she caused and the price she paid. "Will hold you from start to finish . . . Ben Ames Williams' very best book, and this is saying a great deal."—*Boston Sunday Post*

GREEN DOLPHIN STREET — *By Elizabeth Goudge*

GREEN Dolphin STREET
Elizabeth Goudge

Married for Years THEN Came Love!

He sent for blue-eyed, laughing *Marguerite*, but unloved *Marianne* arrived from half-way round the world. Then for years he lived the lie—until at last another miracle came to pass—and he fell in love with the woman he thought he hated! "A right romantic tale, set in strange places, not without violence, crowded with real people."—*New York Herald Tribune*

IMAGE OF JOSEPHINE — *By Booth Tarkington*

Image of Josephine

She Behaved Like a Fool!

She wanted to be loved, admired, respected; but she behaved like a fool—and earned the contempt of the very ones she cared for most. Her new lover pitied her until, at the right moment, he tamed her with the whiplash of *truth*. "Feminine malice depicted with a master hand."—*Robert Molloy, New York Sun*

GREAT SON — *By Edna Ferber*

EDNA FERBER
Great Son
A NOVEL OF CHARACTER

They Paid for What They Got!

Here is the story of the Great Northwest and four generations of Americans who helped build it. You will be thrilled by 92-year-old Grandma Melendy, and serious minded young Mike—who PAID for what they got. A great book by the author of "SO BIG", "SHOW BOAT", "CIMARRON". "It is in the realm of possibility that we already have . . . the best American novel of 1945."—*Boston Post*

JUST take your choice from the cream of the current best-sellers shown above—we'll send you FREE any one you name. We make this offer because we want you to sample the kind of reading entertainment your Guild membership brings to you. And—as an added privilege—you may choose any one of these books as your first selection, for only $2.00—a big saving from the retail price of the publisher's edition! Furthermore, any selection you buy now will count towards one of the FREE Bonus Books which the Guild distributes to its members.

LITERARY GUILD MEMBERSHIP COSTS NOTHING

Literary Guild membership is free—there are no dues or fees. Each month you will receive your copy of "Wings", the Guild's illustrated book-review Brochure, which contains articles about the Literary Guild selection *to be published the following month*. From these articles you decide whether or not you care to receive the Guild book described. If not, you simply return the form supplied and *no book will be sent to you that month*. If, however, the Guild selection is one *you don't want to miss*, it will be sent to you on approval.

Save Up to 50% On New Books

Literary Guild books are selected by our Editorial Staff from proofs submitted by leading publishers long in advance of their publication date. Because the Literary Guild is the largest book club in the world, a *huge special edition* is printed *at a tremendous saving in cost*. This saving is passed on to members. The Literary Guild edition is manufactured at the same time as the publisher's edition, yet Guild members pay a flat price of only $2.00 for each Guild book accepted, instead of the higher price charged for the same book sold at retail in the publisher's edition. In addition, Guild members receive a valuable book as a *bonus* for every four Guild books purchased! To be a "member in good standing" merely requires that you accept a minimum of only four Guild books a year out of the 12 or more new and important fiction and non-fiction Guild books submitted for your approval.

Send No Money—Mail Coupon

The convenience, the enjoyment and the saving of about 50% of your book money will, we hope, prompt you to become a member of the Literary Guild at once. As a special inducement for joining now instead of "later" you will be sent—FREE—a copy of your choice of any book shown above; and you may, if you wish, start your Guild subscription with any other book shown at the Guild price of $2.00 instead of the publisher's higher price.

All publishers are operating under restricted paper quotas, thereby limiting the number of new members the Guild can service. By joining now your membership can be accepted at once, and you will be guaranteed against any increase on Guild selections for a year.

Mail This Coupon

FREE......................

(Write in the Book of Your Choice Above)

Literary Guild of America, Inc., Publishers
Dept. 8L, Garden City, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a subscriber of the Literary Guild and send me absolutely FREE, in accordance with your offer, the book whose title I have written above. I am also to receive free each month the Guild Brochure, "Wings", and all other membership privileges, including bonus books. In consideration of this, I agree to purchase a minimum of four selections of my choice at only $2.00 each (regardless of higher retail prices of the publishers' editions) within a year.

(If you wish, you may have as your first selection any one of the other books listed for only $2.00. Just check the box preceding the title.)

☐ Leave Her To Heaven ☐ Green Dolphin Street
☐ Captain From Castile ☐ Image of Josephine
☐ Earth and High Heaven ☐ Great Son

Mr.
Mrs. ....
Miss *(Please Print)*

Street and No. ....

City .... Zone No. (if any...) State .....

Occupation .... Age, if Under 21 .....

Price in Canada, $2.20; 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ont.

LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA, INC., PUBLISHERS, GARDEN CITY, N. Y.

Are you BUSINESSLIKE

Do you hate to be late, miss appointments? Then you'll want to own a Hamilton when these fine, accurate watches are available again. We're building only high-precision war timepieces now. But your Hamilton is coming. Wait for it!

WAIT FOR HAMILTON
America's Fine Watch

Hamilton Watch Company—Makers of "The Watch of Railroad Accuracy"—Lancaster, Pa.

FOR STARLIT NIGHTS

Miss Saylor's Chocolates

These lovely Chocolates are made for magic moments. The flawless flavor of pure cream, fresh butter and fragrant chocolate, subtly blended by good cooks, creates for you an exquisite taste temptation.

Your dealer may have them soon, so keep trying.

French Cream Chocolates and Coffee-ets.

MISS SAYLOR'S CHOCOLATES, INC.
ENCINAL AVENUE
ALAMEDA, CALIFORNIA

VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

THE GRAND ARMY OBJECTS

Boston, Mass.—In your article, Vehement Volunteer, by Don Taylor and Lynne Brannen (June 23), you designated the War of 1861-65 as the "War between the States." May I remind you that such a designation is incorrect? At a National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"We regret the present tendency to call the War of 1861-1865 'The War between the States.' This term is historically and legally incorrect, for the states did not have the power, under the Constitution, to make war. The Supreme Court of the United States has held that the War of 1861 was a Civil War, and in the Gettysburg address, President Lincoln said, 'Now we are engaged in a great Civil War.' . . . We, therefore, recommend, especially to writers and teachers of history, that the War of 1861-1865 at all times be designated as the Civil War."

CCCCCCIVIL WAR!
EDITOR
F C

I ask, therefore, that in future public utterances you refrain from the use of a term that is definitely objectionable to the whole Grand Army family.—*Charles B. Burt, Department Commander, Department of Massachusetts.*

THEIR MORALE IS TOPS

Newport, R. I.—I just finished Bill Becker's Amputees Special (July 7) and I would like to congratulate you on a fine piece of work. It was done up in the best possible way to get across its idea.

I have served in the Navy Hospital Corps here in the States for a little over a year now, and for a good share of that time I was stationed at one of the Navy's receiving hospitals on the east coast. In that time I have seen a lot of marines and sailors who, by standards set by others than themselves, should feel awful sorry for themselves, but who, by their own standards, know that they are darn lucky to be alive, and that they will win out in their own personal battle. I believe that, as a whole, their morale is 100 per cent higher than that of the average man on the street. —*W. M. Fordyce, HA1/c.*

HAVE THEY DIED IN VAIN?

Portsmouth, Va.—So Senator Eastland thinks *all* the Negro soldiers are an utter failure. Well, isn't that just dandy! Those of us who happen to have skin of a dusky hue feel wonderful, our morale is boosted 100 per cent when a man like the senator comes along and tells us that all our husbands, sons, and loved ones are utter failures.

What the bigoted, prejudiced gentleman doesn't realize, evidently, is that he can't say *all* of any race are utter failures. Naturally, there are some soldiers of each color, creed, and nationality who are better equipped mentally than some others—just like in the senatorial group!

I wonder if the senator realizes, or cares, what his irresponsible lie has done for the morale of Negroes all over this country and the world.

Does he realize what it did for the Negro soldier who today lies in a hospital bed on some Jap-infested island, or for those who are back in this country minus an arm, an eye, a leg?

Can he imagine how good he made some Negro mother feel when she read her newspaper after receiving a "This is to inform you" letter? Can he imagine the wonderful thoughts which ran through her mind after all the days of praying "that he did not die in vain"?

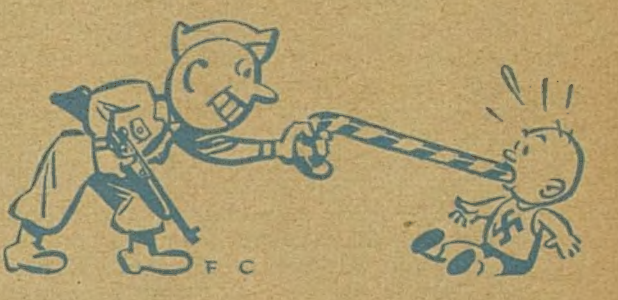
Just what "responsible generals" does the senator quote as his sources of authority? Eisenhower? Patton? Clark? Eaker? Truscott? Eddy? Allmond? These gentlemen have publicly cited the performance of Negro soldiers as combat and service troops.

Eastland also stated that it was necessary to disarm a good many Negro soldiers in Normandy. But the Supreme Headquarters in Paris stated that no Negro combat troops were used in the Normandy campaign—only Negro service troops! How can one disarm an unarmed man?

How long must the Negro soldier go on fighting and dying *for* the very ones who are fighting *against* him?—*Mrs. Juanita Jefferson Johnson.*

NO FRATERNIZATION

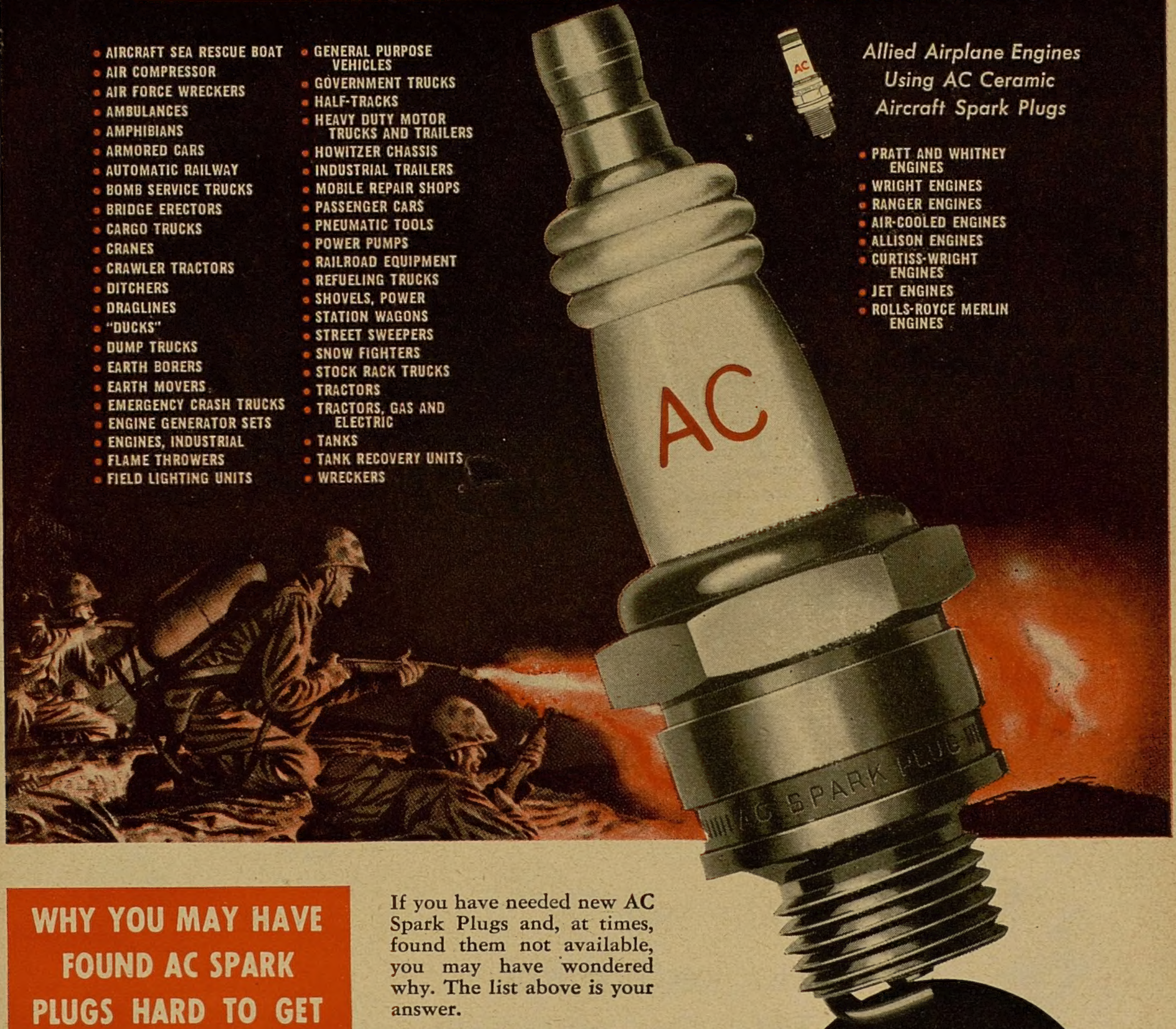
Chatsworth, Calif.—A short time ago I received a letter from 2d Lt. William Vaughan of the 49th A. I. B. and I believe his views on the German people are worth repeating. He writes:



"I had figured that after V-E Day we should allow some fraternization, as part of our program to teach the Germans democratic, friendly living. . . . But even in my one month in Germany I saw that instead of *people,* like us, these are savages more treacherous than any Indian or African tribes. It would be as sensible to 'make up' to them now as to pat on the head a strange German shepherd dog that you've just whipped for stealing your

(*Continued on page 8*)

PARTIAL LIST OF VEHICLES AND EQUIPMENT FOR WHICH AC SPARK PLUGS ARE SUPPLIED,—FOR EQUIPMENT AND REPLACEMENT,—TO THE ARMED SERVICES OF THE UNITED STATES AND ITS ALLIES



- AIRCRAFT SEA RESCUE BOAT
- AIR COMPRESSOR
- AIR FORCE WRECKERS
- AMBULANCES
- AMPHIBIANS
- ARMORED CARS
- AUTOMATIC RAILWAY
- BOMB SERVICE TRUCKS
- BRIDGE ERECTORS
- CARGO TRUCKS
- CRANES
- CRAWLER TRACTORS
- DITCHERS
- DRAGLINES
- "DUCKS"
- DUMP TRUCKS
- EARTH BORERS
- EARTH MOVERS
- EMERGENCY CRASH TRUCKS
- ENGINE GENERATOR SETS
- ENGINES, INDUSTRIAL
- FLAME THROWERS
- FIELD LIGHTING UNITS
- GENERAL PURPOSE VEHICLES
- GOVERNMENT TRUCKS
- HALF-TRACKS
- HEAVY DUTY MOTOR TRUCKS AND TRAILERS
- HOWITZER CHASSIS
- INDUSTRIAL TRAILERS
- MOBILE REPAIR SHOPS
- PASSENGER CARS
- PNEUMATIC TOOLS
- POWER PUMPS
- RAILROAD EQUIPMENT
- REFUELING TRUCKS
- SHOVELS, POWER
- STATION WAGONS
- STREET SWEEPERS
- SNOW FIGHTERS
- STOCK RACK TRUCKS
- TRACTORS
- TRACTORS, GAS AND ELECTRIC
- TANKS
- TANK RECOVERY UNITS
- WRECKERS

Allied Airplane Engines Using AC Ceramic Aircraft Spark Plugs

- PRATT AND WHITNEY ENGINES
- WRIGHT ENGINES
- RANGER ENGINES
- AIR-COOLED ENGINES
- ALLISON ENGINES
- CURTISS-WRIGHT ENGINES
- JET ENGINES
- ROLLS-ROYCE MERLIN ENGINES

WHY YOU MAY HAVE FOUND AC SPARK PLUGS HARD TO GET

If you have needed new AC Spark Plugs and, at times, found them not available, you may have wondered why. The list above is your answer.

Millions of AC Spark Plugs have been supplied, both for original factory equipment and for replacement, for every one of the 45 kinds of vehicles and engines on this list.

Likewise, millions of AC Ceramic Aircraft Spark Plugs have been supplied, for both equipment and replacement purposes, **for the** aircraft engines listed above.

The ceramic insulators developed by AC for its aircraft spark plugs helped to make higher output aircraft engines possible. This improvement in engines lifted the ceilings of the planes far higher than pre-war spark plugs permitted — and, in fact, higher than is possible with any other type of ceramic plug.

Out of the development of this ceramic insulator for *aircraft* spark plugs, AC has improved the insulators of its *car, bus, and truck* spark plugs to such a marked degree that greatly improved performance and much longer life are now available.

The day is not far distant, we all hope, when production of spark plugs for war can stop. Then, there will be plenty of AC Spark Plugs for everyone who wants the utmost in spark plug reliability.

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

AC SPARK PLUGS

SPEED FINAL VICTORY — BUY WAR BONDS

Remember that cold you caught?
(Your throat was crying for help!)
A friend came to the rescue with a pack of KOOLS
If you liked KOOLS so much then (Even when you had a cold)
UNION MADE
KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
Tipped
Why not smoke 'em for Life, Guard?
Get in the swim:
Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS
—for good!
BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

(*Continued from page 6*)

chickens. That 'critter' isn't ready to make friends yet, by a long shot. You don't mean a damn to him yet, and if he doesn't bite your hand, it is simply because he's waiting for *another chance at those chickens.*

"Now, after you've kept the dog in the house till he's one of the family, you can develop mutual trust—but he *may* be so wild you'll have to wait and raise a puppy sired by him to get a really faithful companion.

"And if my platoon and I have to move in with these Jerries, raise our own families, and keep Germany on the leash till we've raised a whole new generation, then that's the ticket."—*Chris Brown.*

POKER HAND

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS—Will you get a deluge of mail from poker players all over the country! I refer to Samuel W. Taylor's story, Money in the Bank (July 14). I never heard of diamonds being of the same value as hearts, be it royal flush or straight flush. In my book, Ezra lost.—*Bill Stern.*

HOYLE
EDITOR
F C

In our book, it's still a draw. Card suits have no graded value in poker.—VOX POP EDITOR.

VARIETY WAS FIRST

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—Nice piece of Messrs. Victor Boesen and John Reddy on Mom Lehr—G. I. Mom (June 9).

The only trouble with it is that the credits are a little awry. To be handing Bill Wilkerson, "publisher of the influential Hollywood Reporter," the role of Paul Revere is a little ridic. He came a little late. Norman Sper was much earlier in the field of succor, and as early as August 9, 1944, Variety told about everything your story carries and has been more than adequately thanked by Mom Lehr for helping her over the hump.

This isn't a tiff between two trade papers, which you're asked to square. It's merely that now and then Variety gets tired of anonymity and even more so of others getting credited for what should be our work-credits.—*Frank Scully.*

FRIEND OR FOE?

MEREDITH, N. H.—In the Camera Eye (June 30) you have a picture of a machine gun lodged in the muzzle of an antiaircraft gun which you say belongs to a Jap suicide plane. It seems kind of strange that the Japs should have a cal. 50 MG which to me looks very much like an MG manufactured by some U. S. concern.

In fact, the gun looks like a Browning MG M2, air-cooled, recoil-operated, and link-fed, with several of its groups missing.

It would be of great interest to me to know if I am wrong.—*F. L. Silcox.*

Liberty's information came straight from the Navy—the picture is an official U. S. Navy photograph.—VOX POP EDITOR.

A NEW ORLEANS WOMAN!

Soft, evil, alluring... can make some guy crazy enough to kill for HER. That's the kind of woman Captain Angel is searching for... in the "Quarter" of New Orleans!

GEORGE RAFT
CLAIRE TREVOR
SIGNE HASSO

JOHNNY ANGEL

LOWELL GILMORE • HOAGY CARMICHAEL
MARGARET WYCHERLY
Produced by WILLIAM L. PEREIRA • Directed by EDWIN L. MARIN
Screen Play by STEVE FISHER

RKO RADIO PICTURES

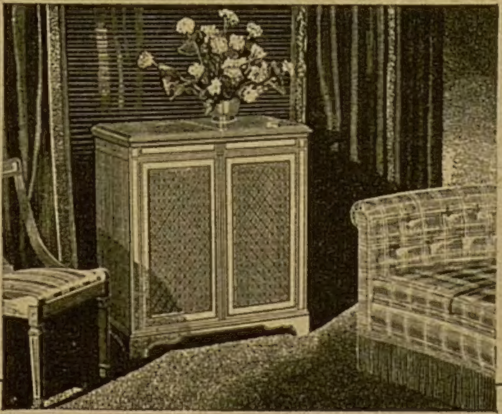
Hoagy sings "Memphis in June"

And now
Stardust
floats over a
thousand campuses

WITH A SINGLE SONG..."Stardust"...a college prom favorite that floats over a thousand campuses today, Hoagy Carmichael captured America's heart. The young composer went on to write such famous melodies as "Rockin' Chair," "Lazy Bones," "Little Old Lady" and scores of others . . . to be ranked by critics with Gershwin and Berlin.

Hoagy Carmichael's own choice of a Magnavox matches the selection of such great artists as Kreisler, Heifetz, Beecham and others. The Magnavox actually costs *less* than many radio-phonographs—*yet gives so much more!* Because Magnavox is so carefully built, so thoughtfully styled, it will bring your family years of pleasure and inspiration. You won't find Magnavox on every corner, (naturally it's sold only through the finest stores) but when you *do* find one, you'll never be content until you own it!

Illustrated at right is the Magnavox Regency Symphony, a reproduction of late 18th century furniture art combined with all the wonders of radio science. The Magnavox Co., Fort Wayne 4, Indiana.



Magnavox • *The choice of great artists*
RADIO PHONOGRAPH

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

INSIDE THE PEACE WITH GUNTHER

TWO years after he was graduated from the University of Chicago, John Gunther went to Europe for the Chicago Daily News. For the next twelve years (1924-36) he covered the news in every country there, except Portugal, and collected material for his book, Inside Europe. After that came Inside Asia and Inside Latin America—both the results of on-the-spot investigation. During 1942-43 Gunther served an interlude as radio commentator for the Blue Network and spent a summer as war correspondent in the Mediterranean theater. Now he's touring the United States in preparation for a new book, Inside U. S. A. But he takes time out to write WILL PEACE BE WITH US? which appears in this week's issue of Liberty.

COMBAT CORRESPONDENT

IN 1934, Alvin M. Josephy, Jr., sold a story to M-G-M and left Harvard to be a scenario writer. A few years later he was working for the New York Herald Tribune—first as reporter, then as correspondent to Mexico. Branching out into radio in 1938, he became assistant director of News and Special Events for the Mutual Broadcasting System, and took trips to the Caribbean, where he served as correspondent for the Transradio Press. Chief of the Radio Bureau of OFF in 1942, he soon transferred to the director's office under the OWI; then enlisted in the Marines. A technical sergeant now, he was a combat correspondent during the assaults on Guam and Iwo Jima, and, in BANZAI—JAP SUICIDE CHARGE, he tells of the last stand of a band of G. I.s on Guam.

NEXT WEEK

Liberty
SEPTEMBER ALMANAC

ARE ex-servicemen being helped to a running start in civilian life or is their Bill of Rights snarled up in red tape? Stanley Frank gives a straight answer in OPEN HANDS OR TIGHT FISTS FOR G. I.s? . . . Where do the styles come from that the girls wear on Main Street? Anything from Stalin's mustache to Eisenhower's jacket might give a designer an idea, says Dorothy Roe Lewis, and THAT'S HOW FASHIONS ARE BORN. . . . In Liberty's Book Condensation, STALLION ROAD, Stephen Longstreet tells the story of a high-spirited horsewoman whose beauty had a dramatic impact on the lives of the three men who loved her.

In Bethlehem's big tidewater steel plant at Sparrows Point, Md., coils of lustrous tinplate roll off electrolytic "lines." The tinplate is cut into sheets, then shipped to can-makers for fabrication into tin cans.

More food for wartime America by stretching the Tin Supply

The nation's tin stocks are still short, and will remain short until after the Japs are dislodged from the East Indies. But in the meantime, thanks in great part to a product developed during the war—electrolytic tinplate—it has been possible to stretch the tin reserve and keep essential foods available in tin cans.

In making electrolytic tinplate the protective coating of tin is electrically applied to the steel. Electrolytic tinplate gives you more canned foods to eat because it uses only two-fifths as much precious tin as the conventional method of immersing the steel in a bath of molten tin. Lightweight electrolytic tinplate is now widely used for general line cans and closures, and for many sanitary cans.

It's a highly useful and efficient article, the tin can—which is more than 98 per cent steel. It's inexpensive, durable, easy to store, handle and open, and it protects its contents amply against light, air and spoilage.

And it is going to be greeted with renewed appreciation when a more abundant supply of tin makes it available not just for essential needs, but also to bring back such conveniently-packaged items — remember them? — as canned beer, coffee, candies, tobacco and pet foods.

Save Tin Cans!

Our only tin mines today are in American kitchens. Your empty cans are urgently needed. For information as to what to do with them, call your local Salvage Committee.

BETHLEHEM STEEL

Steel, Manufacturing and Fabricating Plants . . . Bethlehem, Steelton, Williamsport, Johnstown, Lebanon, Pottstown, Rankin, Leetsdale, Pa. . . . Buffalo, Lackawanna, N. Y. . . . Sparrows Point, Md. . . . Chicago, Ill. . . . Tulsa, Okla. . . . Corsicana, Tex. . . . South San Francisco, Los Angeles, Alameda, Calif. . . . Seattle, Wash. *Shipbuilding and Ship Repair Yards* . . . Quincy, Hingham, East Boston, Mass. . . . Staten Island, Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . Hoboken, N. J. . . . Baltimore, Sparrows Point, Md. . . . San Francisco, Alameda, San Pedro, Calif.

Your recreation does you more good when your disposition is right . . .

When you're in a good mood, you can more quickly erase the strain and tension of your working hours. Your mind and body are more receptive to the repair that healthful recreation should bring.

"Fresh up"—keep smiling!

7up
7up
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

When your recreation leaves you feeling thirsty and pleasantly tired, right then and there's the time for a chilled bottle of 7-Up. Sip it slowly . . . let the lively, happy bubbles run over and under your tongue. See how the crisp, clean flavor puts out your thirst in an instant . . . how it wakes up your mouth . . . how it gives you a "fresh up." You like it so well you feel like smiling...and it likes you.

You'll derive much more pleasure from your play if you "fresh up" before and after the game. Get your supply at any store displaying those eye-catching 7-Up signs.

You like it ..
it likes you

LAUGH!
Hear the newest, funniest variety program on the air—
The "Fresh-Up" Program.
Mutual Network...8:30 p.m. EWT—
7:30 CWT—6:30 MWT—8:30 PWT.
Every Wednesday

Copyright 1945 by The Seven-Up Company

These Lockheed Ventura bombers, well-tested veterans, stand on an Aleutian airfield awaiting call for another raid on the fortified Kuriles, north of Tokyo.

ON THE BEAM

Air-war decoys and camouflage: A. A. F. deceptions are fully as clever as the Japs' . . . How one PBM sank an entire Jap convoy

BY WAYNE PARRISH

ONE feature of the war in both Europe and the Pacific which hasn't been publicized to any great extent, for obvious reasons, is the extensive use of camouflaged air bases and dummy aircraft. Each side tries to fool the other into dropping bombs on wooden dummies and to keep the enemy from knowing the actual location of an air strip and parking places for real aircraft.

The Japs, like the Germans, have carried this trickery to extremes, but the Army Air Forces camouflage section isn't a back number in fooling the Japs out in the Pacific.

Early in the war the Japs began turning out dummies and deceptive devices. They took elaborate pains to draw Yank bombs down on their mock-ups. They developed dozens of ways to simulate parked aircraft, and they put them out for our fliers to photograph. At the same time they took utmost care to conceal their real installations and equipment.

On one occasion the Japs didn't want our Fifth Air Force to know they were building an air strip within easy range of our advance fields. So they put hundreds of men to work sawing up a palm grove. Wiring together the tops of trees, they removed the trunks and built their strip under a natural canopy of palm leaves. Everything went to Tokyo's satisfaction until a P-38 pilot noticed telltale tracks leading into the harmless-looking palm grove, and brought back bombers.

There is one single type of bogus aircraft the Japs have used that has given our photo-interpretation officers trouble. Entrenched on a coral island, the Japs painted the silhouette of a plane on the blazing white coral. From 4,000 feet, this type of imitation is hard to distinguish from the real thing.

The Germans went in for very elaborate camouflage, but not often with the effect desired. They once built nine dummy installations around Berlin to cause our night raiders temporary confusion. Their dummy planes were masterpieces of plywood and couldn't be distinguished from actual aircraft even at low altitudes. But the German devices were so bulky that they presented not only a manufacturing but a transportation problem.

The A. A. F. dummies, on the other hand, are constructed with an eye toward avoiding waste and toward rapidity in handling. At the Tactical Center at Orlando, Florida, where 35,000 students have been trained in the art of camouflage, the dummies are prefabricated from wire, target cloth, and wood. The sections and protruding parts of each "plane" are hinged to allow compact folding. An entire squadron of dummy fighters can be hauled in two 2½-ton trucks.

It's quite an operation, this job of trying to fool the enemy. Bulldozer crews clear out trees and stumps. A major strip is cut just deeply enough for it to show up from the air as a landing strip. Taxiways are cut and an operations tower is erected from lengths of bamboo or tree trunks. Bivouac areas are simulated, ack-ack emplacements are built, and tire tracks are impressed into the ground. Then the folded-up dummy aircraft arrive. Three or four bona fide planes may be flown in to taxi around and take off for effect.

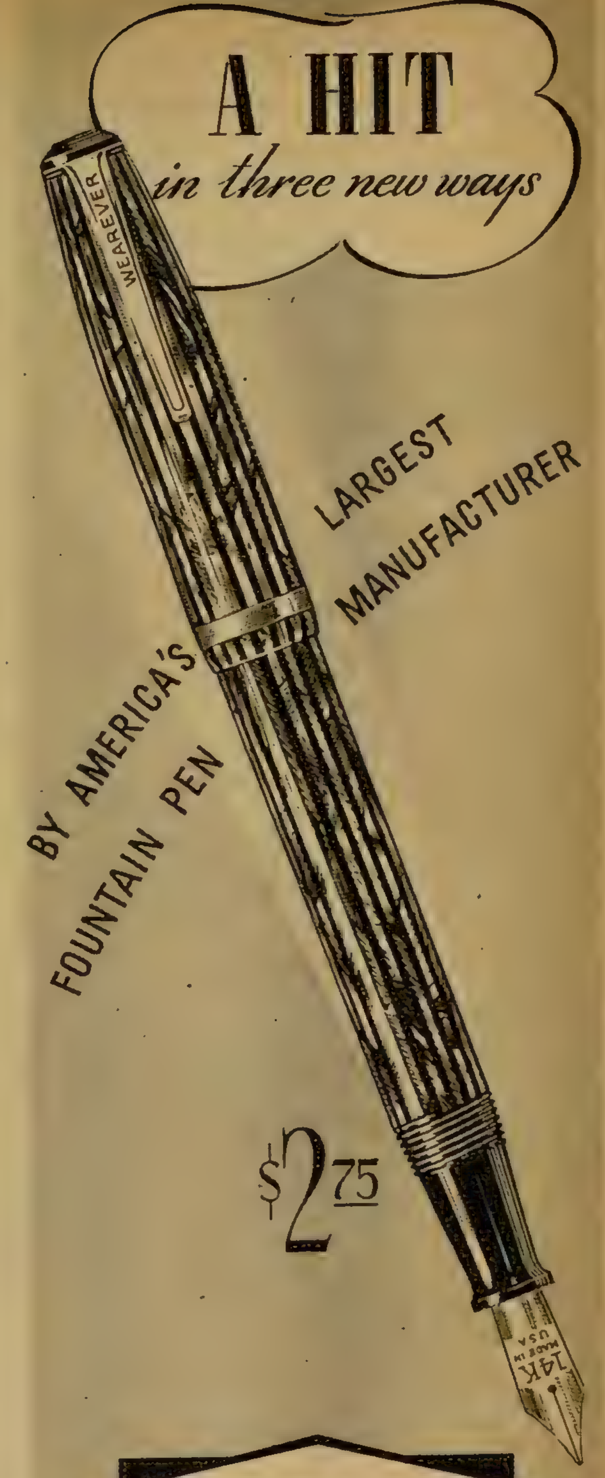
But to add realism, radio traffic begins to hum at the active little strip to provoke knowing nods from listening enemy monitors. It has actually happened that radio traffic alone could be used to simulate a hidden air strip. When the Japs pounced in out of the air, they unloaded bombs harmlessly and were thus diverted from the real location.

It's all part of the air war.

Private Planes? Yes—Next Year

We'll try to keep you current on private flying developments, but don't expect to find new small aircraft at your local airports very soon. Most of the manufacturers have been announcing their plans and preparing to bring out their new lines of equipment, but actual output of light aircraft will be quite small this year. Next spring will see the first real production, and so many orders are in the hands of manufacturers today that it will be some time before there are enough planes to meet current demands.

(*Continued on page 15*)



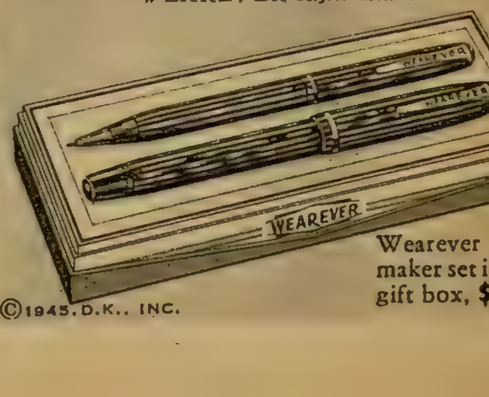
WEAREVER
PACEMAKER

1. NEW VALUE: 14 Karat Gold point; larger ink capacity; "C-Flow" feed; telescope-precision construction.

2. NEW "WRITE-ABILITY": Finest, smoothest-writing pen ever made by America's Largest Fountain Pen Manufacturer.

3. NEW BEAUTY: Advance, fit-the-hand design, interpreted in distinctive pearly stripes. In maroon, golden brown, green and black; with matching pencil. Made by David Kahn, Inc., (Est. 1896)

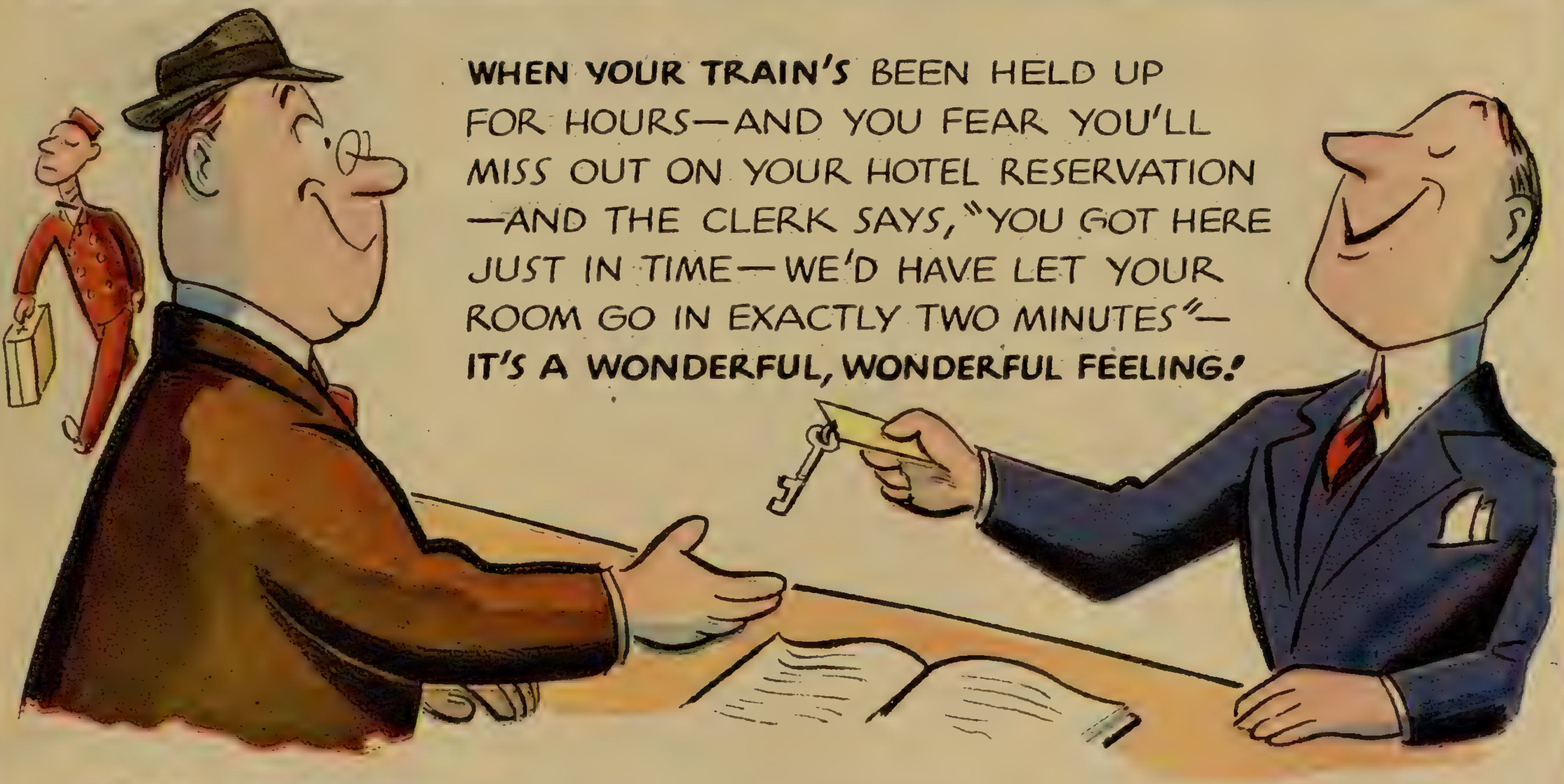
Other famous WEAREVER selections: DeLuxe pen $1.00, set $1.90; Zenith Pen $1.95, set $2.75. WEAREVER Refill Leads



Wearever Pacemaker set in fine gift box, **$3.75**

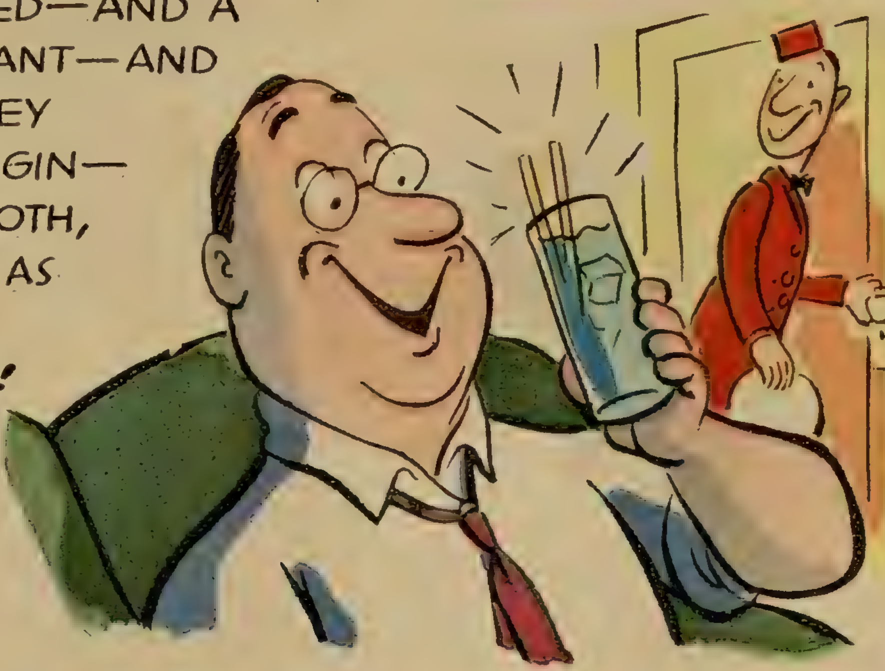
©1945 D.K., INC.

IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!



WHEN YOUR TRAIN'S BEEN HELD UP FOR HOURS—AND YOU FEAR YOU'LL MISS OUT ON YOUR HOTEL RESERVATION—AND THE CLERK SAYS, "YOU GOT HERE JUST IN TIME—WE'D HAVE LET YOUR ROOM GO IN EXACTLY TWO MINUTES"—**IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!**

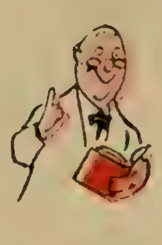
WHEN YOU'RE HOT AND BOTHERED—AND A TALL GIN RICKEY IS ALL YOU WANT—AND ROOM SERVICE DELIVERS A RICKEY MADE WITH KINSEY, THE **GENIAL** GIN—AND THE DRINK IS VELVET-SMOOTH, FULL OF FLAVOR AND COOLING AS A MOUNTAIN STREAM—**IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!**



94.4 PROOF - 100% SMOOTH

KINSEY
KINSEY
Distilled Dry Gin
J. G. Kinsey

KINSEY
the Genial GIN



MR. WEBSTER (THE BIG DICTIONARY MAN) SAYS: "**GENIAL:** CONTRIBUTING TO CHEERFULNESS AND LIFE; AGREEABLY WARM AND CHEERFUL."

Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.

(*Continued from page 13*)

"The "postwar" flying boom has gotten under way somewhat prematurely. The automobile industry can start producing cars in short order because all preparations were made, but new aircraft production can't be started overnight and most companies have had war work until recently, or are still engaged in war contracts, or can't obtain the necessary aeronautical engineers as yet.

However, the expansion is coming. Some distributors have ordered—with down payments—as many aircraft, all of a certain model and for their own territories, as the entire industry produced in 1936. Our guess is that private flying will get under way on a material scale next summer—1946. Meanwhile, local airports are experiencing the biggest activity since prewar days. Surplus planes made available by the Army have provided the impetus.

Why Not Name This PBM Mitchell?

Lieutenant Warren R. Lasser, U. S. N. R., of Waterloo, Iowa, and his crew ought to feel a little chesty these days. For the first time in this war, and probably the only time, a single aircraft sank an entire Jap convoy of five vessels. And the whole job took just seventy-five minutes on the night of May 18, about fifteen miles from Formosa.

The aircraft was a PBM Martin Mariner patrol bomber, a twin-engined craft weighing twenty-eight tons. The tonnage of the convoy sunk was estimated at 17,000 tons. Remember the old prewar controversies, dating back to General "Billy" Mitchell's demonstrations, about aircraft versus sea vessels? The PBM effectively demonstrated what a single aerial weapon can do.

The convoy was attempting to run the air-sea blockade which had been erected between the Japanese and their southern possessions. The Mariner spotted the ships and made a run on the whole convoy from dead ahead. Her bombs damaged the first large vessel with near misses, and the 5,500-ton ship was observed to lose way and begin settling in the water.

Meanwhile the PBM went after the second large vessel with machine guns. The tracers started fires, which provided light for the attack on the other ships. One by one the ships were hit and sunk. Toward the end of the action enemy aircraft appeared, but the Mariner departed undamaged and continued its scheduled patrol over China waters.

Plain Names for Nip Planes

You've seen references in the press to some of the Jap planes as Betty, George, Zeke, and the like. These are names which our airmen have given to types of Jap aircraft and are now universally accepted. It all came about because of the complicated Japanese terminology. The Japs' nicknames for their aircraft, in translation, were too poetic for our airmen to enjoy, and in the original they were too hard to pronounce; in translation, too long-winded. For instance, the Jap aircraft Gakko's nickname means Moonlight. The Hien's nickname means Flying Swallow. That's too much for our boys.

So the problem was finally solved in September, '42, by assigning hillbilly names: Nate, Rufe, Zeke, Pete, and so on. Later some of the Jap aircraft were given girls' names. The one we call George is actually the Violet Lightning, and Myrt is Painted Cloud, and Jill is Heavenly Mountain. Our airmen find it much easier to report the spotting of a Jill than to have to say Heavenly Mountain over the radio.

WELL, STOPPER—FROM WHERE I SIT I'D SAY WE MISSED THE BOAT
IF WE DON'T THINK SHARP NOW, WE'RE GOING TO BE PLENTY FLAT
I'VE HEARD ABOUT PAYING THE PIPER, BUT I NEVER THOUGHT I'D HAVE TO PAY THE PIANIST
YOU SHOULD HAVE HAD YOUR BRAKES FIXED LONG AGO, BOSS. LET ME SHOW YOU SOMETHING
I THINK YOU'VE HIT THE RIGHT NOTE, STOPPER. WE'LL GET A NEW BRAKE LINING JOB TODAY
Safe-Stop Brake Service
American Brakeblok
Stopper
Hank Berger

STOPPER SAYS—Don't play around with bad brakes or your life will be full of sour notes. Just look for the sign with my picture and get your brakes re-lined with American Brakeblok Brake Lining. It's so good many leading automobile manufacturers use it in new cars.

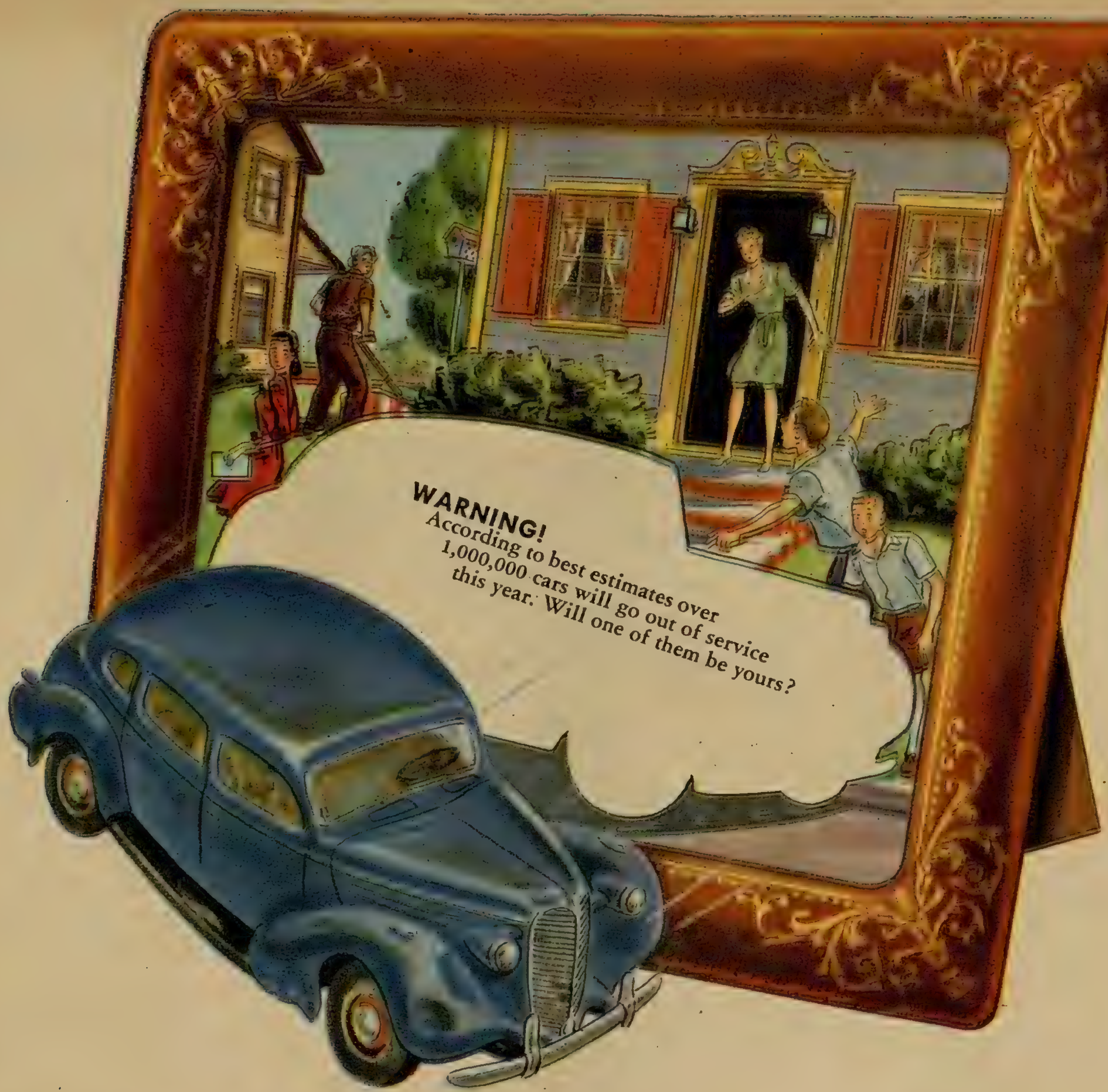
Available from 38 NAPA Warehouses and Jobbers everywhere.

American Brakeblok

BRAKE LINING

AMERICAN Brake Shoe COMPANY

AMERICAN BRAKEBLOK DIVISION
DETROIT 9, MICHIGAN


WARNING!
According to best estimates over 1,000,000 cars will go out of service this year. Will one of them be yours?

AN OLD FRIEND OF THE FAMILY... *going out of the picture!*

GOOD-BYE, old friend! You'll be missed . . . it may be a long, long time before this family gets another car like you!

This is the sad story of one more car gone out of the picture . . . just one of the more than 1,000,000 cars leaving the road this year . . . *worn out.* Killed by wear and tear . . . and lack of proper attention.

Keep *your* car alive. Take it to a Texaco Dealer today. Get a complete check-up . . . including lubrication of wear-and-tear points with MARFAK, the tough, long-lasting chassis lubricant.

It's time to change oil to the correct seasonal grade of HAVOLINE MOTOR OIL or TEXACO MOTOR OIL, both *insulated* against heat *and* cold. Gears need lubrication . . . tires, battery, cooling system need attention.

If you wait, it may be too late. See your Texaco Dealer today!

You're welcome at

TEXACO DEALERS

TUNE IN . . . Texaco Star Theatre every Sunday night starring James Melton. See newspapers for time and stations.

A GREAT POSTWAR LINE-UP

REGISTERED
REST ROOMS

TEXACO
TEXACO

ALL NIGHT SERVICE
FROM COAST-TO-COAST

FIRE-CHIEF
GASOLINE

FIRE-CHIEF
GASOLINE

Sky Chief
TEXACO

SKY CHIEF
GASOLINE

TEXACO MOTOR OIL

HAVOLINE AND TEXACO
MOTOR OILS

Let us
MARFAK
your car

MARFAK
LUBRICATION

TEXACO
REG. T.M.

THE
TEXAS
COMPANY

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

Russians and Yanks celebrate their meeting in Germany. If the same spirit prevails at the council tables, the world has nothing to fear.

Will Peace Be with Us?

BY JOHN GUNTHER

There has been much muddled discussion about U.S.-Soviet amity. Herewith, the prospects of peace and teamwork are analyzed by an international journalist famed for keen observation and fair judgment

THE FIRST OF TWO PARTS

FOR the past few months I have been traveling along the Atlantic seaboard and in Texas, California, and the South. So far, I have visited twenty-three states. Everywhere people were talking most about Russia. In communities as different as Concord, New Hampshire, and Natchez, Mississippi, almost everybody is pondering the question—Are we going to be able to get along with the Soviet Union?

News of Mussolini's execution and the reported death of Adolf Hitler provoked hardly a ripple of attention. Even before they died, seemingly, they had lost the capacity to bestir emotion. But mention Stalin—which is not in any way to class him with the other two—and any group of people will burst into excited argument.

The dominating note in the comment I heard was an attitude of respect toward Russia, commingled with hope, curiosity, irritation, and apprehension—above all, curiosity. Almost everybody—even editorial writers on the most reactionary papers of the deep South—*wanted* good relations with Russia, for the most basic and urgent considerations of American self-interest. A recent Gallup poll has strongly reinforced this view. But within this framework I found opinions that ranged from the rhapsodic to the vituperative, and leaped into the future with disconcerting rapidity and violence. For instance:

The president of one of the greatest universities in the world, a man renowned for his strong pro-British and interventionist attitude, said to me, "If the British try to get us mixed up in a war against Russia twenty years from now, if once again we have to pull British chestnuts out of the fire in order to maintain what is left of their position in Europe, I will at that moment become the most outspoken isolationist in the United States."

One of the most distinguished journalists I know, a fighting liberal, told me in Washington with bitterness and disgust: "This war has become meaningless and our victory is an empty sham. What has happened? We thought we were fighting to keep Nazi Germany, whose philosophy was distasteful to us, from dominating Europe. But the net result is that Soviet Russia, with a philosophy equally distasteful, has now attained the domination we fought to prevent."

One of the ablest of the younger senators held this view: "The hope of the world will be the creation and maintenance of a Washington-Moscow axis."

And so on.

Almost everyone agreed, however, that unless the United States and Russia *are* able to work together and get along with one another tolerably, another world war *will* be inevitable. I found nobody who desired this except a few professional Russophobes, and they hesitated to admit it openly. Very few people—ask any G. I.—feel much inclined to take on the Red Army. But a lot of indiscriminating and ill-informed talk goes on, and there have been persistent efforts to distort, confuse, and obscure the issue. The purpose of this article is to explore a middle view. Nobody but a monster or a maniac wants another war; yet peace for America and the world depends absolutely on future relations with the U. S. S. R. So let us look into what has suddenly become the paramount political problem of our time.

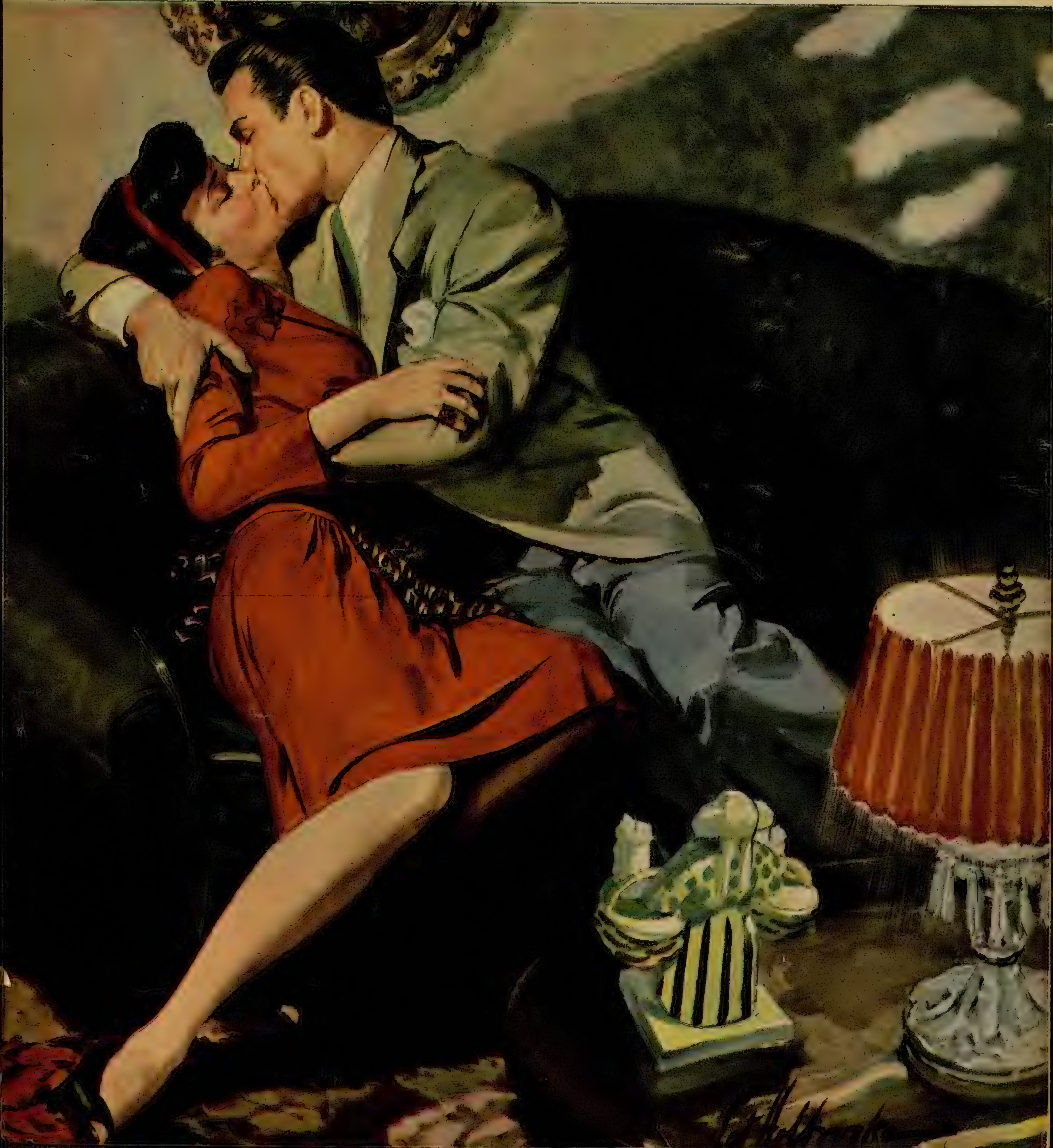
First, the United States and Russia have, in the grand sphere of concrete politics, no conflicting interests. There are no direct

(*Continued on page 74*)

STRANGE THINGS LIE BENEATH THE SEA, AND EVEN BILL MATTOX, SMART AS HE WAS, DIDN'T KNOW THEM ALL. BUT BILL HAD A SUSPICIOUS NATURE, AND, AS OFTEN HAPPENS, SUSPICION LEADS TO EXCITEMENT

BY GEORGE ARMIN SHAFTEL

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE



Roughly, even a bit despairingly, he kissed her—but her lips were warm and soft and responsive and not at all in a hurry.

The Golden Headache

BILL MATTOX explained, "I'm a claims adjuster for National Indemnity. I've come to see Mrs. Leseur about the wearing apparel she has reported stolen."

He smiled ingratiatingly as he spoke. He was tall, lean, sandy-haired, not handsome but pleasant-faced; and he worked on the theory that a client was more reasonable if he liked you.

"Mrs. Leseur isn't home," the maid said, "but I can give you the information. Come in, please."

He walked into an elaborate living room and sat down.

"Mrs. Leseur reported losses amounting to four hundred and sixty dollars. Have you got a list of the items missing?"

"Don't need a list," the plump maid said. "The articles were in a silver cigarette box about so big."

She indicated a box about four inches square.

"You telling me that four hundred and sixty bucks' worth of clothes were in a cigarette box?" he blurted.

"You can hear, can't you?"

"Sure, sure," he said placatingly. "List the items."

"A pair of gloves, a scarf, and a pair of stockings."

"And those cost four hundred! What were they made of?" he demanded hoarsely. "Gold?"

"Cloth of gold."

He swallowed hard. Be diplomatic, no matter what. That was standard operating procedure. But his nerves were frazzling.

"You put a pair of gloves inside a cigarette case?"

"They could've been put inside a walnut shell. Those articles were made of very fine silk. Mrs. Leseur said to tell you to check with the Blouse Shop on H Street, where she got the set."

Bill Mattox closed his notebook.

"I'll do that. Stockings at a hundred bucks apiece!"

The Blouse Shop, in downtown San Diego, was a very exclusive shoppe indeed. Here, if a salesperson said a price was two fifty she meant two hundred and fifty. Bill Mattox strode in, and winced; he felt like a fly in a bottle of Chanel No. 5.

He asked for the manager and was hastily shunted into a rear office. The manager was a gray-haired woman with flinty eyes that read his trade, salary, and social status in a glance.

Belligerently he said, "I'm an insurance adjuster. A Mrs. Leseur bought some articles here which have been stolen, and—"

"This is a set similar to Mrs. Leseur's," the woman cut in.

On her desk was a silver cigarette case. She opened it and took from it a pair of stockings and a pair of gloves and a scarf. She unrolled them with reverent care.

"You *did* take them out of that case?" he demanded, his voice going shrill on him. "That wasn't any sleight of hand?"

"It wasn't. These items are made of an exceedingly sheer kind of silk. Aren't they lovely?"

They had a burnished golden luster, like molten sunlight.

"How much do they sell for?" he asked, trying to be casual.

"Mrs. Leseur phoned me to show you her account." She swung a ledger around. "She paid four hundred and sixty dollars."

"What's the ceiling price on them?" he demanded sharply.

"No ceiling. We never had them to sell before."

"All that the traffic will bear, huh? Well, I'm from National Indemnity, and we have to pay a claim, but you aren't sticking us for any profiteering price like that!"

"Our profit," she retorted calmly, "was a nominal commission of ten per cent. We act merely as agent for these."

That stopped him. He frowned.

"Sell a lot of them?"

"We've had only a half dozen sets." She held the fine stockings so that the sunlight shone in rich high lights on the gorgeous texture. "Aren't they lovely? You should see them on Marlene Dietrich's legs."

"Can you arrange it?" he snapped. That brought her attention back with a gasp. "Where do you get these sets?"

"From a Miss Angela Pietrangela, 786 Spray Drive."

"Where does *she* get them?"

"She informed us that she makes them."

"And just where," he demanded, "does she get the raw silk? You tell me that!"

The woman's mouth set tight.

"Why not ask her?"

"Maybe I will!"

He watched as she rolled up the articles.

HE found that 786 Spray Drive was in a modest section of town. He rang the doorbell, and while he waited he wondered. Was he unearthing a particularly odorous kind of black market? This was no knitting mill, but a private home. It sure looked as if those sets of silk gloves and hosiery were being peddled on the sly.

He was in a suspicious and truculent mood; and when a girl opened the door, he snapped, "I'm looking for Angela Pietrangela."

"For *Miss* Angela Pietrangela?"

He gulped, and remembered his manners. "I'd like to see Miss Pietrangela."

"I'm she."

He blinked. This girl emphatically did not look like anything furtive or illegal. She was wearing brief shorts and a snug bra and cotton gloves and sneakers and she held a trowel, as if she'd been working in the garden.

"May I come in? I'd like to get some information—"

"Sorry, but I'm awf'ly busy. I mean it," she said seriously. "Come back some other time."

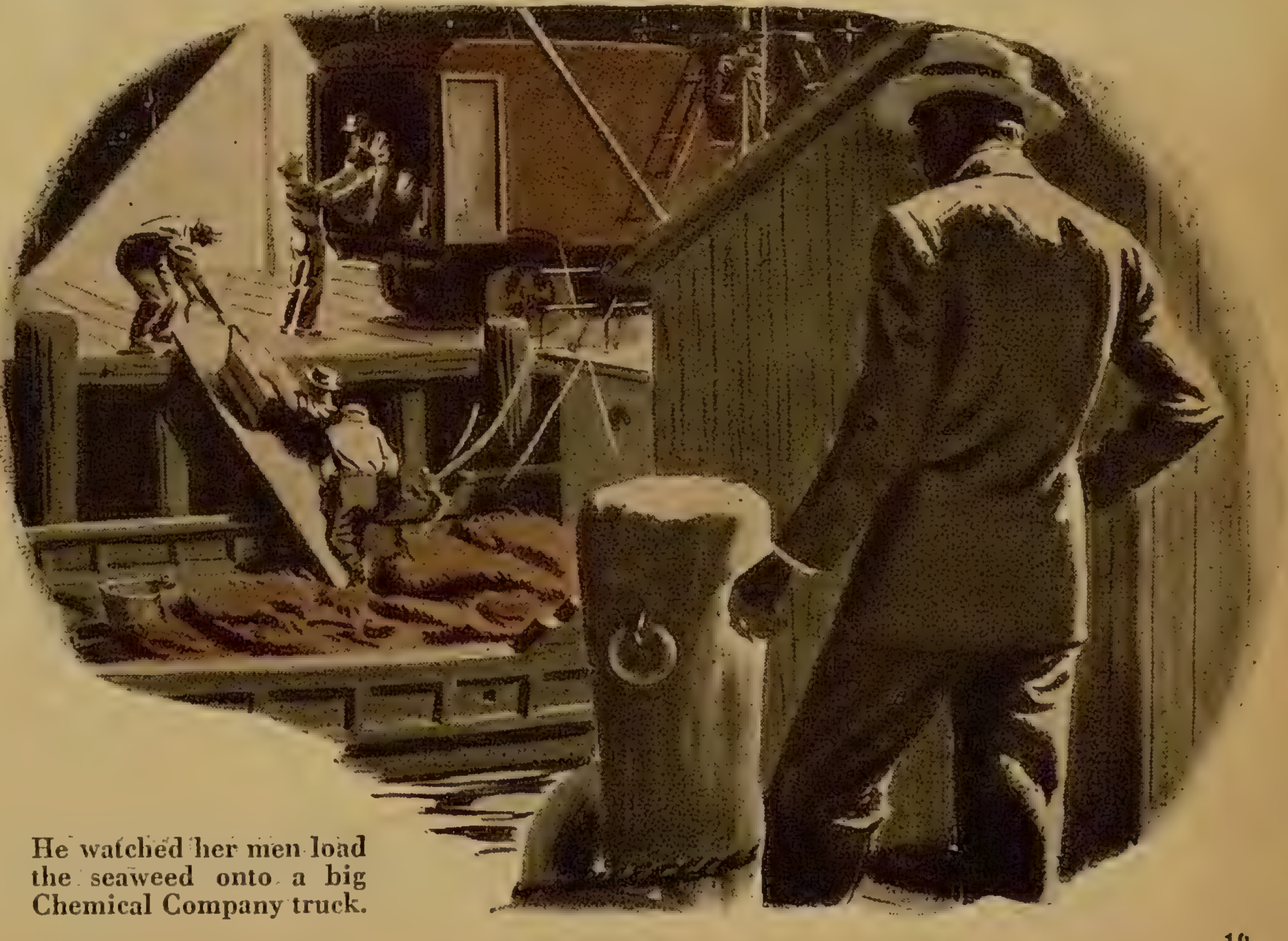
FUNDAMENTALLY, Bill Mattox had decent instincts; his folks were nice people. But he couldn't help staring at Angela Pietrangela, and he couldn't help thinking that the more he saw of her the better he liked it, and he couldn't help turning red at the idea.

"Look," he blurted, stammering it out. "I'm from an insurance company. A certain Mrs. Leseur bought a set of gloves and scarf and hosiery that were made by you, and they were stolen from her, and she's trying to collect four hundred and sixty dollars from us—"

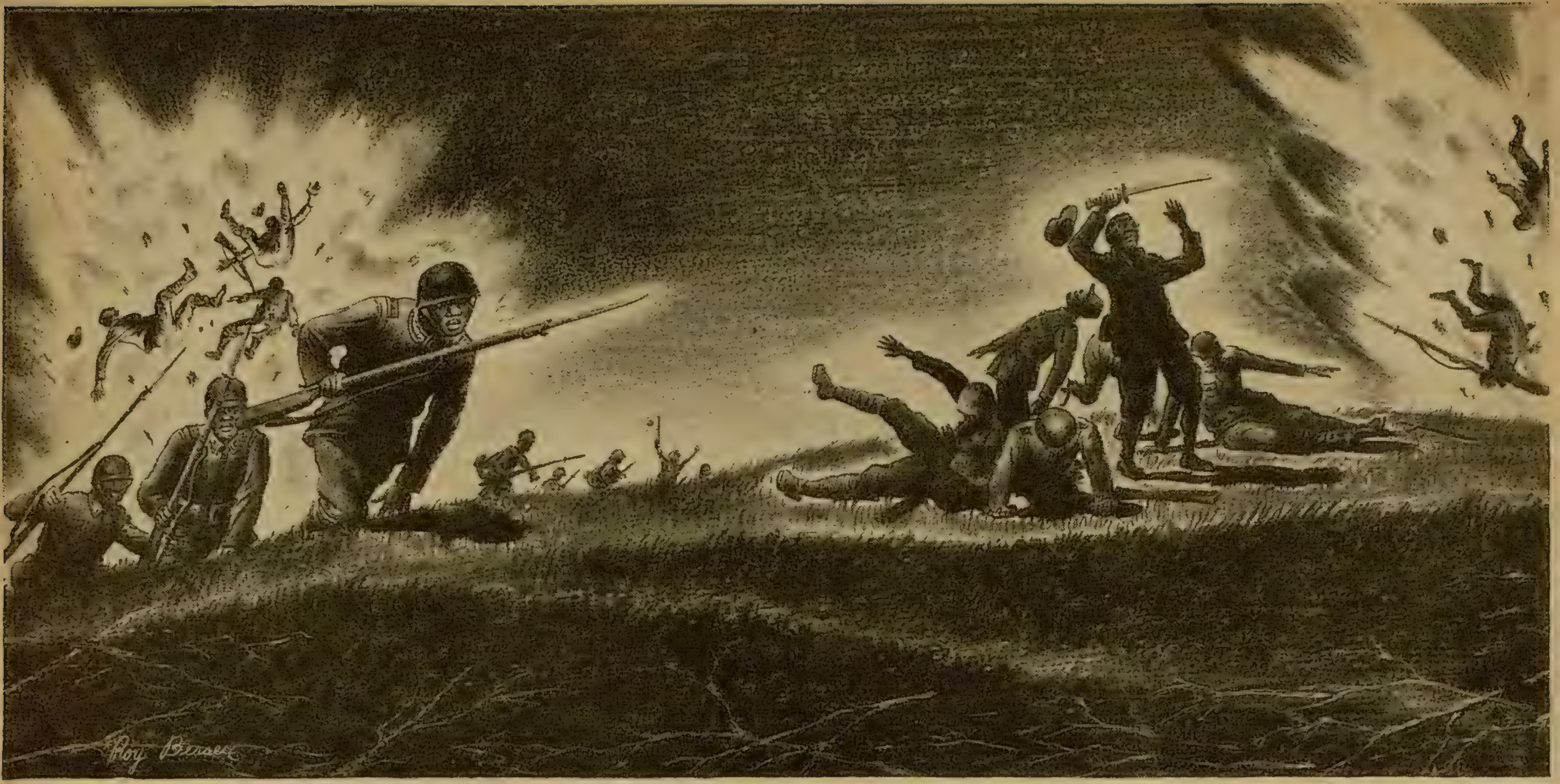
"And you're trying to weasel on the claim, is that it?"

"We certainly are not!"

(*Continued on page 58*)



He watched her men load the seaweed onto a big Chemical Company truck.



The attack began just after three o'clock in the morning. An avalanche of screaming Japs, their bayonets gleaming

BANZAI—JAP SUICIDE CHARGE

Always the last desperate act of Jap resistance is the Banzai charge. Here's a close-up of an actual attack — and how our marines met it and licked it

SHORTLY after 3 A. M. on July 26, 1944, Private First Class Arnaldo Martinez, a rifleman with the Twenty-first Marines, noticed a commotion among the Japanese positions in front of his foxhole. Grass was swishing as though men were moving about; there was the clink of little pieces of metal hitting each other, and a busy stirring in the darkness that made him uneasy.

It was drizzling, and Martinez could see nothing. Like the others on the line, he had had little rest during the previous four nights.

As he listened, a barrage of hand grenades exploded behind him. An orange signal flare shot up from the Japanese lines. A singsong voice shouted in the night, and an avalanche of screaming forms bounded suddenly into view. With their bayonets gleaming in the light of the flares, they charged toward the Marine foxholes, throwing grenades and howling "Banzai-ai!" like a pack of animals.

Along the ridge, wet, groggy marines stumbled to their feet and grabbed their weapons. Grenades exploded like a crashing curtain against the onrushing Japs. A man on a telephone yelled for uninterrupted flares, and flickering lights began to hang in the air like giant overhead fires.

That was the beginning of a frenzied Japanese "Banzai charge," designed to hurl the Third Marine Division off Guam and back into the sea. For Martinez and his companions of Company B, holding the center of the line on the ridge above the five-day-old beachhead, it was the beginning of three hours of hell, a vicious nightmare that swept over them and left them behind in little, bloody groups to fight a drunken, fanatical enemy.

The Japs must have had an idea of how thinly the Marine positions were spread. There were plenty of holes through which they could filter, and a wide gap yawned on B Company's right flank, where a wooded gully separated it from C Company.

Meanwhile, after holding the ridgetop for four nights, the marines were growing impatient. Every hour meant more casualties, but they were not going to attack again without tanks, and there were no tanks yet on the ridge. Seabees had only just finished a road for them.

When the tanks did show up, it was too late in the afternoon to begin an attack. The men were told to dig in again for the night. The tanks were drawn up in column in the draw, partially filling the dangerous gap between B and C companies.

As darkness approached, the men ate cold K rations and filled their canteens. Private Martinez, a thin black-eyed youth from Los Angeles, climbed into his foxhole with Sergeant Gordon Garner and Private First Class Grady C. Wimmer. A little to the right, past some empty foxholes, were Corporal John Dopp and Private First Class Edward G. "Moose" Killian, who had once captained his high-school football team back at Rossford, Ohio. Both men were armed with Browning automatic rifles.

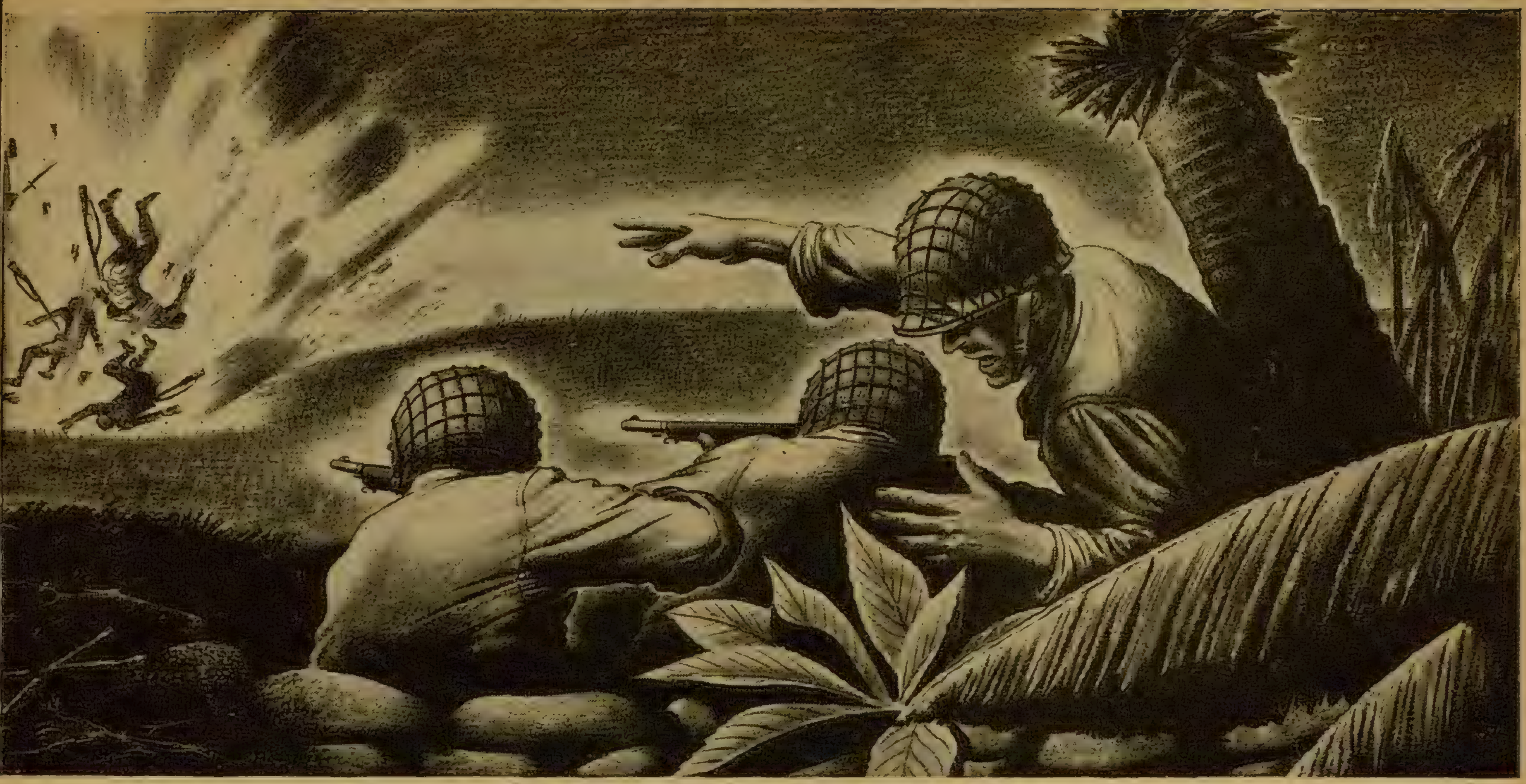
In a foxhole, all alone, on the left of the B Company line was Sergeant Werner H. Eubanks of Jacksonville, North Carolina, a thirty-one-year-old acting machine-gun section leader. Eubanks was the stuff of which the Marine Corps is made, a tough old noncom who had first enlisted in the Corps in 1936 and had seen prewar duty in China, the Philippines, and the Caribbean. He was in charge of two light and two heavy machine guns in the line that night.

The two heavies were a little ahead and on either side of Eubanks' foxhole. The gun on the left was manned by four First Class privates, Howard H. Kemp, Philip Toci, Joe A. Barcovic, and Steve K. Simon. Simon had been wounded earlier, and wore a bandage around his head. On the right-hand gun were Corporal Carroll A. Herzberg and Private First Class Edward R. Krejci. For most of these marines, it would be their last night. The hours went by, and it began alternately to drizzle and pour.

About three o'clock Eubanks was beginning to doze when a fierce Jap grenade-and-mortar barrage began. He heard voices crying a long-drawn-out "Ban-zai-ai," and his machine-gun crews opened fire. In front of his eyes Japs were jumping to their feet, yelling and shouting, and then falling again, as the Marine machine guns stitched their bodies.

On the right and the left the Japs were mowed down as fast as they came. Their assault gradually focused on the draw, but the parked tanks fired their 75s point-blank at the charging masses. At first the Japs attacked the steel monsters, firing rifles at the metal sides and then clambering up and over them in a vain attempt to get at the crews inside. They cursed and screamed and pounded drunkenly on the turrets, but failed to damage a single tank. Then many of them streamed past the tanks, down the draw toward the beach.

The rest, cringing before the deadly tank fire, moved to the left and charged B Com-



in the light of flares, charged the marine foxholes. They were howling "Banzai-ai" like a pack of animals.

BY T/SGT. ALVIN M. JOSEPHY, JR.

ILLUSTRATED BY ROY BESSER

pany's front. Here the full force of the Japanese attack suddenly broke against seventy-five weary men.

In their three-man foxhole, Martinez, Garner, and Wimmer had parried the first rush with steady fire. During a pause in the fighting, Sergeant Garner went back for more hand grenades, leaving Martinez and Wimmer alone. But not for long. Suddenly they were confronted by the first wave of Japs from the tank area. With bayonets fixed, the enemy came on. Their first grenades exploded harmlessly around the marines. Then one shattered Wimmer's rifle, and the two men decided to withdraw.

They reached their platoon command post, an old shellhole ten yards from the top of the ridge occupied by Second Lieutenant Edward W. Mulcahy, twenty-three, son of a Malden, Massachusetts, letter carrier. Mulcahy that night was commanding all there was left of two B Company platoons. When the two marines reached him, he was trying desperately to use his field telephone, but mortar fire had cut the wires.

THE three men prepared to fight it out where they were. All they had were Martinez's rifle, the lieutenant's carbine, and a .45 automatic which Wimmer had in addition to his rifle.

They didn't have to wait long for trouble. A handful of Japs loomed against the sky line. Martinez fired at them, and they backed out of sight. A moment later a string of hand grenades rolled down toward the shellhole. One blew up directly in front of Wimmer's face. Fragments shattered Lieutenant Mulcahy's carbine and struck him on the left side of the head and body. It felt as if he had been slammed with a heavy plank.

When he regained his breath, he saw Wimmer handing him the pistol.

"You take it, lieutenant," Wimmer said quietly.

The lieutenant protested. The enlisted man would need a weapon for himself.

Wimmer raised his head and smiled. "That's all right, sir," he explained. "I can't see any more."

The shocked lieutenant tried to bandage Wimmer's splintered face. The noise from the top of the ridge showed that marines were still up there, fighting back. It gave the three men hope. The lieutenant began to shout, like a football coach, "Hold that line, men! You can do it!"

The marine line on the crest, however, had by now disintegrated into a few courageous knots of men fighting with the fury of desperation. Killian and Dopp, still in their foxhole, were one such island of struggle. In front of their hole dead Japanese were already piled in silent layers.

Farther to the left, Eubanks' machine gunners were having trouble. A Jap grenade hit the left gun. Kemp and the others of his crew repaired it quickly and started firing again. A second grenade put the gun out of the fight. The same blast hit Steve Simon, opening his old wound. The bandage around his head began to drip blood.

His three companions moved Simon to a foxhole ten yards behind the shattered gun. Phil Toci jumped in beside him, and Kemp and Barcovic ran back to the machine-gun foxholes with their carbines. Heaving grenades like wild men, they managed to stall any Jap frontal charge for the moment. Soon, however, Eubanks had to go down the ridge for more grenades. While he was gone, Toci and Simon tried to withdraw to an aid station down the ridge. On the way down, Toci was killed. Simon, found later in a clump of high grass on the hill, was saved.

Eubanks was no sooner back in his foxhole than the Japs started coming over again. The new grenades temporarily held them off. Distributing grenades to Kemp and Barcovic, Eubanks slid down the ridge a second time to tell the mortars to keep throwing flares over the top of the crest. The lights made better targets of the Japs.

While he was gone, hell broke loose around the right-hand machine gun. Killian and Dopp, near by, heard a sudden unearthly screaming from the gun position. By the light of the flares they saw Corporal Herzberg trying to pull a Japanese bayonet out of Krejci's body. The same instant a wave of Japs swept over the two men. Killian saw a Jap plunge his bayonet through Herzberg's back, then fall over him as though in a struggle. At the same moment a mass of Japs came toward Killian. He emptied his automatic rifle in their faces and drove them off.

CHANGING his ammunition magazine quickly, the marine looked up again just in time to see a single Jap slithering toward him along the ground from Herzberg's gun. He had a saber raised slightly in the air. Killian backed up, and the Jap slashed at him; the blow hit the barrel of the marine's automatic and glanced off his arm. The force of the blow twisted the Jap off balance, and he slid into the foxhole on his face as Killian let go a burst at him. The wounded Jap, bleeding from the head, pushed himself up and took another savage swipe at the marine, nicking him above the right eye. Half blinded, Killian threw his leg over the Jap's shoulder and pounded the stock of his rifle into his head. Dopp saw what was happening and drove his bayonet into the intruder's body. Even that didn't kill him. He sprang to his feet and, with a wild yell, plunged down the ridge toward the beach. Lieutenant

(*Continued on page 85*)

The Law Protects the Missing

By Jacques W. Bacal

When a serviceman is reported missing, it immediately poses a lot of problems for his family, both emotional and legal. Here's helpful advice on what to do and what missteps to avoid

JOHN GOLD
PAUL RILEY MILLER
JAMES R. WALKER
DAVID WAYNE JACKSON
RONALD LAWRENCE KELLEY
HOMER D. BILYEU
ALBERT EDWARD MITCHELL
ROBERT L HOLSBO
ROBERT CHARLES ELY
ARTHUR LIONEL TAYLOR
GLEN ALLEN SUMMERS
HARDY WILBUR PETERSON
GEORGE LAWRENCE PARIDIS
HUGH KENNETH NAFF
JAMES GERNIE MYERS
JOHN THOMAS LANCASTER
MELVIN GRANT JOHNSON
VICTOR MARVIN GADROW
CLARENCE MELVIN FORMOE
JESSE EMMETT DONALDSON
MARSHALL LEONARD TEMPIER
WILLIAM JOHN DAY
ERNEST EUGENE COREY
JAMES WARREN CASEY
ROBERT N. BROOKS
KENNETH GAY BRAKKE
WE HERE HIGHLY RESOLVE
THAT THESE DEAD SHALL
HAVE DIED IN VAIN

Seaman Ted Kelly—once missing—came back to remove his name from Seattle's honor roll.

ON October 14, 1943, Lieutenant Harold W. Goad, a young bomber pilot from Portsmouth, Ohio, was listed as missing in action. His returning squadron mates said they saw his plane explode over Burma after he had dived out of formation to avoid hitting other planes in his squadron. One year later, as is customary, the War Department declared Lieutenant Goad officially dead.

Just before he had shipped out, he had married, and had told his bride: "If anything should happen to me, go ahead and get married and be taken care of." Acting accordingly, she was married to a naval ensign two months after Lieutenant Goad was declared officially dead, fourteen months after he was reported missing in action.

Four months later, the "dead" flier was found alive in a Rangoon hospital. He had been blown through the roof of his plane and, with two other members of his crew, had come out alive. The three fliers had been captured by the Japs and held prisoners for eighteen months.

The discovery that he was alive brought his wife face to face with a modern Enoch Arden problem. She had two husbands. For three days she wrestled with her quandary, and then decided to terminate her four-months-old second marriage and return to her first husband. But legal complications aggravated her emotional problem. In her remarriage she had relied on the War Department certification that her first husband was dead, so she was in no danger of being accused of the crime of bigamy.

But in order to clear her status legally, she had to go into court and have her second marriage annulled.

This is only one of the many instances of men reported missing in action and later found alive. It illustrates just one of the many problems that face the wives and families of men reported missing in action.

Every day of the war, telegrams from the War and Navy Departments bring the "missing in action" message into hundreds of homes. This terrifying notice arouses torturing doubt, mingled fear and hope. It may be followed by the brutal finality of a "killed in action" telegram. Yet the hope persists that the missing man may still be alive—perhaps in a prison camp, or hidden in the home of a friendly native. Almost miraculously he may turn up safe, although eyewitnesses would themselves doubt that he could have survived.

Such a telegram brings emotional upsets, but it also poses difficult and seemingly insoluble personal and legal problems. When the initial shock and grief have abated, a host of painfully practical questions arise. Just what does "missing in action" mean? How long will the period of uncertainty continue? How will I manage financially? Will the government continue my allotment while my husband is missing? If we need more for our support than the allotment provides, is there any way I can draw on his reserves? Am I entitled to collect his service insurance? What attitude will commercial insurance companies take? If I should ever want to, when may I remarry? May I remarry without a court decree?

These questions are no wily tricks of a lawyer's mind. They have come up often and will recur again and again before the war is over. The War and Navy Departments, recognizing how serious are the problems faced by the families of men missing in action, have set up definite procedures to help solve them. They have evolved a strict method of determining when a man shall be considered missing in action and of hunting down every fact about his disappearance.

A telegram reporting that someone is missing in action means that the man cannot be accounted for after combat. If he is reported missing, with no reference to action, it means that he cannot be accounted for after some noncombat activity in which he has participated. In either case the telegram means that as yet no information is available to indicate what has happened to him; so far as is known, he has not been found; there is no evidence that he has survived or been taken prisoner; nor is there proof that he is dead.

The services have no illusions about the terrific impact of a casualty message, or the serious consequences of a mistake. Before they issue the official report, they make every attempt to trace the missing man. For example, when a plane squadron gets back from a combat mission, Intelligence officers grill the returning fliers, trying to determine the missing men's fate. Was their plane shot down? Was it afire? Did any crew members bail out? When a vessel is sunk, other ships and planes in the vicinity comb the area for survivors. The search continues, sometimes even through enemy attack, as long as there is any hope that men are still afloat.

Only after such investigations is the

missing-in-action status established and the telegram sent.

The first practical question that faces the missing man's family is how they will get along financially. Because of the uncertainty of his survival Congress has wisely provided that allotments to his dependents continue unchanged until a finding of death is made. If the allotment proves to be insufficient because of some change in the family's financial circumstances or needs, dependents may apply for an increase to the head of the War or Navy Department. In proper cases it will be granted. Even where there was no allotment, the department head is authorized to make one on sufficient proof of dependency.

Many families had extra money sent them by the serviceman abroad, or funds that he left behind to tide them over. Now that he is missing, the extra money stops coming, and any reserve fund may soon be exhausted. He may have a bank account, securities, or other property to which they will need access.

A case in point is that of a paratrooper who was reported missing in action on D Day, after a year in England. Before he went overseas he had deposited in his wife's bank account what he thought would suffice, with his allotment, to support his family for two years ahead. But his mother's serious illness exhausted the money shortly before D Day. Although this man had ample resources elsewhere, his wife was temporarily destitute until she could get at those funds.

In this typical case, she applied to the probate court, which administers estates, for appointment as temporary administrator of her missing husband's estate. This gave her the right to manage his property and business interests. After she had proved to the court how much she needed each month to support the family, for medical expenses, and to educate the children, she was allowed to take that amount from his estate.

This practice is permitted in almost every state. Probate courts will appoint a temporary administrator whenever an emergency requires one. The fact that a man is missing in action is considered such an emergency. Satisfied that a missing man's dependents need more money for support, education, or medical expenses, the court will direct the temporary administrator to pay a proper amount out of the funds under his control.

How long does the missing-in-action status continue? If the missing man is found, of course it terminates immediately. If positive proof of his death is found, his family is notified. If, however, twelve months pass without positive proof that he is either alive or dead, the facts of his case are thoroughly reviewed by his branch of the service. At this time all pertinent information is carefully considered, because the department is anxious to avoid making a finding of death if there is any reasonable possibility that the missing man survives. The man may have evaded capture, the department reasons; he may be alive in enemy territory; may have joined up with guerrilla forces; or may be in hiding, waiting for a chance to get back to his own unit by an underground route. He may be a prisoner whose identity has been concealed by, or is unknown to, the enemy. The department studies war diaries, action reports, administrative reports, proceedings of boards of investigation, intelligence reports, survivors' statements, prisoner lists, and reports from underground sources and partisan forces.

If, after weighing every possible factor, it finds reasonable ground for believing that the man may be alive, it will continue the missing-in-action status. If not, it will make an official finding of death.

Where the missing-in-action status is continued, the original evidence and any new information will be reviewed from time to time until the missing man is proved to be alive or a finding of death is made.

A missing man's family cannot collect death benefits until a finding of death is made, at which time a certificate of death is issued. On the strength of that certificate, the Army or Navy paymaster will pay dependents their rightful death gratuity, allowances, and pensions. If the man had national service life insurance, the Veterans Bureau will pay his family the installments due under the policy. This death certificate also permits collection of social-security benefits.

In other words, all agencies of the federal government accept this certificate as proof of death. But the federal law does not bind nonfederal agencies. Thus private insurance companies are not required to accept it as absolute proof of death. Nevertheless, the larger ones have been persuaded to accept the death certificate as grounds for payments. When companies have refused payment, the courts have found a way to compel it.

After the insurance is settled, there still remains the problem of distributing the missing man's property to his rightful heirs. The temporary administrator, appointed during the missing-in-action period, has no right to partition the estate after the death certificate has been issued. All he or she can do is continue to make payments to the family for their support in the amount previously fixed by the court. When the death certificate is issued, the probate court must appoint a regular administrator or executor to replace the temporary one. This person will have the power to settle the estate and distribute it among the heirs.

The probate courts of most states have voluntarily accepted the departmental death certificate as justifying the appointment of such an administrator or executor. There is always danger, however, that some disgruntled heir may contest the court's right to make this appointment. To strengthen the hand of the courts, the federal authorities have suggested that the forty-eight state legislatures enact laws compelling the acceptance of federal finding of death by any court or office in the state. New York enacted such a law as recently as April, 1945, and undoubtedly many other states will follow suit. This

(Continued on page 83)

Usually it's all well that ends well when a "dead" man returns. So it was with Coast Guardsman Aloyzy Coffill, his wife, and relatives.

Who's the Sucker?

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

The soldier knew it was risky to get into card games with strangers. He played along anyhow, just to watch the sharper operate—but the pay-off was one he never expected

BY DARRELL HUFF

ILLUSTRATED BY HERB OLSEN

THE chaplain had told us plenty about not throwing away our money in card games, but I'll have to confess it was what the card sharp on the boat said that hit home.

He was an ex-gambler himself and he was traveling around for the Army to warn us against tricks gamblers use. Some of the stunts he demonstrated with what started out as an honest deck of cards were pretty cute, but his principal piece of advice boiled down to: Don't play cards with strangers.

He made his speech the night before we sailed into San Francisco, and here I was, the next afternoon, on the first train for Chicago. His advice was still fresh in my mind as I sat on soft Union Pacific cushions and watched everything he'd warned us against being demonstrated precisely as he had described it.

What I was watching as we pulled out of Berkeley were the maneuvers of a pleasant-looking pudgy man of forty-five or so as he wandered around the car trying to drum up a poker game. It was just as the expert on the boat had said—this fellow looked as little like a card sharp as anyone I had ever seen.

He was having pretty good luck. Three of the men he'd approached had smiled and nodded at his suggestion, and I was just wondering idly which was his confederate and which were the suckers when he came up to me and said, "Hello, sergeant."

I was not surprised. The man on the boat had warned us that soldiers back from the Pacific were favorite victims of gamblers on trains. Because so many come home loaded down with unspent pay, the expert had pointed out.

Anyway, the man with poker on his mind leaned on my shoulder and introduced himself as "Joe Yates, in the hardware business, Evanston, Illinois." He pumped me a bit and I confessed that I was home from the Pacific after nearly two years and that I'd got nicked on Luzon.

By the time he popped the question he'd been leading up to I'd made up my mind. It was worth anything up to twenty bucks to watch a professional operate, I figured, so I said O. K., I'd sit in.

"I'm carrying all the money I've been able to save in two years," I told him, to lead him on, and I thought that I saw his eyes gleam at the words. "But I wouldn't want to go for very much more than twenty dollars."

"Just a friendly game to pass the time," Yates assured me, and the next thing I knew I was introduced to the other three guys and the game was on.

I watched everything that happened more than I did my cards, figuring that I was bound to win or lose as Yates wanted me to, no matter what I did. I tried to spot his confederate, but finally concluded the other three were just pick-up acquaintances like me, and Yates was operating alone. We played an hour or so and then knocked off for dinner, agreeing to resume about eight o'clock.

We played all evening, and when we finished I was ahead ten bucks. Yates was out a couple dollars and the other three guys were all losers too.

It was then I could see the finger was on me. I was getting the build-up for the big let-down later on. Yates was letting the other guys lose but seeing that I won. I was it.

When we met for another session the next morning, Yates was already in the lounge car, talking with a nice motherly-looking woman and a pretty little blonde girl of five or six. "My wife and kid," he explained briefly, picking up the deck and sitting down beside us. I watched the other players closely. They appeared to believe him. Well, that was all right. *They* weren't picked for sucker. I was.

The morning session was a short one and it came out just as I expected. I lost a couple of dollars—not enough to scare me out but enough to keep me from getting suspicious. I was filled with admiration at how that one lecture from the card expert had taught me to anticipate every move Yates made.

WE met that evening for what would have to be our next to last game, since we were due in Chicago at noon the next day. This is the build-up hour, I told myself. Yates will see that I win enough tonight to bring me to the game tomorrow with a lot of confidence and greed—and readiness to gamble every nickel I've got.

When I crawled into my berth around midnight, I was fifty-four dollars ahead of the game. Most of it was Yates' money, but one of the other men had lost substantially too, which impressed me as skillful maneuvering on Yates' part.

Our final session started early the next forenoon. Here is where I pay for my little poker lesson, I told myself, and grinned inwardly at the thought of how surprised Yates would be if he could guess that I knew what was scheduled.

By eleven o'clock I was just where I'd started that morning. Then it was my deal and I won a fifteen-dollar pot when Yates tossed down his hand. A little encouragement for me.

Yates picked up the cards and shuffled them with quick fingers.

"Better make this hand the last one," he suggested, looking at his wrist watch. We all agreed. It was time to pack.

"How about taking off the limit?" Yates went on. And then, when we hesitated, "Give me one last chance to get even."

"Sure," the other fellows agreed promptly, and I had to string along.

This is where the bite goes on me for sure, I warned myself grimly.

I looked at my cards. Three queens and a couple of no-account little ones. Enough better than anything I'd got so far that morning to tempt me.

By the time we drew more cards the pot was pretty close to a hundred dollars. Yates threw away one card. I took two, of course, and I was not very much surprised to find that one of them was a queen.

Four queens. Nice hand. Good enough to high-pressure the caution out of any sucker.

The other three players didn't seem to draw much of anything—why should they?—because they dropped out on the first round, leaving the pot to Yates and me.

It went up slowly, but before I knew it I was in deep. If I dropped out now I stood to lose everything I'd won so far, plus most of the twenty I'd set aside originally.

If I stayed—well, then Yates had me where he wanted me.

He thought he did, that is, and the idea made me mad. Sucker, eh? I decided to dig deep into my wallet and play the hand like any dumb traveler asking for a trimming. Then I'd turn Yates over to the cops at Chicago and get my dough back. Undoubtedly they had his picture and prints.

So I kept on raising and Yates kept on raising, till finally he said, "That about cleans me," and called.

There was $436 in the pot.

The other three guys in the game were nearly as excited as I was by this time, and when I looked up I noticed for the first time that half the people in the lounge car were standing around close, watching us play for the big pot. As for Yates, he was managing to look more excited than anybody else. A pretty convincing act if you didn't know any better.

I put down my four queens. Yates tossed his hand beside mine and shoved the pot at me. He had a full house. Good, but not good enough.

I WAS still in a mental fog when I climbed off the train at Chicago a few minutes later, my hands full of luggage and my pockets stuffed with my winnings. I noticed Yates walking along a few yards away. The woman he'd been talking to on the train and the pretty little blonde girl were with him, making as nice a family group as you could ask to see. Yates didn't notice me, but the little girl did.

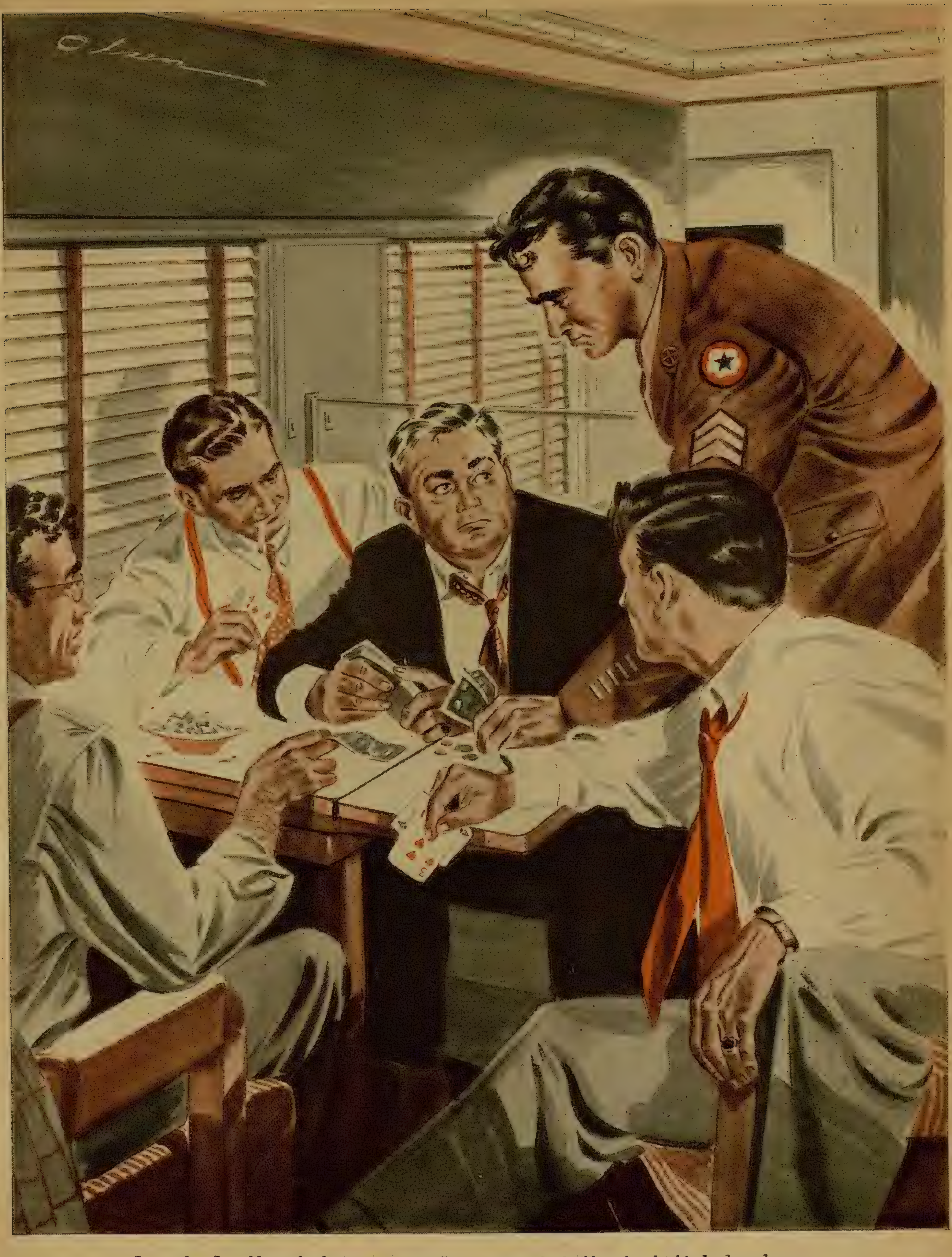
"Ooh, mama, mama!" the kid shrieked, tugging at the woman's coat and pointing an excited finger at me. "Look!"

Everybody in the station looked, all right. My face burned.

"That soldier!" screamed the little girl, while her mother tried to shush her. "That's the gambler who took all daddy's money!"

My face still gets red when I think about it.

THE END



It was then I could see the finger was on me. I was getting the build-up for the big let-down later on.

How Well Do You Read?

Almost everyone can read, but most of us do it badly. The right way will make reading more enjoyable and more profitable. Here's how to test your own reading ability and how to improve it.

BY RUTH McCOY HARRIS

WOULD you like to find out how fast you read?

First, get a pencil and a watch or clock and have them ready. When you come to the end of this paragraph, write down the exact time. Then keep on reading at your regular speed. Don't hurry. Questions at the end of the article will test your understanding of what you have read. They are general questions; don't try to memorize details. Don't dawdle or turn back to reread; that will slow you down and give you a low score. Are you ready? Write down the time. Begin:

"Slow readers are poor readers. Such old saws as 'Slow but sure,' 'Haste makes waste,' and 'Better slow than sorry,' don't apply to reading. A person reads fast because he thinks fast, is alert and curious, has good eyesight and excellent reading habits, a good vocabulary and a wide background of information. Some such persons can read as fast as 6,000 words a minute. They absorb much more of what they read than the plodder who takes ten times as long to read the same thing."

So says Norman Lewis, the author of How to Read Better and Faster. He has taught remedial reading to private students, to men in the Army, to students at the College of the City of New York. He is now teaching the improvements of reading in the new night classes conducted by City College. His class includes housewives and office employees, factory workers, an Army officer, a lawyer, and several college students. Another long list is waiting to begin when the present class finishes its eight-week course, by which time Lewis hopes to see his pupils improve by 50 to 100 per cent.

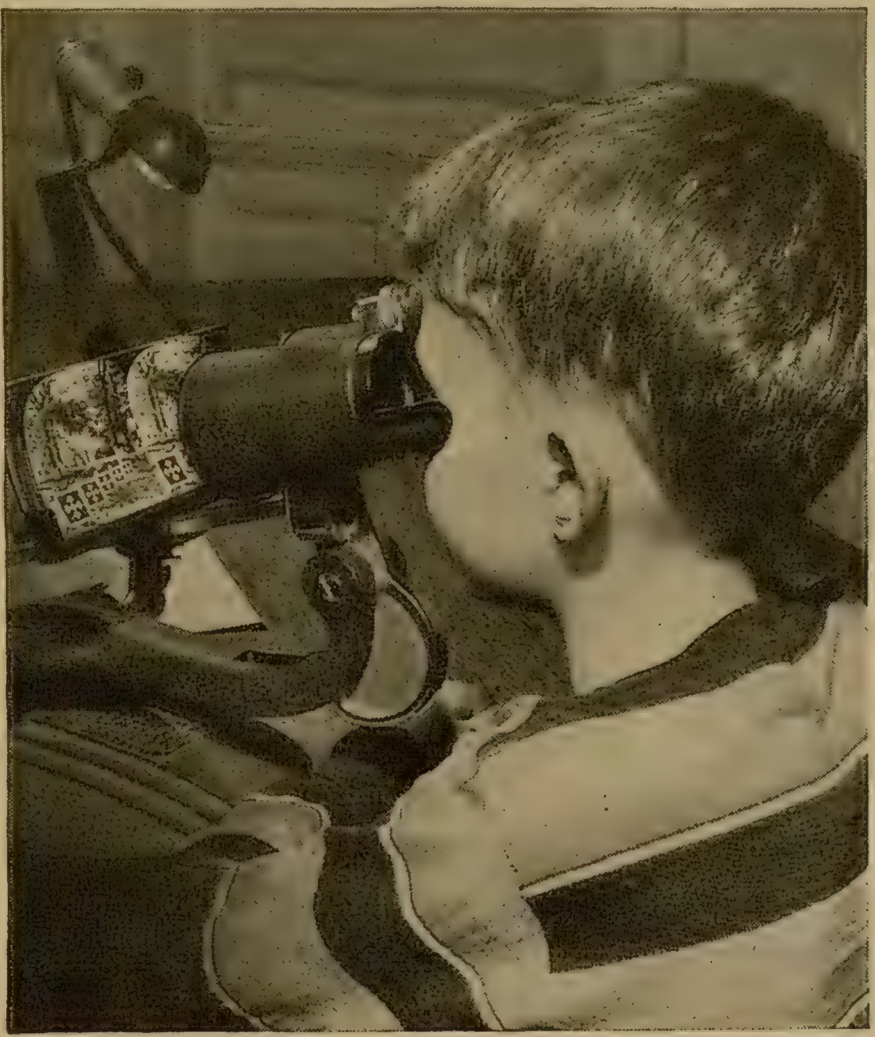
Lewis, young and a born teacher with an engaging personality, believes reading is perhaps the most important skill we ever learn.

In other days, in pioneer life, for example, a man could live successfully without being able to read at all. As a boy he learned to hunt and fish, to clear the forest, build a cabin and cultivate the land by working beside his father.

Today, Lewis explains, there is hardly a job that doesn't require reading. The Army found it could make very little use of men who could not read at all, and rejects them.

Not only that, but a child is doomed to failure in school if he doesn't learn to read reasonably well. Most delinquents have a long record of school failure, beginning with reading troubles.

Of course, less than 4 per cent of the people in this country cannot read at all, Lewis adds. But at least 60 per cent of adults do not read well. Millions read nothing but the comics. Now, there's nothing wrong with comics, but many of these people would also enjoy reading newspapers; they would find pleasure and stimulation in magazines and books if only they could read a little better. They would find their leisure time more enjoyable; they would be better citizens.


At the N. Y. U. reading clinic, a youngster squints into a telebinocular—which will test his ability to focus.

Lewis, of course, is not the only person who teaches people to read better. There are reading clinics connected with many colleges and universities. One of the best known private clinics is the New York University Reading Clinic headed by Dr. Stella S. Center. Dartmouth has a famous reading clinic. The public school of Farmingdale, New York, has one, Binghamton has recently started one, and a few other public schools have either a clinic or a teacher of remedial reading.

The N. Y. U. reading clinic begins by giving you a series of tests. The first is a telebinocular test, to find out whether you have eye trouble which needs correction by expert treatment or glasses. This test also shows how well your eyes focus. They should work together, but sometimes they do not. You may be using one eye to read with, letting the other wander or loaf. And some people see double without taking a single drink.

If you have good eyes that focus properly, the next test at the reading clinic is made with the ophthalmograph. This device photographs the motions of your eyes as you read. It shows on a film how often your eyes stop in reading a single line, and how easily they swing to the next line. It also shows how often you turn back to reread a word or line. A good reader makes only two or three stops, or fixations, on an ordinary line; a poor reader stops for nearly every word and often turns back.

After your eye movements have been photographed, you are given a reading test, such as you are now making for yourself. You find out how many words you read in a minute, and whether you understand what you read.

You are given a vocabulary test, too, and the final test may be psychological, given by an expert and intended to show, among other things, whether reading defects are due to worry and tension or to inability to concentrate. Many poor readers, among children especially, are emotionally upset, perhaps because of home or school conditions.

After all these tests, you can either work on your own reading problems at home, join a class in remedial reading, or keep on at the clinic, which is rather expensive, but worth it.

The N. Y. clinic uses such instruments as the metronoscope and the flashmeter. The metronoscope shows you one part of a line at a time, then the next part, and the next, so that you have to keep reading ahead; you can neither stop too long nor turn back. The machine can be adjusted so that you gradually increase your speed.

An excellent reader will see an entire line at once, so that he can read *down* a narrow column of type without moving his eyes from left to right. That is how Theodore Roosevelt got the reputation of reading a whole page at a glance—an obvious impossibility. He read rapidly down the page, and he knew how to skim, often reading only the key words.

The flashmeter throws a group of words, a picture, or a column of figures on the screen for a very short time. When the image is gone, you write down what you saw—if anything. The first time I tried the flashmeter, I *thought* I saw something flash on the screen, but I wasn't sure! The class of little children in the room immediately drew a complicated diagram of interlocking squares, and, sure enough, that was what had been flashed. As your eyes become trained to focus quickly, and your mind trained to remember or recall what you have seen, you are amazed how much you see in an instantaneous flash. It is as if your eyes take a picture, which your brain studies at its leisure after the original has disappeared.

The metronoscope cures you of looking back, a bad fault of slow readers. The phrase vanishes almost as you see it; you've got to grasp it and go on.

PART of the training at any clinic is similar to Lewis' exercises. You simply make a conscious effort to read a little faster for a certain time every day, and to see more at each glance, or fixation. Your eyes see nothing as they are moving; it is during the brief pauses that they read. The wider your eye span, the more words you see at once and the faster you read.

"Then the chief reading faults are reading one word at a time and turning back to reread?" Dr. Center was asked.

"Yes. They are evidences of poor reading. We find that these two bad reading habits characterize the inefficient reader. Many of those who read slowly not only look at each word separately; they pronounce each word, either aloud or in their minds. If you want to find out whether you are pronouncing the words, touch your lips lightly as you try to read silently. If they move slightly, you are vocalizing. If your lips do not move, try touching your throat lightly over your vocal cords. If they vibrate a little, you are vocalizing, even though your lips are still."

"And that slows down reading?"

"Naturally. You can read much faster than you can pronounce all the words."

"How can you keep from vocalizing?"

"By trying to read easy material faster, so that there is no time to pronounce. And simply by trying to keep the lips still. But most of all, by keeping the mind focused on the thought."

"But how can you keep from turning back? Sometimes a sentence doesn't seem clear."

"The best way to keep from regressing is to try to follow the author's thought closely," Dr. Center said. "Reading is controlled thinking, stimulated by the printed page. We read efficiently when our minds and imaginations are captured by what we read."

Another method might be to use a blank card, sliding it down the page as you read, to cover up what has gone before. However, this must be done quickly or it will slow you up.

All reading experts agree that a poor vocabulary is a drawback to good and rapid reading. If every sentence contains words you do not know, you will be continually stopping to puzzle over them.

But the answer is not to keep a dictionary beside you, stopping to look up every new word. Keep going, at least to the end of the paragraph. Often the meaning of the word is made clear by the way it is used. If not, it may become clear if you try to figure it out before looking it up. Of course, using the dictionary is a good habit, but it should not interfere too much with your reading.

"A large vocabulary," says Lewis, "does not come from looking up words in a dictionary. It comes from wide reading, from being alert and curious. The dictionary is a help, of course, but looking up long lists of words is not enough to give you a large vocabulary."

From time to time recordings are made of something you read so that your progress may be observed. A good reading rate is five hundred words a minute.

LEWIS should know about this; he loves to read the dictionary, and has written more than one book about words. The books he recommended for his students' outside reading were far from light. They were nearly all factual: history and biography, psychology and physiology, mathematics, sociology.

"These seem like pretty heavy going for slow readers," I remarked.

"Yes, they are full of facts," he agreed. "But you'll notice that they're interestingly written. Even on a difficult subject, it's always much easier to read a vivid and colorful book than a dull one. Some writers can make even a juicy scandal dull; others manage to enliven science, mathematics, or law.

"I don't advise my students to read only these books. If they will read whodunits and boy-meets-girl stories, that is fine. It will help them speed up.

"But one trouble with slow readers, besides a poor vocabulary and poor reading habits, is a narrow background of information. They have never enjoyed reading. Some of them have never read a book since their teachers forced them to. They have missed a lot that other people know. Reading even a few books like these I recommend will give them a backlog of facts to build on. The more you know, the easier for you to read faster."

"But they can't read these books as fast as a murder mystery?"

"No, indeed. Let them speed through something light. But when you read a factual book with many new words and ideas, you have to slow down to a comfortable speed. You have to adapt your reading rate to what you read and to your purpose."

In this, Dr. Center heartily agrees. Adapting your reading speed to your

(Continued on page 80)

A carrier is in enemy waters and its observers are on the alert. Via sound-powered phone they warn the task force.

Fighting Words

BY LT. ROBERT T. FURMAN, Jr., U. S. N. R.

THE sky above the American task force was polka-dotted with ack-ack bursts and rent with the angry screams of Jap planes. Below, on the bridge of an American carrier, the captain stared intently aloft. Six Jap twin-engined "Bettys" were starting their bombing run. Around the captain the din of the carrier's AA fire shut out all other sound. Five-inchers, single 20s, 40-millimeter quads, and the roar of the last planes taking off built up a clamor that would have shamed a boiler factory.

Behind the captain, two men followed closely as he moved about the bridge, each trailing a long wire. Under their steel helmets were earphones; on their chests hung telephone mouthpieces. These men were telephone talkers, two of the many whose sole job during battle is to talk over the ship's telephone system—human links between the brain of the captain and the nervous system of the ship.

The carrier took evasive action and the Nip bombers completed their run. Suddenly the ship shuddered, shook like a short-haired dog in the cold. Was it a hit or a near miss? Where? How much damage? Could they proceed? How?

An intricate communications system co-ordinates the myriad activities of a modern fighting ship. Have a look at how it works—and you'll see why she can usually keep fighting come hell, high water, or enemy fire

One of the talkers scowled as he tried to hear above the AAs what his earphones were saying. Then he looked up, moved closer to the captain, and shouted in his ear, "Sir, gun control reports forty-millimeter mount number five out of action due to fragments from bomb explosion close alongside."

The second talker chimed in, "Damage control reports starboard compartments Oboe and Peter flooded, sir. Ship listing to starboard."

In seconds the captain had a preliminary report on the damage. More telephone reports came in to the lieutenant in charge of damage repair—came in fast from the men on the spot. In a matter of minutes he was able to assign repair crews and let the captain know how much the ship's fighting efficiency had suffered. It was all done in a hurry through the ship's interior communication system.

Today it's safe to say that a ship is as effective as its interior communications. Aboard every modern fighting ship is an almost inconceivably complicated system of wires and special sound and visual devices which integrate the manifold operations. All of the ship's myriad devices, guns, and machinery must be so co-ordinated that the captain can fight his ship as surely and as easily as a boxer fights with his hands. Elaborate, well-organized communications enable him to do it.

Before the days of the telephone and electronics, captains had to depend on their own strong lungs and a megaphone, or else they "passed the word" along from man to man. Passing the word had its drawbacks because the message was often pretty well garbled by the time a few excited men had shouted above the noise of battle what they thought they had heard from the man next to them. A boatswain's pipe and bugle calls for various types of action helped some, but they were crude at best.

But a bugle is a puny noisemaker indeed compared to some of the Navy's latest gadgets. Put yourself on the deck of a carrier. A score of 2,000-horsepower planes are warming up. Their savage exhausts drown out the swish of the forty-five-knot wind, the beat of the sea against the great steel hull, and the vibrating hum of the ship's 200,000-horsepower turbines. A man next to you shouts, but no sound reaches you. You read his lips to understand what he is saying. Suddenly, incredibly, a voice speaks crisp and sharp above the stentorian uproar: "Pilots, check your navigation. New target bearing three-two-six."

IT'S the ship's bull horn, a new loud-speaker which the Navy's Bureau of Ships has developed for use on carriers and troop transports where the movements of many men must be directed at one time. Thirty feet from the speaker, the bull horn's voice is ten times louder than thunder. Stand near it for any length of time and its vibrations make you physically ill. Aboard a carrier, in among the planes that are warming up, the racket even mutes the voice of the bull horn. But the pilot can feel its vibrations, and he'll stop gunning his engine and listen for the message.

A large modern carrier has as many as eight of these speaking foghorns, at least one of them mounted on a swivel. This is necessary because a dozen amplifiers help to "beam" sound in one direction so that a voice can carry intelligibly for five miles. Today a captain thinks nothing of using the bull horn to converse with the captain of another ship across miles of ocean. It's easy, direct, and proof against enemy interception by radio.

Topside, the bull horn fights through wind, engine roar, and gunfire to pass the word quickly and understandably. But in the superstructure and below decks, hundreds of small speakers give voice to the involved business of running a fighting ship. Small intercommunication units which the Navy appropriately calls "squawk boxes," much the same as you'd find in any executive office, provide quick communication with key personnel. Merely by touching a button, the commanding officer can talk with his engineer, his gunnery officer, his communication officer and many others. There is usually no receiver or mouthpiece on these "intercoms." The voice is directed into and comes out of a small and sometimes raucous speaker. Hence the term "squawk box."

Also, all ships have a general announcing system which will carry voice to every last compartment aboard, or can be switched to reach any desired group of compartments. This system can be operated from a number of key stations such as the bridge, the quarterdeck, and the main engine room. It carries the general alarm and chemical attack signals, summoning the crew to general quarters. Depending on the situation, a boatswain's pipe or bugle usually precedes the voice order through the mike, a colorful attention signal handed down from the days of sailing ships.

There are other, more specialized, loud-speaker systems such as the turret announcing system which provides communication between the turret officer and each gun station, as well as the projectile and shell-handling levels. There's the antiaircraft announcing system which connects the gunnery-control officer with each of the AA gun mounts to permit rapid gun co-ordination. On large carriers, loud-speakers connect the various ready rooms so that all the pilots can be briefed for their mission at one time. Many ships have a separate announcing system which carries music, entertainment, announcements of general interest, and sometimes even a play-by-play description of the battle, broadcast for the officers and crew below decks.

But loud-speaker systems are only the beginning of shipboard communications. A modern carrier, for example, has fifty-nine separate and distinct communication circuits.

All sizable ships have a conventional telephone system with instruments which look and operate the same as the dial phone in your home. Aboard a battleship the dial system may have as many as 500 phones. If you're one of those civilians waiting for a phone in your home, you'll be interested to know that the Navy's Bureau of Ships has installed nearly 3,000,000 telephones aboard the 100,000 vessels which now compose the U. S. fleet. Those phones you're waiting for are speeding up this matter of blasting the Jap out of his islands.

In addition to voice transmission, all ships have alarm signals which, once set off by the push of a button or lever, are carried all over the ship by the general announcing system. The sound of a rapidly striking gong means "Prepare for action" and alerts the whole ship, sending every man to his battle station on the double. A pure 1,000-cycle note is known as the chemical alarm and warns of a gas attack. The dive signal aboard a submarine is a motor-operated horn. Three short blasts on the ship's steam siren warns the crew of an impending collision. Aboard a carrier, a high-pitched 1,700-cycle note tells the personnel on the flight deck that a plane is about to crash. A low 600-cycle note is the signal for all the ship's guns to fire simultaneously. Warning signals such as these are used instead of voice orders to save time and avoid misunderstanding. They all call for action in a hurry.

When the chips are down and the ship is ready to go into action, then the all-important sound-powered telephone system swings into action too. This is primarily a battle system because it's as near destruction-proof as any electrical communication can be. Sound-powered phones are energized by the voice itself rather than by batteries or a generator. The voice sets up vibrations in a thin diaphragm and causes an attached armature to vibrate in a magnetic field. This generates enough current to operate a whole party line of phones over a considerable distance. If the mouthpiece is broken, the operator can still talk into the earpiece and get the message through. When the Japs struck at Pearl Harbor, the damage-control officer on the U. S. S. West Virginia, using the common battery-powered phone, could not communicate with the ship's repair parties because a bomb had destroyed the batteries. Sound-powered phones now eliminate this danger on all warships.

They are used on the vitally important circuits running from the various centers of control to gun positions, observers' posts, damage-control posts, ammunition-handling rooms, signal centers, and the like. Messages on this system must get through rapidly and accurately. Most of these phones are individually manned by telephone talkers who do nothing but relay orders and information given them by men in key positions.

SMALL ships such as destroyers have a score of talkers; battleships have a hundred or more. Sound-powered phones need a stronger voice than the ordinary house phone; otherwise the technique is much the same. But the Navy has had to go far beyond the usual rules of good telephone usage to be sure that messages will get through during the noise and excitement of battle. In fact, there's even a special department in Washington devoted to working out what to say and how to say it over the ships' phones.

Quickly it learned that at least 30 per cent of the enlisted men in the U. S. Navy speak so indistinctly as to be dangerous on a phone watch. Talkers have to be carefully selected on a basis of speech

(*Continued on page 81*)

As communications speed the commands from the officers on the bridge, one of our carriers waits for a British vessel to join her for a raid against the Japs.

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

QUICK, HENRY, THIS IS IT!—Mosquitoes and a whole array of insects were blitzed ▲ at Jones Beach, Long Island, recently in the first public test of DDT, deadly bug-killer. Four miles of beach were blanketed with a fog application of the stuff.

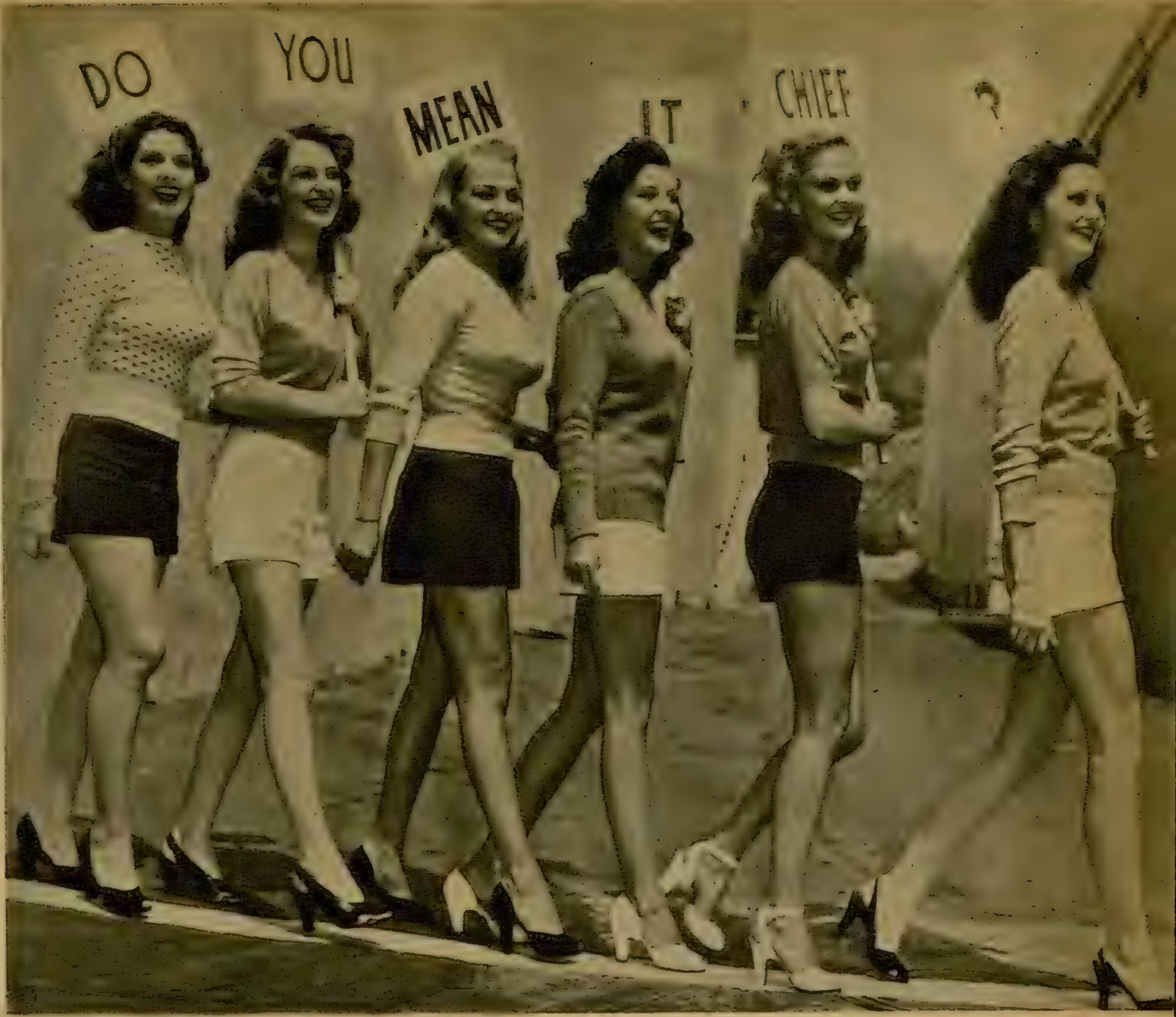
THE MAYOR AND THE MOPPET—The Lord Mayor of London drops his official dignity and stoops to conquer. On a visit to a Sussex school, he refereed a yacht ▼ race between some bathtub sailors—one of whom seems to resent his decision.

THE SECRET'S OUT—"Slow as molasses in January" is now a scientific fact. A viscosimeter in the General Electric Co. laboratories registered the fact that at low temperatures it ran slower than any other liquid. ▶

▶

TABLES TURNED!—Ralph Edwards, of radio's rough-and-tumble Truth or Consequences, gets his come-uppance at last. While in Hollywood he was playfully pushed into this mudbox.

SECRET WEAPON—An ordnance captain, member of a group studying strange German weapons, examines one of the oddest—a gun to shoot around corners. Despite special sights, it proved more terrifying than accurate.

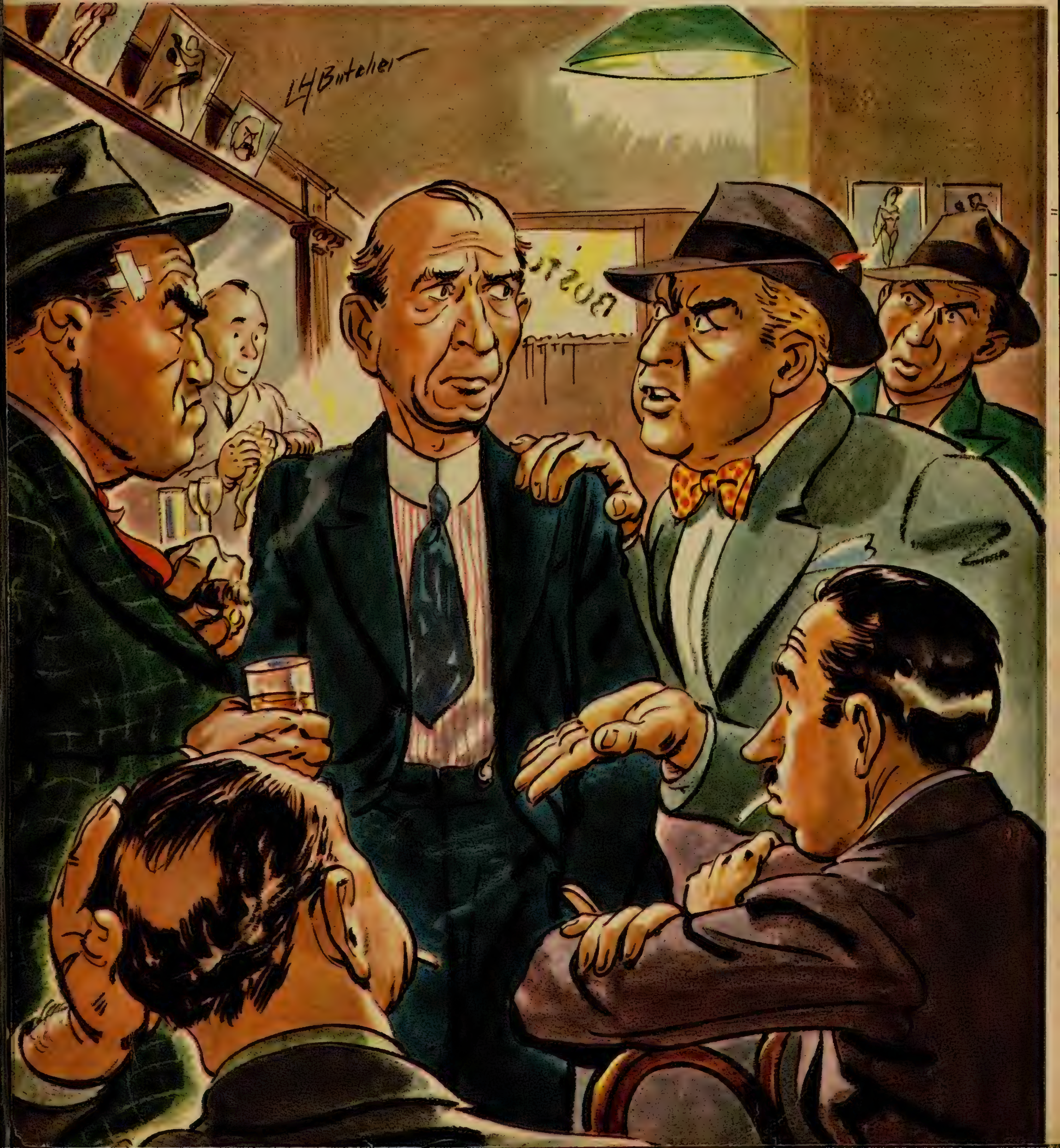


PRETTY PICKETS—The perturbed police chief of Decatur, Ill., didn't know what he was starting when he banned shorts in his town. Far, far away, in Hollywood, the so sympathetic starlets went to all the trouble shown above to make him see the error of his ways.

SHOVEL FIGHTER—Pfc. Bernard Hall of Triadelphia, W. Va., 7th A. A. F. man in the Ryukyus, was digging a foxhole when nine Japs surrendered to him. He herded them in with his shovel and then put the count there.

ETO TO TOKYO—Even a Purple Heart can't get you a Pullman, redeployed veterans find. These went by jam-packed coach all the way from Camp Shanks, N.Y., to Fort Lewis, Wash.

Waldo the Weep



Waldo made a good living hiring himself out to lawyers as a professional courtroom weeper. But there came a sorry day when he lost his talent for tears—and in a very funny way

BY STANLEY DISNEY

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWRENCE BUTCHER

PERSONALLY, I always consider suicide too dangerous a pastime to indulge in freely. And up to the time I have this experience with Waldo the Weep, I always feel when a guy mentions suicide I got to be polite and try and talk him out of it. But Waldo changes my attitude completely. And the next guy who mentions he is considering the step is apt to find me right there lending a helping hand.

This Waldo is a long, somewhat limber guy who makes a living running bail and fixing witnesses, but chiefly as a courthouse "weep." Like some party sues for personal injuries suffered in a wreck or somehow, and his lawyer wants a sympathetic atmosphere in the courtroom. That is where Waldo fits in. For a small fee he will sit in the front row, as close to the jury box as he can get. Then when this party describes what agony and fierce pains he suffers, Waldo will turn on the sympathy. First he pulls out a handkerchief and gives a few manly sniffs; then he starts to sob silently, with great tears rolling down his cheeks. And, like as not, the jury will get sympathetic, too, and will return a verdict for more than a few damages.

When I ask Waldo how he manages to turn his tears on and off like a beer spigot, he swears me to silence, like he is letting me in on a trade secret. Then he asks do I ever hear of Waldo and Wando. When I say I don't, he explains they are just about the best song-and-dance team that ever hits the country, and only a conspiracy on the part of the booking agents keeps them off Broadway. That, and the fact Wando, who is also Mrs. Waldo, runs away with a trained-seal act.

"For years we work one-night stands, eating out of cans and in cheap hash houses," Waldo says mournfully. "But we are always talking about leaving the stage and settling down. And every night Wando is going to have a home-cooked meal ready for me when I get home from work. Steak and potatoes and biscuits," he says in a reverent voice. "Biscuits that will melt in your mouth. So," he ends up suddenly, "every time I want to weep, I just think about all those home-cooked meals I never get. Then I can't help but weep."

Now, even though Waldo does not have much competition in his line of work, he does not do so well. Times are hard. A lot of the lawyers must figure they can cut down on expenses by doing their own weeping. And others do not get around to paying Waldo even though he weeps them into a nice judgment.

On this night I start to tell about, we are all throwing a big party for ourselves at the Boston Bar. Everybody is there, and I guess everybody is high and happy. Everybody, that is, but Waldo. I see him a couple of times, and he is drooping around, wasting a lot of tears on himself that he ought to save for professional expenditure. I try to dodge him, but it is no use. He sees me trying to duck, and that just gives him a reason to start shedding tears.

"You know," he says, grabbing onto my arm, "I been thinking it over for a long time, and I am now very tired of living. I would go out and shoot myself right off, only I got some insurance made out in the name of my baby. And, naturally, if I shoot myself, Junior will not be able to collect, on account of the policy does not cover suicide."

I figure Waldo is just talking to have something to say.

"Yes," he says, taking another drink, "I am a bum and a stinker. Since my wife leaves me I have gone completely to pot. But I am not stinker enough to cheat my baby out of my insurance by bumping myself off personally. So," he says, "what I am going to do is fix things so it will look like I am killed by other parties. That way," he says, "they got to pay my insurance. Though why," he ends thoughtfully, "it is more respectable or legal to be killed by somebody else, even a stranger maybe, than by yourself, I cannot see."

But by this time my interest is aroused. I am most sorry I misjudge Waldo in the past, since it is clear he is a gentleman through and through to think of his baby at a time like this. "How are you figuring on making it look like you do not kill yourself but are killed?" I ask.

"That is what I am leading up to," he answers. "I am writing myself threatening letters so it will look like someone knocks me off. And I wonder," he asks politely, "will you be accommodating enough to sign this one for me?"

He hands me a letter and a fountain pen all unscrewed for ready use. Things are a little foggy, but still I make out to read the letter, which is addressed to Waldo, and which says: "Dear Waldo. You Rat. I am going to cut your throat for what you did to Helen."

"I am always glad to help a pal," I say, not thinking very clearly. I sign the letter and hand it back. "By the way," I ask, "who is Helen?"

"I do not know," Waldo answers. "I just make her up so the police will think you have a motive for threatening me."

Waldo shakes my hand and thanks me so warmly we both get to weeping together, and I apologize for calling him a rat in the letter.

"That is all right," he says generously, between his tears. "It is no better than I deserve."

WHAT with one thing and another, I do not think about this letter again until I get up the next afternoon. And then I call Waldo several worse things than a "rat," for it suddenly occurs to me that if he kills himself after we leave the party, the police may have a lot of embarrassing questions to ask me. As I get dressed I am most bitter that I ever learn to write so I can sign a crazy letter like this.

I buy a paper right off to see if there is anything about Waldo in it. And then I head out to find him and get that letter back, if he is still alive. As you may well believe, I am most surprised to find half a dozen indignant citizens at the Boston Bar who, for one reason or another, also sign threatening letters to Waldo the night before. And all of them, now they think the matter over, want their letters back before Waldo does any self-liquidating.

"If I ever see that tramp again," No Dice says in a mean voice, "I'll—" And then he stops. I guess he figures he is in trouble enough not to make any more threats against Waldo. So No Dice ends by saying, "I'll blow him to a big feed. Waldo," he explains loudly, so we all can hear, "is always a particular friend of mine. And anything I say in a letter to the contrary is just a gag and is strictly untrue."

The rest of us get the same idea. First one and then another announces loudly that he always loves Waldo like a brother, and that anything the speaker may have written Waldo is a gross distortion, and, furthermore, the speaker trusts that if the need arises, the parties present will bear witness to the love and esteem the speaker always bears for Waldo.

ABOUT this time who comes in but Waldo himself, looking as mournful as ever. We all give him an eager hello and try to outdo each other in showering him with friendship. Waldo gives us a bleak smile.

"Fellows," he says, and tears start to roll down his cheeks, "I have come around to tell you good-by. If there is anything that makes me sad about checking out," he says delicately, "it is leaving a swell bunch of guys like you."

"Then why leave us?" Ollie Musto asks quickly. "You got a lot of friends, Waldo," he says, "and you don't want to do anything hasty."

Waldo heaves a big sigh and continues to weep. One and all, we stir around to make Waldo comfortable, hoping to cheer him up. But he only sits there moping.

"Since my wife leaves me I got nothing to live for," Waldo says.

"I would have scragged myself a long time ago, if I hadn't been afraid Junior would lose my insurance. But thanks to your kind co-operation," he says politely, "things are fixed so when I am gone, Junior will have no trouble collecting, so I am going to end it all."

"By the way, Waldo," I say brightly, "I'm sure you aren't going to do anything careless with that letter I sign for you last night. What a sense of humor you got, Waldo, old boy, old boy!" I say with a merry laugh that I do not feel. "Making us all sign threatening letters! Now, if you are through with your little joke, I will thank you to return the letter I sign, for I do not want it to fall into the hands of parties who might not understand."

"I am sorry," Waldo answers sorrowfully, "but this morning I gave all those letters to my attorney. I explain to him, while I do not want to make any trouble, I hope and trust he will turn the letters over to the D. A. in case anything sudden happens to me."

"All of them?" I ask in a feeble voice.

"All of them," he repeats. "I got a lot of letters because I want to be fair," he says. "That way you will all have plenty of company. And you can blame my demise on each other."

This is strictly no consolation. We all try to talk Waldo out of removing himself.

(Continued on page 56)

No Dice is very annoyed. "After the trouble we take to get you bumped off, you ruin everything."

They Wish upon a Star—and Win!

Out in Hollywood they call producers Pine and Thomas the double Bills. Their system is to take stars other studios think are washed up — and turn out one box office success after another

by

ELIZABETH WILSON

KODACHROME BY JACK ALBIN

They're exact opposites. Pine, leaning on camera, keeps an eagle eye on the budget, while Thomas, taking his ease in the chair, is the idea man.

ONE hot summer day in 1934 the master minds at Paramount dropped Richard Arlen from the payroll. They had had Arlen under contract for eight years and had spent thousands of dollars building him up. His pictures made money. He was solid with the public.

So Bill Pine and Bill Thomas—now Hollywood's unique producers, but then press agents for Paramount—could be forgiven for bemoaning a waste which they regarded as criminal. Privately, they wondered how producers kept their jobs.

Arlen celebrated his departure with a little elbow-bending in Jack Oakie's dressing room. As the dawn came up over the Hollywood Bowl the two actors had made the very interesting discovery that they were the only male stars on the lot who grew their own hair. Something should be done about *that*, and was. When the Glamor Boys arrived at eight they found their dressing rooms had been broken into and their toupees nailed to the ceilings. Production on three million-dollar epics went blooey while the Front Office raged and Max Factor laced up some new cranial camouflage.

It was Bill Pine's duty, as head of Paramount publicity, to reprimand Arlen. He was doing it, halfheartedly, when Dick's seventy-year-old mother came to her son's defense. "Mr. Pine, you must forgive Richard," she said gently. "He was a seven-month baby."

In December, 1936, Pine and Thomas, still trying to get the names of Paramount stars in the newspapers, again saw their noble handiwork discarded. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer gave pretty, talented, and popular Jean Parker her walking papers. Ever since Sequoia, in which she co-starred with a deer, Jean had been one of the most publicized young stars at the studio. But Metro got miffed, so the story goes, when she made like a gazelle and eloped without asking its permission.

When a studio drops a star who has been under contract for years, no matter why, Hollywood immediately assumes that the star is washed up in pictures. It's sort of an unwritten law. In the eyes of the industry he's through. But in the eyes of the moviegoers who pay the freight he's still popular and adored. So while the Mayers, Selznicks, Zanucks, and the rest were prospecting for new names and new faces, the two Bills were quietly cashing in on familiar ones. Players of the caliber of Richard Arlen, Jean Parker, Chester Morris, Nancy Kelly, William Gargan, Jack Haley, and Johnny Weissmuller are Pine-Thomas stand-bys today.

How Pine and Thomas, with nothing up their sleeves and nothing in the bank—after all, they had been press agents—parlayed "old" faces and some slightly used ideas into a million dollars is rare old Hollywood—rare because it makes sense.

About four years ago the two Bills, who had become pals after years of coping with the tempestuous Mae West, walked out of Grauman's Chinese Theater one night after yawning through the première of a much touted super-colossal film.

"How bad can you get?" demanded Bill Thomas. "That picture is so bad that even the footprints in the concrete should have walked out."

"We could make a better movie for one tenth the dough," agreed Bill Pine, the business man. And then he added brightly, "Well, what are we waiting for?"

Their talk at luncheon the next day was on the policy level. Let the stuffy producers with the loaded bankrolls make the aesthetic pictures. Let the foreign producers play around with Art. Let the geniuses send the messages. Pine-Thomas would give the public what it wanted. Action. Right out of the headlines.

"We decided to make Westerns with a new twist," said Thomas. "Instead of horses, we'd use planes. Instead of cowboys, we'd use aviators. Simple, wasn't it?"

Producing on a shoestring requires a star, a title, and a release. At a table across the restaurant, handsome as ever, and still growing his own hair, was the seven-month baby, Arlen. After hasty whisperings, the two Bills swooped down upon him with all the subtlety of hungry buzzards.

"Well, Dick," they said, giving him the glad hand, ordering a round of drinks, and lying through their teeth, "congratulate us. We've just been made producers at Paramount. How'd you like to star in some pictures for us?"

Arlen said he'd like it fine. Of course, he explained, he was rather busy right now; he owned an airport out in the valley, where he was teaching air-minded people—as who wasn't these days?—to pilot planes. But he'd always liked the two Bills and it would be sort of nice to be back at work at the old jute mill. Well, what could be sweeter! Pine-Thomas not only had a star, but a star with a hangar full of planes.

"It was the beginning of what we have come to call the Pine-Thomas luck," says Pine. "I'm sure I don't know why we have this luck. It isn't because we live right."

Then they sat up all night reading newspapers and scribbling down titles. "Every press agent," says Thomas, "knows that a good title means money in the bank." Incidentally, when they grabbed Alaska Highway out of the headlines a year later, a major producer offered them $25,000 for it. The boys finally settled on three hot titles: Power Dive, Forced Landing, and Flying Blind. Now they were ready to talk turkey with Paramount.

"Look! We're producers now," they said to their former bosses. "We've got a star and three stories. We've worked at this studio a long time, and we know the salesmen and exhibitors. We want you to release our pictures." Paramount was fascinated by the kind of money they talked—it was so different from the kind De Mille talked. They said fine. After all, what could they lose? In a deal like this the promoters always get paid last.

With a star, a story, and a release, you can always borrow money from a bank. The boys put up 40 per cent of the dough—"We were signing notes until we almost had writer's cramp"—and the bank took care of the rest. Followed hectic, nerve-racking, ulcer-making days.

Maxwell Shane, a former publicity man turned writer—he now calls himself the hyphen in Pine-Thomas—was hired to write a script for Power Dive. The boys prudently gave him a piece of the company to keep him from writing in expensive production business.

Next they had to have a girl. Even in high-powered action pictures boy has to meet girl.

IN those prewar days, pictures had to be "sold" to the public with china, candy bars, keno, and junkets. So Warner Brothers had rented a train, packed it full of stars and press, and sent it to Santa Fe, New Mexico, for the world première of Santa Fe Trail. At small towns and cities along the way the train stopped and the stars whooped it up on the back platform for good old Warner Brothers.

"And who got the most applause?" said a W. B. press agent to Bill Thomas over a beer. "You'd never guess. Second only to Errol Flynn, Jean Parker. Not even under contract to the studio and she completely steals the show! I'm telling you the folks went nuts about her."

"Amazing, ain't it?" mused Thomas, and went out at once and signed Jean Parker.

Power Dive, released in 1941, quickly grossed three quarters of a million dollars. It had cost a mere $86,000—less than De Mille has been known to pay for a bathtub scene.

"Fast as the bucks came in we went around paying people," Thomas recalls. "When Paramount saw what was happening, they made a new deal with us for six pictures a year. I called my wife and told her the kid could start taking piano lessons. And just to show you how successful I am today, she's now taking ballet."

Since the two Bills started producing their own pictures, Dick Arlen and Jean Parker have appeared in eleven of them. Another Pine-Thomas favorite, Chester Morris, has been in eight. Ever since his sensational success in Alibi, Morris has been a leading star in Hollywood, but in the past few years he has been run over in the frantic pursuit of new faces. "For him," says Bill Thomas, "we buy a published book. Chester's an intelligent guy. He likes books. And, anyway, buying a book in Hollywood is prestige. A book is a property. So now we've got a property and can begin to impress people."

Pearl Harbor grounded Arlen's planes for the duration, but all his bosses had to do for action stories was read the headlines.

William Gargan they signed a year ago, when he returned from a USO trip to China, Burma, and India. Bill Pine in the next booth at the Brown Derby heard him describing his hair-raising adventures to a couple of pals: "Flying over jungles, forced landings on snow-covered mountains, hanging from cliffs, dodging Jap bullets—it was exciting and dangerous and I loved every minute of it."

"Pardon me," Pine barged in. "We do more exciting things than that every day in our pictures. If you like to hang from things, why don't you work for us? You know what they're saying: You don't have to take basic training in the Army if you've worked for Pine-Thomas."

"I think I scared him into it," says Pine. "Between our pictures he recuperates on his ranch."

After several years of sweetness-and-light parts at Twentieth Century-Fox, Nancy Kelly, a neat package indeed, parted company with the studio. The boys felt that Nancy had the makings of a good actress if given the chance, and they wanted her to play the no-good dame in Tornado. "There's nothing a real actress likes to play better than a hellcat," says Thomas. "I invited Nancy to lunch so I could get across my idea of the part. There I was, all set to act out the part for her—I play a hell of a Bette Davis—and the kid brings her mother along!"

At Lakeside one afternoon they saw Johnny Weissmuller play in a golf tournament, followed by a gallery of adoring fans. "Those kids weren't impressed by Hope and Crosby," declares Thomas, "but to them, Weissmuller was Superman. That was enough to interest us." When Show Time played Los Angeles, they noticed that comedian Jack Haley was slaying the audience. He got a phone call, and a contract. This year the boys paid $20,000 for the radio title, People Are Funny, and made it into a comedy with Haley, Frances Langford, Rudy Vallee, and Ozzie Nelson. "Hollywood was saying we couldn't do anything but action pictures. We didn't want to get typed," the Bills explained.

A PRETTY good commentary on Pine-Thomas pictures is that when the stars finish their contracts with them they usually go back into A pictures at big salaries. "Take Jean Parker," says Bill Thomas. "She's out on a personal-appearance tour knocking down two grand a week. When we put her in Power Dive, you could have had her for peanuts."

Although they have now taken over all of Paramount's B pictures, Pine-Thomas resent that B-picture stigma. "Let us say," says Thomas smoothly, "that we make fast A's."

And nothing gets them so cockeyed mad as having major producers look down their noses at them and accuse them of making "cheap" pictures. Pine-Thomas pictures are not cheap, they'll have you know. They just use their heads instead of the stockholders' money. "When we spend a dollar," they say proudly, "ninety-six cents of it goes on the screen—only four cents goes to overhead. No other producers can equal that." In other words, why pay a prop department to rig up papier-mâché redwood trees when six hours out of Hollywood you can find California's famous redwoods? "God," says Thomas, not ir-

(*Continued on page 88*)

The boys' front office is very informal. It's wherever they happen to be at the moment.

Let the other producers play with art. Pine-Thomas give the public action. Here's a sample from their One Body Too Many, with Jack Haley and Jean Parker.

Four Months with Each of Us

All parents with grown children will find something of themselves in this moving, intensely human story. All grown-up children who love their parents will find themselves in it, too

BY FRANCES W. QUINLIN

ILLUSTRATED BY LARRY KRITCHER

POP WALLER awoke to the raucous screaming of blue jays, and for a moment his sleep-fuddled mind fooled him into thinking he was back in his own bed in Cedar Bluffs. If the jays were up, it was time he was too, and getting along down to the store. There were a lot of things he ought to do before he opened up—mind the potato bin, straighten the laundry supplies, and there was that new Cheddar to weigh up, too. No, better let Sadie do the cheese when she came in to work at nine; she had a straighter eye.

Thinking of the Widow Higgins brought a grin to Pop's sunken cheeks and he blew them out in a snort of laughter. Salt of the earth, Sadie, in spite of her tendency to want to run things. What he'd have done without her during Emily's illness and the two years since she'd passed away, he didn't know. But argue! Sadie thought a store ought to be run like a house—she'd been plaguing him, all during the five years she'd been clerking for him, to let her put up checked curtains in the show windows to match the blue front of the store!

Still chuckling, Pop opened his eyes and the grin faded. Sadie, his store, were things of the past and Vermont was as far away as heaven. The bed he was in, the house, belonged to his daughter, Lillian, and her husband, Howard. The room was pretty, but there were no memories for him, no feeling of belonging. After three months he felt as out of place as if he were staying at a hotel.

At first he'd thought this feeling of impermanence was because New York was a big city and strange to him, but it was more than that. Lillian's house wasn't right in the city, with huge buildings hemming it in on all sides; it was way out at the edge of town in a little section called Woodlawn Heights.

All in all, Woodlawn Heights wasn't so different from Cedar Bluffs, except for the strange faces and the lack of mountains and never seeing a horse or farm wagon. He'd hoped, when first he caught sight of the little house, that he'd feel more at home here with Lillian and her family than he had with Betty and her husband in Boston, or John and his wife in Washington. But it hadn't worked out that way.

He got out of bed, being careful to turn the covers back just so over the footboard. Sometimes he thought Lillian was too fussy, but he tried to remember—it made her so hopping mad to see the bedding wadded in a bunch. Well, he had only a month to go here, then back he'd go to Betty's again.

"Four months with each of us," the children had decided almost a year ago. "In that way it will be like three vacations a year, papa, and you won't have time to get sick of any of us."

If he'd known then what he knew now, he'd never have allowed them to talk him into letting Sumner Burleigh buy his store, or renting his house to those strange people up from Rutland. But he'd been lonely after their mother died, and he'd been pleased, too, that his children wanted him. But somehow a man just didn't stop to think that living with his children in their homes could be a heap different from having his children living with him in his home.

His granddaughter looked up, startled. "Oh, it's you!" She let out a relieved sigh. "I thought—"

"Why, the city will make a new man of you, papa!" Lillian insisted, when he said he wouldn't know what to do with himself. "There's so much to do and see, it would take a month of Sundays to think of all the interesting places for you to visit. Now that you're getting along in years you ought to have a good time."

Well, Lillian had been right in one point. There certainly was an awful lot to do and see in the city. The only thing was, when you didn't have anyone to do and see things with, the flavor was missing.

Pop took a long time to dress, as he always did these days. Funny he'd never cared much before that he was on the short plump side and had lost practically all of his thin gray hair. But now that he'd lost his teeth too—it was somehow shocking for a full-grown man to look like a new-born baby, a rather unhappy baby at that.

"Squashy-looking old codger," he muttered, and went out, slamming the door.

"Papa, *please!*" Lillian stood in the bathroom door. "I do wish you'd try to remember—Howard *has* to get his sleep. He worked until four this morning."

"Forgot." Pop's cheeks were pink. "Sorry, Lil."

His daughter caught her lip between her teeth. "I'll be through soon," she said. "And, papa, *please* don't turn on the radio."

POP hesitated, undecided whether to wait or go downstairs. Lillian was in one of her cranky moods this morning—probably take her time getting washed. And then he groaned. This was the day she cleaned!

In a rut from the day she was born, her father mused. Strange how three children in the same family could be so different. Lillian stern and unyielding, forever worrying and never getting fun out of anything. Betty never serious, forgetful, irresponsible, but fun to be with if you could keep her in one place long enough to capture her attention. And John, the youngest, nicely balanced, doing a fine job in Washington in that chemical research laboratory.

If only Lillian didn't nag so. She fretted about Dicky, who was nineteen and in training at Great Lakes Naval Station, and took it out on her husband and Joan, who was Pop's favorite grandchild.

He heard the crash of breaking dishes and hurried downstairs. That would be Joan—the child was so jittery these days. It was a shame—Joan wanting to study designing, her mother bent on turning her into a teacher. It just didn't make sense—not when Joan was a natural-born artist.

He pushed open the swinging door into the kitchen and his granddaughter looked up, her dark eyes startled.

"Oh, it's you!" She let out her breath in a relieved sigh. "I thought—"

"She's getting washed." Pop began to pick up the broken pieces. "I'll tell her I dropped 'em," he said, grinning. "My hide's tougher than a 'gator's. Where'll we hide them, baby?"

"As if you could hide anything from mother for very long!" Joan tweaked her grandfather's ear. "You're a pal. But don't you tell mother you broke those cups—she's angry enough at you now for getting those rubber-heel marks all over her precious floors."

Her eyes clouded. "She's so different lately, Pop. It's Dicky, of course, but sometimes I wonder if she knows anyone else is alive—me especially."

Pop blew out his cheeks. "Now don't you start getting foolish notions, honey, your ma's just frazzled out, that's all."

She sighed. "I wish mother would see things my way, Pop. I simply haven't the heart to study these days—not what she wants me to, anyway. Sometimes I think I'll just get a job—any old kind would be better than going on this way."

"I know." Pop wished he could think of something helpful. But money was the only thing that would help Joan, and money was something he didn't have these days—not more than just enough to pay his board.

"You hang on a while longer, honey," he said. "A good all-around education is a pretty nice thing to have. You wouldn't want to run a country store like your gramp, would you?"

"What's the matter with being a storekeeper? At least you were happy, I know you were—until you came— Oh, what's the use! Nothing's right any more!"

POP patted her arm clumsily and the bitterness went out of her face. "Look," she said, running her finger across his chin. "When are you going to see about getting those new teeth? If you don't make an appointment soon, you'll have to wait until you get to Aunt Betty's, and then you'll put it off until you get to Uncle John's, and you'll never get around to it. If it's money, Pop—well, I have that birthday and Christmas money I've been saving for my designing course. You—you're welcome to it."

"Now don't you get to worrying about money, baby," Pop said, embarrassed. "Hate going to a strange dentist, that's all. Get around to it any day now—maybe tomorrow."

"Today!"

He squirmed away from her, but she clung to his arm. "Promise?"

"Oh, all right, all right—if I get around to it. Now you get along or I'll larrup you on the seat of that abbreviated little skirt. You know your gramp can't stand being pushed around!"

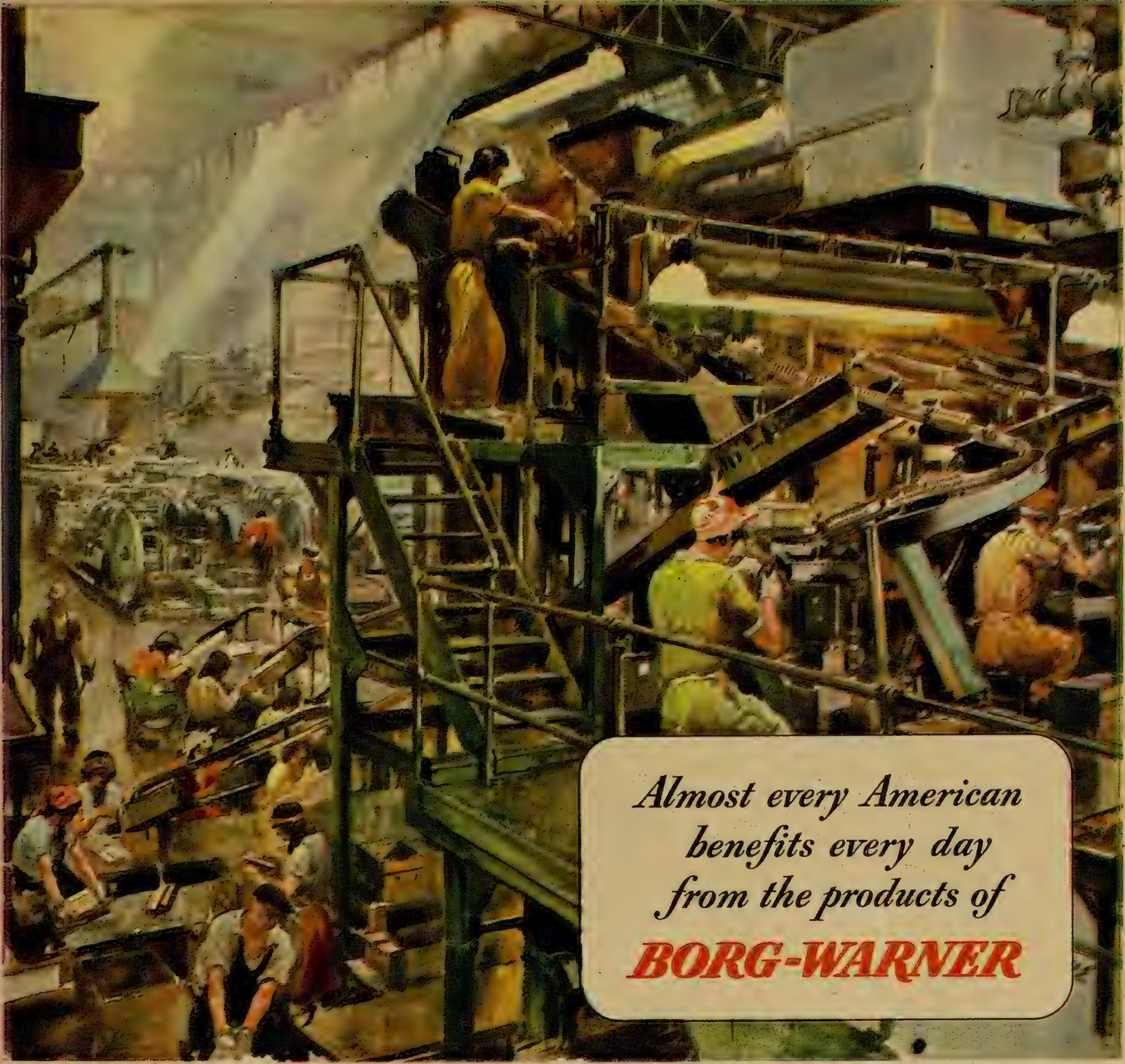
Pesky little cricket, he thought affectionately. Well, maybe she was right about those teeth—only thing was they cost so dratted much. Seemed that no sooner he got Sumner's payments on the store and the rent money from his house than it was gone. Money didn't go anywhere in the city. At least he could pay his own way when he went to visit his children. But sometimes it shocked him to think how much further money could be stretched back home than in the city.

Lillian was making out a list of groceries when he went out to breakfast. Behind her stood an array of mops and brooms and the vacuum cleaner.

"Be glad to push the vac around," Pop offered, softening toast in his coffee. "Did it for your ma plenty of times."

Lillian's eyes were vague. "Vac? Oh, no, I wouldn't think of letting you, papa. Why

(*Continued on page 66*)



Almost every American benefits every day from the products of
BORG-WARNER

MILLION-A-DAY PRODUCTION OF AMMUNITION LINKS *as painted by James Sessions at the SPRING DIVISION in Bellwood, Illinois. This Borg-Warner plant revolutionized the making of Garand Rifle Clips and initiated several mass production processes for the manufacture of links for the 50 Caliber Machine Gun that plays a major role in America's air supremacy. In peace it is a leading maker of mechanical precision springs for automotive valves and clutches.*

Peacetime makers of essential operating parts for the automotive, aviation, marine and farm implement industries, and of Norge home appliances.

When the last bullet is fired, industry's *know-how* will be devoted to building a better peacetime world.

Then, as in war, Borg-Warner will again provide important advances. For Borg-Warner makes not only complete products, but also essential parts for products of other industries. For example, Borg-Warner parts today are serving on 9 out of 10 farms, in 9 out of 10 airplanes, in 9 out of 10 makes of automobiles. Also Norge appliances make the homes of millions more efficient, more livable. And these are just a few of the fields in which Borg-Warner products serve Americans daily.

From the beginning, the engineering and large-scale manufacturing of all B-W companies have been guided by the principle: "Design it better, make it better." And this ideal always is working to bring you ever better products at ever lower costs.

ENGINEERING
B-W
PRODUCTION

These units form Borg-Warner: BORG & BECK • BORG-WARNER INTERNATIONAL • BORG WARNER SERVICE PARTS • B-W SUPERCHARGERS, INC. • CALUMET STEEL • DETROIT GEAR • DETROIT VAPOR STOVE • INGERSOLL STEEL & DISC • LONG MANUFACTURING • MARBON • MARVEL-SCHEBLER CARBURETER • MECHANICS UNIVERSAL JOINT • MORSE CHAIN • NORGE • NORGE MACHINE PRODUCTS • PESCO PRODUCTS • ROCKFORD CLUTCH • SPRING DIVISION • WARNER AUTOMOTIVE PARTS • WARNER GEAR

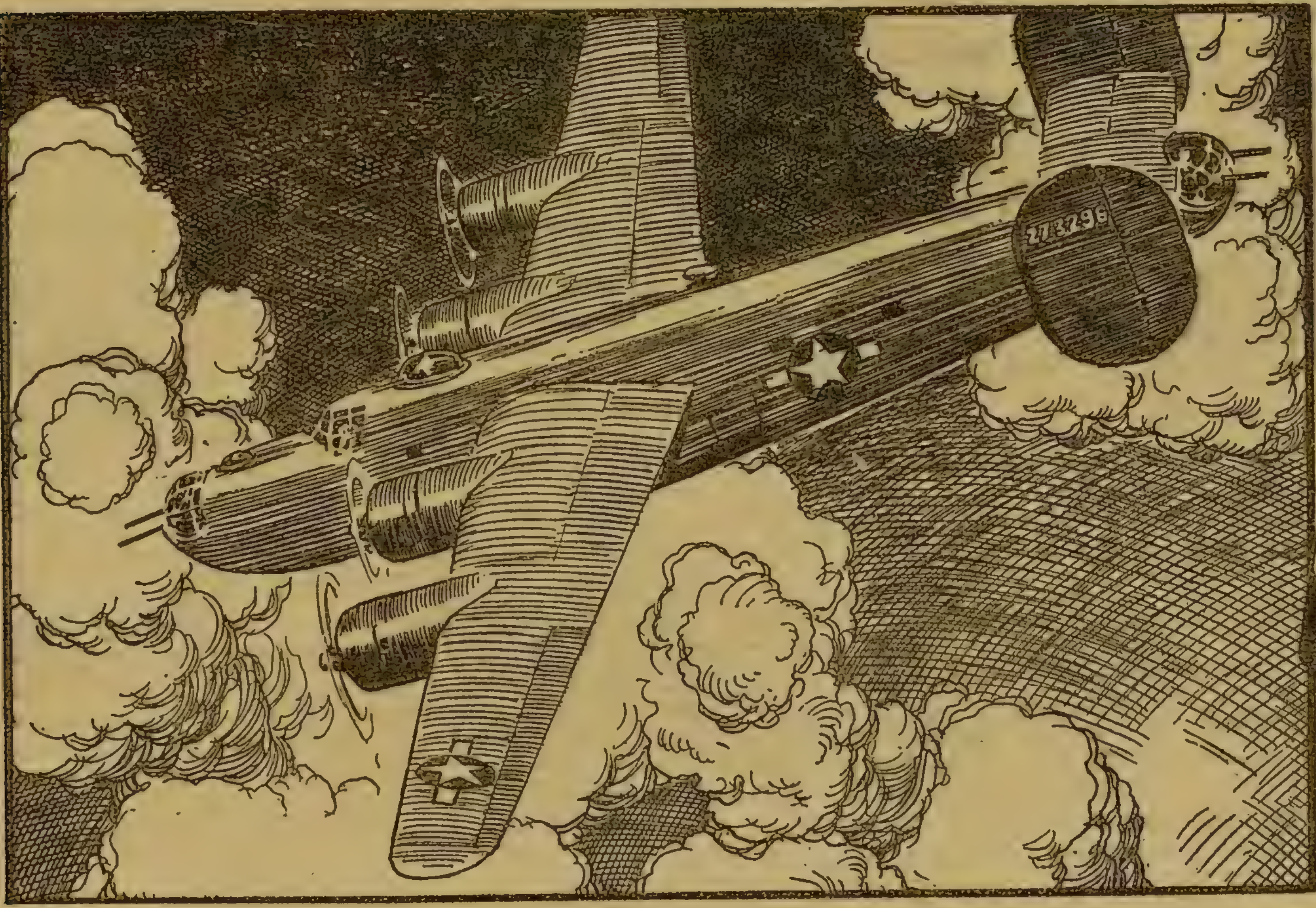
I Took the SKY ROAD

Flying coolly through flak-studded skies, "Bus" Miller has paid his respects, with bombs and spitting guns, to scores of Jap warships and merchantmen and supposedly impregnable land bastions. "His exploits have become almost legendary," says an official citation. His own story is breezy, matter-of-fact, and unforgettably vivid.

By Commander Norman M. Miller, U. S. N.

as told to

Hugh B. Cave



A *Liberty* BOOK CONDENSATION

READING TIME ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK GODWIN

KID STUFF

My father knew, long before I was certain myself, that I wanted to go to Annapolis.

We lived in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Papa knew nearly everyone in town. He was a builder. With simple confidence he set out to obtain for me an appointment. It troubled him, I think, when he discovered that appointments to the Academy were not obtainable at the corner drugstore. He was guileless and direct by nature; complexities annoyed him.

Actually I was not too concerned. With school over, I had gone to work for my father, who was then building an apartment house. I had money in my pockets and spent most of my spare time riding hell-for-leather around town in a jazzed-up Model T Ford which papa had bought secondhand and I had converted into a rampant chariot that frightened chickens and old ladies out of their wits. With wings, that explosive Model T would have been the first low-level bomber.

And then, too, I had met a girl.

Thelma Davis was a year behind me in high school and sang in the glee club. I played in the band. We met for the first time at a music festival at Greensboro, in which we were both participants. There was dancing afterward, and when I saw her dancing with other boys I promptly abandoned my own date and pestered a friend to introduce me. "I want to dance with that girl," I told him. "I've got to know her."

Until then I hadn't paid a whole lot of attention to girls. My spare time had consisted of tooting the trombone, logging radio stations, helping papa, and wondering if I'd ever get to Annapolis. But at the Greensboro music festival I eventually wangled a dance with Thelma Davis,

Copyright, 1945, by Dodd, Mead & Company, Inc. Published by Dodd, Mead & Company, Inc. Price $3.

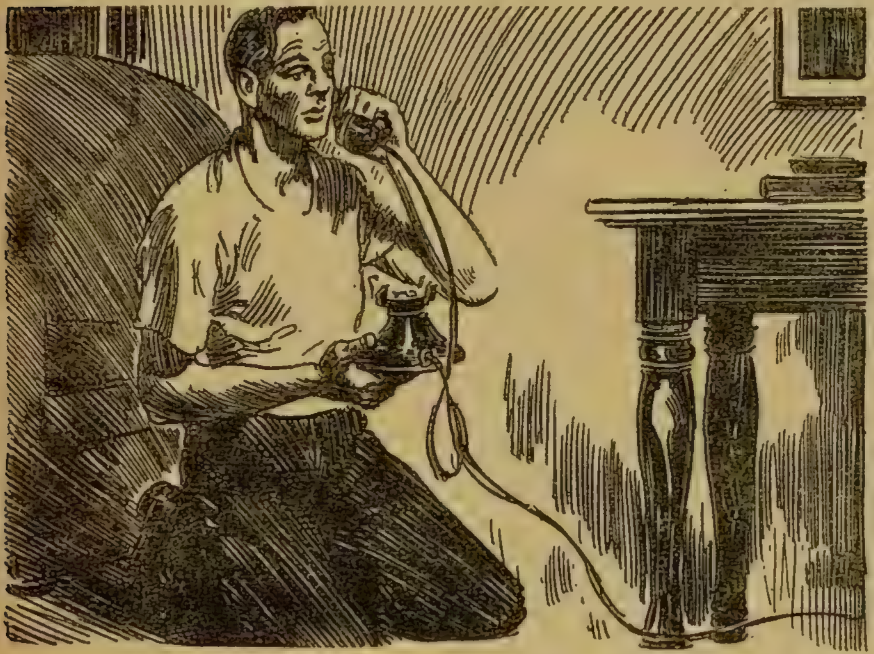
and when the evening was over we ditched our dates and went home together.

Before long we were "going together" in earnest, and I had lost a lot of interest in trombone playing and the radio.

But waiting around day after day for my appointment was making me restless and unhappy, and presently I decided to join the Navy and try for Annapolis later. If I failed to make it, at least I would be in the Navy, and that, after all, was what I wanted.

Thelma had admired my ambition to go to the Academy, but not so alluring was the prospect of being engaged—even high-school "engaged"—to an ordinary seaman. My joining the Navy was a shock to her. I hadn't been fair to her, she said. I hadn't considered her feelings. I didn't love her and she didn't care whether I did or not.

With the same kind of eighteen-year-old logic I vehemently declared that she ought to be proud of me in any kind of Navy uniform. Furthermore, I'd get into Annapolis if it killed me, just to show her.



That was our fond farewell. Girls, I had decided, were just plain ornery. No more girls for Bus Miller.

IN QUEST OF WINGS

Most of what is written about boot training today is concerned with the training of wartime inductees. Forgive me if I seem to sound like a nostalgic graybeard lamenting the "good old days," but the system at Norfolk in 1926 was considerably more rugged. I can show scars to prove it! The man I most remembered was Chief Boatswain's Mate Hall, a grand human guy when we discovered the chinks in his armor, but so blistering at first that he frightened most of us half out of our senses. His job was to transform the "men" of Company 16, my outfit, into sailors. He hadn't much to work with. Most of us were physically limp and mentally rigid. Some were mere infants of fifteen. One secretly admitted he was only fourteen.

The chief did his best in the way that seemed best to him. He shaped us into Navy men in a way that stuck. Now and then I still run across some of Company 16's veterans, scattered today all over the Navy, and to the question "Remember Chief Hall at Norfolk?" the answer is certain to be, with a grin, "That old son-of-a! He sure knew his stuff!"

So I finished boot training, and with two other boys in Company 16, Ed Bingham of Norfolk and Tom Henry of New Bern, North Carolina, passed the entrance exams for Prep Class at Annapolis. Thirteen of us tried for it; three of us made it. Our sojourn at the Academy Prep Class ended, we struggled with examinations.

At the conclusion of the exam period we were told to go home, the decision to be telegraphed to us when the papers had been checked. If we had made the Academy there would be an extension of leave; if not, orders to report elsewhere would be forthcoming. I was so certain of failure that I left my sea bag at Ed Bingham's house, and my trombone in a Main Street pawnshop, fully expecting to pick them up when ordered back to Norfolk.

Everyone had gone out one evening, and with nothing to do and no one to talk to, I was moping about the house when the telephone rang upstairs.

"Telegram," the operator said, "for Norman Miller."

I come from religious people. From early childhood I had been taught to pray in moments of crisis, and while there have been times when the praying was done silently, the habit is still firmly fixed. I took the telephone call on my knees, while the operator matter-of-factly read: "Report to Reina Mercedes, Station Ship at Annapolis."

I was in. Sixty days' leave and then the United States Naval Academy!

THERE'S nothing quite like the feeling of fullness and satisfaction that electrifies a naval officer reporting aboard his first ship. My job as junior engineering officer was not important, but the U. S. S. Nevada was as fine a battle wagon as any in the fleet, and I was part of her.

I joined the Nevada in June, 1931, after graduation from Annapolis, and promptly made the cross-country mail service work overtime with letters to the girl I'd left behind. Not for long, however. Thelma Davis either tired of reading the letters or took pity on the mail carriers; in August, waving the white flag, she arrived in San Pedro to marry me. Marriage on an ensign's salary, we soon discovered, was not what the lovelorn columns said it was, but at least we saved a lot on postage.

In August there began to be talk among the Nevada's junior officers about the elimination flight-training program at San Diego. I was not obsessed with any urge to fly. But the talk soon became the central subject of conversation whenever we got together, and someone at last asked, "How about you, Bus?" "Why not?" I said. But by present standards I was pretty old, at twenty-three, to be starting the pursuit of a pair of wings, and thought the rigorous physical examinations would shelve me at the start.

However, I passed, and after a month of elimination training, reported to the Naval Air Station at Pensacola. When the course there came to an end, I was ordered to report aboard the U. S. S. Ranger, at Norfolk, for duty involving flying in Bombing Squadron Three.

As a carrier pilot I served aboard the Ranger and Lexington until June, 1936, and then was transferred to the heavy cruiser Louisville as gunnery, navigation, and material officer. Eventually my assignment to sea ended with orders to report to Pensacola again as an instructor.

I left Pensacola in June, 1939, to join the PBY squadron known as VP-11 and later as VP-54. Three months later Germany invaded Poland, and we became part of the first Neutrality Patrol, set up to watch the Atlantic for signs of hostile activity on the part of America's potential enemies.

My next assignment, two years later, was something different. I flew the XPBS-1, an experimental patrol bomber, first model, manufactured by Sikorsky. In so far as the Navy was concerned, she was still in the testing stage and had not yet been accepted. (She never was.) I was on call day and night for special missions.

Not long after the Pearl Harbor attack I got an order which read: "You are instructed to take the XPBS-1 Airplane to San Diego by way of Pensacola and Corpus Christi, there to pick up cargo for delivery to the Commander-in-Chief, Asiatic Fleet, at Port Darwin, Soerabaja, or Batavia, via Pearl Harbor."

I hurried home to say good-by to Thelma and the youngsters: Nancy, Jackie, Sally, Michael, and Peter. Peter, a year old, gave papa a lusty howl from his mother's arms as I waved from the end of the street. They were in for a long wait. Navy wives and children always seem to be waiting.

SO LITTLE, SO LATE

At San Diego, repair parts for the handful of Catalinas fighting with Admiral Hart's little fleet were piled up, awaiting delivery. Our job was to deliver them. Finding room for all that cargo was a headache. Some of the last-minute priority freight even landed in the cockpit. But at last, with her fuel tanks filled, 7,500 pounds of cargo securely aboard, and her engines checked for the umptieth time, old XPBS was ready to go. The afternoon sun lay low on the horizon between us and Pearl Harbor, our initial destination.

Then, just as we were about to cast off, an officer came racing down the ramp, shouting and waving at us. "Wait a minute!" he yelled. "You have to take some torpedo detonators! Sixty of them. Someone sent the torps out there without them."

AT Pearl Harbor we took aboard white-haired, white-mustached General Patrick Hurley, clutching a sack significantly decorated with bank markings. He had been appointed Minister to New Zealand and was on his way there, taking with him some $250,000 in "folding money" with which to negotiate for supplies and equipment needed by our forces in the South Pacific. He was to be our passenger as far as Australia. If the XPBS conked out between some of those scattered Pacific way stations, we were certainly going to be missed by the taxpayers!

An overnight pause for refueling at a pin-point island and we were off again for Canton, which lies in the Phoenix group just below the equator. The sole inhabitants, other than an English couple, were members of an engineer detachment sent down to build an air strip. "What the hell!" one man said. "If we get the air strip built, the Japs will be the ones to use it anyway."

The men were living in poor shelters and eating off soapboxes. They were wearing soiled sloppy clothes and shoes without laces. They were listless.

One man wore on his arm a ragged dirty strip of towel held in place with a piece of rope. I asked him what was the matter. "Oh, hell," he said, "some sort of tropical infection."

"Haven't you a doctor in the outfit?"

He looked at me for a moment in silence and then shrugged. "I'm the doctor," he said.

We were a tight little crowd aboard the XPBS. General Hurley, when not visiting up forward, could be found back among the cargo, playing cribbage with the crew. The general won most of the cribbage games. Possibly the huge six-shooter he carried had something to do with his invulnerability. The weapon, he solemnly informed us, was for protection. "A quarter of a million dollars is something I don't tote around every day!"

Still struggling under a good deal more cargo than Mr. Sikorsky had ever intended her to carry, the XPBS at last arrived at Suva, the capital of Viti Levu, in the Fijis. Suva's Grand Hotel, which played host to celebrities from all over the world, was still crowded, especially the bar. I had a drink with Dick Davis, whom I had borrowed from Pearl Harbor as additional pilot and navigator for our trip south. Then, tired after the long grind of 1,200-odd miles from Canton, we went to our room.

Dick eyed the bed and sighed his appreciation. It was a beautiful bed. He said he thought Sherman was wrong about war and luxuriously stretched himself out, without pausing even to shake off his shoes. Then he began squirming. With a puzzled look he sat up and drew back the sheets. "They put rocks or something in the beds out here," he grumbled.

He found what he was groping for and hauled it out. It was not a rock. It was an unopened fifth of the best Scotch whisky, which someone must have hidden there and neglected to remove!

After New Zealand, we flew west across the Coral Sea to Australia. At Darwin I hoped to find Admiral Glassford. My orders were to report to him at Darwin "or wherever he may be." He was not there, but the Langley was, and Commander McConnell, her skipper, said that the admiral was at Soerabaja. After we had fueled astern of the Langley and moved to a buoy, the commander sent a dispatch to Soerabaja to say that I was coming.

At Soerabaja, the PBY squadrons to whom I had brought replacement parts from San Diego greeted me with shrugs. "The stuff is no good now," they said. "Throw it away."

Few of these men expected ever to get home. Some at the air station were auctioning off their belongings—watches, rings, anything they owned that was worth a dollar or two—so that they might send money home to wives and families while there was yet time. They were tired, very tired. And angry.

"When you get back," they told me, "tell them to send us some fast heavily armed landplanes. No one can stop the Japs in these boxcars. Get us some B-24s or some B-17s. And get them in a hurry!"

There still remained the torpedo detonators, however, and so, without much hope, I continued my search for Admiral Glassford. His headquarters, I learned, had been set up in a resort hotel back up in the mountains. But a hotel in the town housed a sub-headquarters, and after stumbling around bomb craters in the blackout, I eventually found the place.

The admiral's duty officer greeted me with enthusiasm. "Have you got our torpedo detonators?" he asked eagerly.

"Thank God," I said, "I've at last found out where they're going!"

His own relief overshadowed mine. "Miller," he said soberly, "we really need those detonators. They represent just about our last chance of putting on a decent show here."

(This trail-blazing flight to Soerabaja in the XPBS earned for Commander Miller the Commendation Ribbon. Admiral P. N. L. Bellinger, Commander of Patrol Wing Two, writes: "The completion of this wartime mission, so successfully accomplished under the most exacting conditions imposed by radio silence . . . the conduct of the flight, the leadership, initiative, and fine judgment displayed by Lieutenant Miller in preparing his plans and executing them in such an exemplary manner . . . are worthy of special commendation. Commander Patrol Wing Two congratulates him and the officers and men of his plane crew on this fine performance."—H. B. C.)

THE THUNDER MUG

In March I was ordered to begin patrolling with the Army in B-24s and Lockheed Hudsons. My job was to learn all I could of the operation of these planes, so that I would be in a position to instruct others. Then came the big disappointment. Instead of being assigned to a Liberator squadron, I was ordered to the Naval Air Operational Training Command at Jacksonville and assigned to the staff there. Someone apparently thought that men of thirty-four were past the peak of combat flying. My job as navigational training officer carried with it a raise in rank, upping me to lieutenant commander, but when I picked up Thelma and the kids in Norfolk and traveled with them to Jacksonville to find a home, I was miserable.

The good word came in July, 1943: "Lieutenant Commander Norman Mickey Miller is hereby detached (from Jacksonville) and will report for duty at San Diego, California, involving flying as Commander of Bombing Squadron 109 when commissioned."

On November 4 the squadron moved west across the Pacific to the Naval Air Station at Kaneohe in the Hawaiian Islands, and was transferred to Fleet Air Wing Two.

In the South Pacific, the Solomons campaign was about over, with American troops in possession of all the Solomon Islands except Bougainville, where fighting was in progress. In the New Guinea campaign, Allied troops had rolled the Japs back as far as Finschhafen, on the eastern end of the Huon Peninsula. In the Central Pacific, of particular interest to us, American troops had landed in the Gilberts, capturing Makin, Tarawa, and other islands of the group, while carrier task forces invading the Marshalls had launched heavy attacks on Kwajalein and Wotje. It was about time for our number to be called.

The boys of my own plane crew meanwhile had been industriously seeking a name for our plane—a practice frowned upon in high circles but permitted without official sanction in combat areas. The name Thunder Mug originated in the fertile imagination of Elmer Kasperson, my co-pilot.

Two days after Christmas our awaited orders came through and we were on our way. Our destination: Apamama (spelled Abemama or Apemama on some maps), one of the Gilbert islands seized from the Japs in the operation which resulted in the ousting of the enemy from Tarawa and Makin.

Thunder Mug's first patrol assignment was on January 3, 1944, when three planes of 109 and four of 108 carried out a joint mission over Maloelap Atoll. Maloelap lies in the Marshalls, and with Kwajalein, Wotje, and Jaluit was considered one of the fangs of the Japanese dragon's mouth.

With Thunder Mug's crew I traveled in a jeep down the road to the air strip. The road was narrow. A procession of cars, followed by a truck, forced us to move aside. In the truck lay a coffin containing the body of a Marine AA gunner killed the night before. We sat quietly, hats in hand, as the funeral cortege passed, and then without comment continued on to the plane.

A few nights later that marine was partially avenged, when Lieutenant Commander Janeshek, Lieutenant Jobe, and I, with four planes from 108, hit the island of Wotje on another special mission. It was a dusk raid. As we approached the island in line abreast, traveling the last 100 miles just above the sea, the setting sun was golden bright and the island's palm trees waved like colored feathers in the breeze. Bright, too, were the installations, especially the hangar at the far side of the airfield.

The hangar doors stood open; we had caught the Japs by surprise. As Thunder Mug swept in with her machine guns spitting, frantic little figures scurried about inside the building to escape the stream of bullets. Many crumpled as they ran. Then we were past, and the structure was blazing behind us, and we felt a little better about the funeral procession at Apamama.

The Japs' major base at Kwajalein was hit a few days later, this time boldly in broad daylight, by eight Liberators from 108 and 109, and two from a Liberator photo squadron, VD-3. Entering the Marshalls between Jaluit and Mille (spelled Mili on some maps), we went down to fifty feet when still fifty miles from the target, and increased speed as Kwajalein came in sight. Before the Japs knew what was happening, six of the big four-engined bombers were thundering in line above them with all guns blazing.

Thunder Mug was in the middle of the line, and so low that I could not see over the island's palm trees to spot the ships in the harbor beyond.

I saw little of the action—at 200 miles an hour a pilot is far too busy watching for new targets—but the crew later recalled many snap impressions. "That guy's legs crossed and he skidded ten feet on his face." "That Jap just leaped into the air and, so help me, didn't come down. He exploded."

On all but one or two of Thunder Mug's missions the bombs were released by the pilot himself by means of a gadget known as a "pickle"—so called because of its shape. Having predetermined the interval at which the bombs shall be dropped, and set the intervalometer to attend to this, the pilot holds the pickle in his hand and presses a button on the end of it to release the bombs from the rack. Hence the term "pickling."

YOU SPELL IT T-R-U-K

During February the squadron established some sort of record, flying 200,000 miles of search and reconnaissance, and covering millions of square miles of ocean, to assure the fleet in its Marshalls campaign that no enemy shipping was within striking distance. The fleet needed this protection, for our invasion forces had by-passed a number of powerful Jap bases. Part of our job was to keep an eye on these by-passed islands.

Wotje, some 200 miles to the east of Kwajalein, was the worst of them. Our assignment there was to reconnoiter the atoll at frequent intervals and obtain low-level photographs revealing the extent of the installations.

It was a difficult and costly assignment. During one five-day period, two Liberators were severely shot up, a B-25 was lost, and one of our planes failed to return. Pilot of the missing plane was the same Johnny Herron who had helped me work out the "Miller Bombsight."

To obtain good low-level photographs a pilot must fly very near the target, with little defensive jinking. At Wotje, where the Jap gunners were deadly, this was akin to suicide, and Johnny knew when he took off that the mission was perilous. An easygoing chunky fellow who looked a bit like a good-natured bulldog, Johnny for once in his life was not clowning when he climbed into the plane. The plane, incidentally, was not his own, which was laid up for repairs. He borrowed Lieutenant Commander Bundy's Liberator.

Next day, Radio Tokyo reported that a B-24 had been shot down over Wotje, and Tokyo Rose triumphantly read off the names of the crew. The names she read were those of Bundy's crew, probably obtained from the plane's discrepancy log, in which his plane captain, Combs, had jotted them down to kill time on the way home from a mission. We believed, therefore, that Johnny Herron had reached his objective, that his plane had crashed or been shot down on land or in shallow water, and that some of the crew, at least, might be alive. That was all we knew and all we ever learned, despite days of search.

Thunder Mug never brought home bombs. In fact, with the racks fully loaded I used to store extra 100-pounders on or under the flight deck, to be hung on the shackles when the first load was expended. And the crew kept putting aboard more and more ammunition—"You never know when you'll need it, where Thunder Mug goes," they said—until one day I had trouble getting the plane off the ground and discovered that Gariel, the tail gunner, had built up his ammunition box to hold almost more than we could fly with!

"Well," the boys retorted when I lectured them, "you never told us about the extra bombs on the flight deck, so why should *we* tell all we know?"

Our reconnaissance was uncovering a lot of Jap activity at the island of Kusaie about this time, and one night in February I led four planes in to investigate a report that a cargo ship was lying in Lele Harbor. Shipping there is hard to get at, however. The hills rise abruptly at the entrance, and the harbor area, sandwiched between the mainland slopes and the rugged contours of Lele Island, is so small that masthead-height approaches are hazardous. We were faced with the prospect of flying into a cul-de-sac, with defensive guns cunningly hidden on the high wooded peaks on both sides.

By scraping these peaks with our wing-tips and racing in over the harbor in single file, we not only got our ship that night but crippled many of the enemy's gun emplacements. After that we hit Kusaie often, from Apamama and later from Kwajalein. But always it was a hard nut to crack and the hidden 20-millimeters at the entrance gave us many a bad moment.

I remember pouring in over the harbor one day and seeing a group of carpenters at work on the roof of a house. They stopped what they were doing and gaped in utter amazement as we thundered toward them. One, holding a board over his head, just continued to hold it there, his mouth and eyes wide open and the expression on his face plainly saying, "But you can't be American! American planes not allowed in here!"

AT the end of February, Thunder Mug went to Wake. Wake, notorious for the vigor of its antiaircraft defenses, was a major target, never before hit in daylight by land-based Navy planes. Ours had to be a daylight mission, however, because Admiral John H. Hoover had called me out to his ship and asked for photographs. "Good ones," he stressed. "Low-level shots. Something we can use."

We took off at night, six of us, from O'Hare Field on Apamama—Hicks, Jobe, and myself of 109; Muldrow, Piper, and Webster of 108, heading for Kwajalein to rendezvous with two photographic planes which had left Apamama earlier and staged through there. Eight strong over Kwajalein, we continued on to distant Wake. The island is roughly a sprawling V, its open end toward the west.

In bright blinding sunlight, the sky as blue and clear as a polished globe of glass, we covered the last few miles at an altitude of only twenty-five feet, barely skimming the water. The defenders, never dreaming that their powerful base would be challenged in broad daylight, were caught quite by surprise. Most of the guns on the ground were still covered with canvas, their crews running wildly to man them, as we flew over and let them have everything in the book.

Very few of the Japs reached their guns, and very little enemy fire was thrown at us until we split to traverse the arms of the V. Thunder Mug laid four 500-pounders on the airfield; Hicks, on our tail, leveled gun emplacements and blew up parked airplanes; Jobe dropped sixteen bombs in a string along an area jammed with parked planes, then blew up a fuel tank and, with a gay farewell fillip, planted a bomb squarely on a barracks building. The gunners, meanwhile, strafed pillboxes, personnel, planes, and buildings with such paralyzing effect that the Japs, terrified, appeared to be running blindly in circles.

You come home from such a raid with only snap impressions, picked up during the brief interlude when the plane is hurtling over the target at 200 miles an hour with its ten machine guns yammering and bombs thundering beneath. I remember seeing a group of twenty to thirty Japanese pouring out of a shelter to man their guns and being cut down, like tumbled dominoes, by the machine guns in the plane. I remember the barracks building rising into the air like a child's toy and then exploding into pieces so small that the sky seemed to be filled with black rain.

With our bomb racks empty we turned for home, leaving behind us three raging fires that filled the bright sky with pillars of smoke. Once again we had demonstrated the value of surprise over a well-defended target, for Wake Atoll was known to be capable of putting up a withering barrage. Yet not a plane was able to take to the air to pursue us, and when we returned to Apamama after nineteen hours and thirty-five minutes in flight, not one of our planes was seriously damaged.

(For leading this audacious daylight attack on Wake, Commander Miller was awarded one of his five Air Medals. "The attack," reads the accompanying citation, "dealt a devastating blow to enemy shore installations, in addition to the successful accomplishment of the primary mission of diverting enemy antiaircraft fire from a photographic formation. Commander Miller's utter disregard for danger and courageous devotion to duty were in keeping with the highest traditions of the naval service."—H. B. C.)

IN January we had expended much time and effort trying to destroy the Japanese airfield on Kwajalein Island. A little more than a month later the PB4Ys of the squadron were operating from that same strip. As the Japs were smoked out of their island possessions and pushed back toward Tokyo, the bases relinquished by them in their retreat were used against them to extend the pressure.

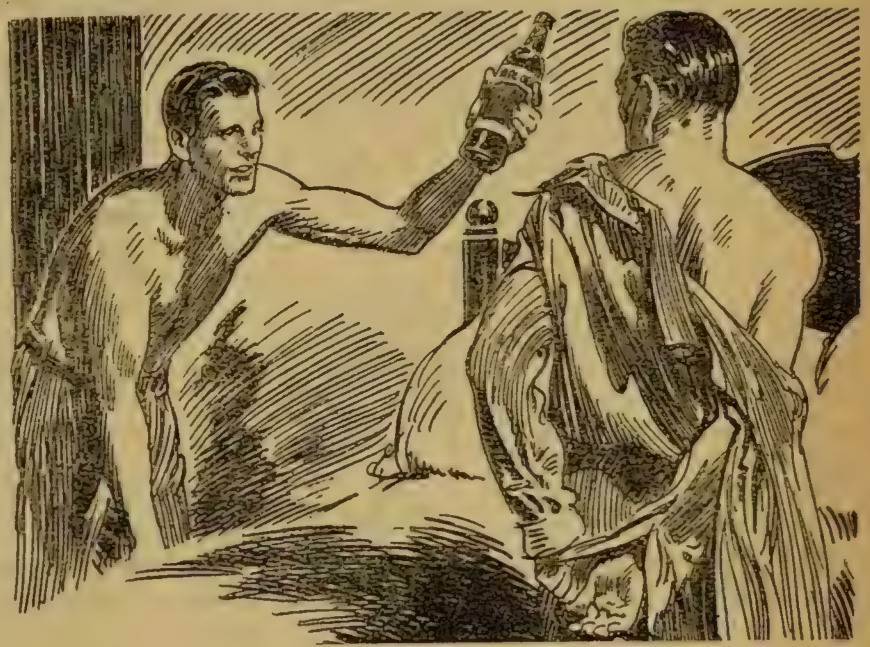
We moved into Kwajalein on March 7, and found to our delight that genial Lieutenant Commander Jimmy James had established a camp for us. This may sound like a very simple thing for which to be thankful, but it wasn't. Setting up a camp on Kwajalein was a man-sized job. The entire island looked as though a super Paul Bunyan had rampaged over it, leveling trees and buildings in a fine fury of destruction. The naval bombardment preceding the invasion had left devastation everywhere. Every tree was shredded. Every wall had been ground to rubble and dust. For days we had to shout most of the time, to be heard above the rattle and clank of the Seabee bulldozers.

There was a good deal of Jap stuff lying around, even though the souvenir hunters had been prowling for days. The more I saw of it, the more I realized how difficult it is to understand these paradoxical people. They hate us with an all-consuming passion, yet many of them speak English, and some of the Japanese engineering handbooks I found were filled with English notations and abbreviations. Japanese newspapers, too, were full of English words.

We spent most of our time in the air now. Our search sectors had been extended. Reaching beyond the old stamping grounds in the Marshalls, we ranged westward, almost to the great enemy base at Truk, exploring and photographing new harbors and shore lines. The pay-off? On the first day of May, the new big warships of Vice-Admiral Marc Mitscher's Pacific task force moved in on Ponape to give the Japanese occupants a final dose of discouragement. The ships' gunners had difficult targets, many of them cleverly hidden on the heavily wooded slopes of those rugged Ponape peaks. But they knew where the targets were, and they hit them.

VB-109 was not there that day. We were looking in on other Jap-held islands closer to the enemy's homeland. But we were present in spirit, for along the bottom of many a photograph studied by Admiral Mitscher's men in preparation for the bombardment was the formal Navy notation that VB-109 had done the photographing.

FROM Kwajalein our main targets were Ponape, Kusaie, and military installations on lesser islands in the eastern Carolines. There were brushes with enemy submarines, one of which lasted night and day for seventy-seven hours, and there were occasional run-ins with Jap planes. We made reconnaissance flights to Wake, on one of which Lieutenant Elmer Kasperson got what he thought was a submarine, and discovered a top-hatted Japanese who could almost outrun a Liberator.



The "sub" turned out to be a small cargo ship (it looked like a conning tower above the long, level lines of the pier at which it was moored) and old Kas blew it to smithereens anyway. The top-hatted Jap was one of a group of six Wake Island occupants who were strolling down a road when Kas peeled off to do some strafing. Five of the Japs dived into a ditch. Top Hat took off down the road with his coattails flying. "And, so help me," Kas said later, " we just couldn't overhaul the guy, he was traveling so fast!" Which was a bit of an exaggeration, for of course the Liberator did overhaul him. But by that time the boys were laughing so hard that they didn't have the heart to reduce the population any more, and they let Top Hat continue his marathon.

In general, there was little of the spectacular in the work we did out of Kwajalein. It was a grind. All of us flew too hard and too often. On the third day of April, for instance, the April entries in my flight log showed fifty-three hours in the air—fifty-three out of seventy-two—and that sort of thing is wearing. We needed not so much a rest as a change from the routine patrols and the raids on Ponape, Kusaie, Wake, and other islands which we knew by heart.

On April 3 the crew of Thunder Mug at last had a taste of something different, and I personally satisfied an ambition of many months' standing. It began with a report that an enemy carrier and four or five escorting destroyers had been sighted at Fananu Island. No other details were available, and a study of the map revealed that Fananu was a little trading station on the eastern rim of Nomwin Atoll in the Hall Islands, about seventy-five miles north of Truk. We had never been there—it was a long way from Kwajalein. But a Jap carrier was big game and worth the attempt.

Using two planes, Thunder Mug and Lieutenant Jadin's Helldorado, we departed from Kwajalein in the afternoon and staged through Eniwetok, which American troops had captured February 20. Gassing up at Eniwetok, we left there just after sunset.

Lieutenant Jadin got there first, made his search, found nothing, and returned to Eniwetok.

In Thunder Mug we arrived above Fananu about two o'clock in the morning, quite a while after Jadin had left. I have a reputation for being a slowpoke, and despite certain claims made by wild-eyed correspondents, I believe firmly in the old aviation adage that there are no old, bold pilots—there may be old ones and bold ones, but never old, bold ones. At any rate, we flew over Fananu and Nomwin lagoon, hunting for the carrier in the strange milky light of a fragmentary moon half hidden in the overcast, and, like Jadin before us, found nothing. Nothing, that is, except some fairly accurate AA fire, for Jadin had alerted Fananu, and in that eerie half-light the Japs could see us better than we could see them.

With our load of four 1,000-pound bombs still intact, we turned back, cussing out the report which had sent us such a distance for nothing. Then I began getting an idea. "Shafe," I said, "maybe they spelled that name wrong. There's a Fanamu Island, too. F-a-n-a-m-u. It's in Truk. What's the course for Truk, Shafe?"

"All right, dammit," he said, reaching for my Truk folder to figure out the course. "I'll go anywhere you will."

Truk, reported to be the strongest enemy base in the Pacific, capable of holding the entire Japanese Navy, is a forty-mile-wide lagoon containing half a dozen major islands and scores of minor ones. Its harbor facilities are among the best in the Pacific, protected by well-developed air strips on both major and minor islands. It is listed in naval textbooks as one of the best natural fortresses in the world.

Over the interphone I told the crew where we were going, and less than half an hour later, still in that pale milky mist of moonlight, we crossed the Truk reef at 100 feet altitude, just east of North Pass. Below, the coral shallows of the reef and the breaking waves were luminous with the natural phosphorus of the water, and winked at us.

Our target, selected from a study of the map on the run down from the Hall Islands, was the main anchorage west of the major island of Moen, in the heart of the Truk defenses. With luck we would find some warships there.

THE anchorage was a disappointment. It contained a single cargo ship of 5,000 or 6,000 tons riding blissfully at anchor. No warships. And now, of course, we were tense, for we were deep inside the defensive heart of Truk, and the islands hemming us in were known to be bristling with potent guns, and at any moment the Japs might pick us up in their detecting devices. No one spoke. We flew almost on the water, feeling our way through the dark. Not a shot had been fired.

There *had* to be some Jap warships in here somewhere, I told myself, and so, circling to port, I flew northward again, this time hugging the western shore of Moen Island.

Disappointed, we swung back to search once more the area between Moen and Dublon—Ed had marked a smaller anchorage off the southeast shore of Dublon. But now we had overplayed our luck. The Japs, suspicious at last, went for their searchlights, and inquisitive beams of white light began reaching up from the islands. One or two of them licked over us, then frantically tried to find us again as we came about to head for what obviously was the most worth-while target: the destroyer up near Fanuela Island. Tracers climbed up the searchlight beams, hunting for us. As we ran northward, the area between Dublon and Fefan suddenly became hotter than a flame thrower.

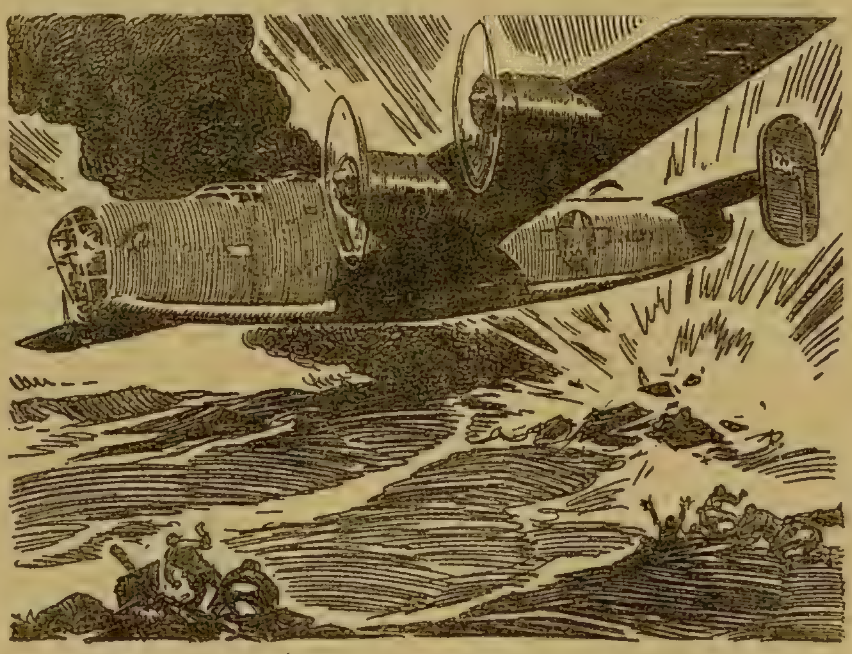
I was on top of the ship before I saw her—she suddenly materialized in the mist only half a mile ahead. Failing to pick her up in time, I had to come around for a second run, and then a third, before I had one to my liking. By then the shooting and the searchlights on Moen, Dublon, and Fefan had alerted the ship's crew, and they were on their guns.

There was time for just one bombing run as the destroyer's AA fire came up like red rain to meet us and the searchlights on the northwest corner of Moen, locating us at last, pinned us in the glare of two crossed beams. Old Thunder Mug must have looked like a gigantic moth in a candle flame to the dark little shapes rushing about on the deck of the Jap ship. Low and fast, we screamed over them, dumping our four 1,000-pounders.

The bombs stopped the destroyer's fire. They went off in unison, producing one hellacious explosion that broke the ship in two and sent her stern end swirling away from the rest of her. But the gunners on Moen had us in their sights then, and the crossed searchlights stuck like glue. And we were so blinded by lights from other islands, weaving wildly over the sky, that the co-pilot reached for his polarized glasses.

For thirty seconds or so old Thunder Mug all but shed her skin as we jinked to get out of the lights and the AA fire. We were all over the sky, weaving, diving, climbing —and all over the water, too, with the belly turret skimming the surface. What finally cleared us was a steep dive toward the water, a feint to port, a fast climbing turn to starboard which carried us to the outer edge of the circle of light. Before they could center us again we were in darkness, "getting the hell out of there" at a speed that made the wind sing.

Behind us the searchlights angrily swept the sky in vain, and the AA gunners on Moen went right on shooting at where they thought we ought to be. They hadn't hit us—much—but if it is any consolation to them, they did scare the living daylights out of us. I was still sitting in a puddle of sweat when we arrived at Eniwetok at 9 A. M.



We had sent in a flash report, of course, after leaving Truk. At Eniwetok, Captain E. A. "Bat" Cruise, the island commander, was waiting for us. Captain Cruise is an old-time aviation man, well loved. I had breakfast with him. But there was no time to clean up or rest; they were waiting for us at Kwajalein, too. And so at two o'clock in the afternoon, after being out nearly twenty-four hours, we arrived back on the strip at Kwajalein, all of us dead tired, dirty, and of course still wearing the clothes in which we had sweated out our pilgrimage through Truk. And there, waiting for me in Captain Taff's tent, was our administrative boss, the commander of Fleet Air Wing Two, Admiral John Dale Price!

The admiral didn't mind the dirt, sweat, and whiskers, however. He was a very swell guy. After I had told him about the flight, he informed me that Admiral Hoover had received our flash report, too, and wanted me out on his flagship. "Go on out there," Admiral Price said. "Never mind the beard and the shirt. Aviators are supposed to look like that after being out twenty-four hours." But some kind soul had telephoned the ship, and a message came back from Admiral Hoover advising me to sleep first and see him later.

As a matter of fact, I didn't sleep. I had reached the wound-up condition where sleep is impossible. So, after shaving and bathing, I began to pack my things. For this was our last day on the island. Next day the squadron moved to Eniwetok, advancing another step along the road to Tokyo.

"LET'S DON'T LOUSE IT UP"

From the air, Eniwetok Atoll looks like a necklace laid out on a jeweler's counter, with the clasp, Eniwetok Island, at the bottom. The island itself is crescent-shaped, two miles long and not much more than a third of a mile wide, and is split lengthwise by a solitary road running to the airfield.

Like Kwajalein and Tarawa, Eniwetok had been blasted into oblivion by the big guns of our warships. Hardly a building or a tree remained standing when the marines went ashore to take the place over. Yet when Squadron 109 arrived, six weeks later, the island was fast becoming a very livable spot. The dead Japs had been buried, mines and duds had been removed, cargo ships were steaming in and out on schedule, and Seabees of the 110th Battalion were looking around for new jobs to test their talents.

A steady wind kept the island remarkably free of insect pests. The wind was a blessing in another way, too. Before long the boys had rigged up little windmill washing machines outside their tents, using discarded crankshafts from the island junk pile. In the morning, before going out on patrol, they would toss in their soiled clothes. When they returned at night, the washing was done!

"JONESEY," I said one day, "will you kindly leave this forsaken island alone, so that once in a while, when we return from a flight, we'll be able to recognize it?"

Commander Jones grinned happily. He knew how good his Seabees were—they were amazing. We used to watch them at work, and we simply didn't believe what we saw. Having by this time attended to all the essential jobs on the island, they were killing time by transforming junk piles and scrap heaps into structures of outstanding beauty.

"Jonesey," we'd say, "when are you going to build the Lincoln Memorial out here?" And Jonesey would grin.

Living on the same island with Commander Jones had its drawbacks, however. At times the inhabitants of Eniwetok would gladly have taken up housekeeping on the rim of an active volcano just for a little peace and quiet. The Seabees were everlastingly blasting for coral in the lagoon, and at all hours of the day or night, as you went about your business, annoying no one, the island would suddenly shake as if seized with convulsions. Then a mighty roar filled your ears, and a fountain of water and coral fragments would hurtle skyward, some 600 feet high, in your immediate vicinity.

Jonesey never called his shots. On one occasion a coral rock as big as a football burst like a comet through the walls of Commander Eddie Renfro's tent. That the tent was empty at the time was purely Eddie Renfro's good fortune.

Few of us complained about these minor annoyances, however. When we did, someone was sure to repeat the story of the marine on Guadalcanal. It happened, so they say, just after the six-month campaign on that island had ended. A marine sergeant, veteran of the initial landings, was shambling peaceably down a road, tired but happy in his beaten-up shoes and tattered uniform. Toward him strode a resplendent, newly arrived Army colonel. As they passed, the sergeant's salute was not to the colonel's liking.

Snapped the colonel: "Sergeant, this island is United States territory now! We have the usual formalities to observe!"

Replied the marine, rubbing a trouser leg worn thin by six months of intimate contact with the jungle and the Japs: "Now look, bub, we got something real good here. Let's don't louse it up."

FIRST TO SAIPAN

On the first day of May a slender red-haired young lieutenant walked into my tent and announced that he had been sent to Eniwetok to replace Ed Lloyd as our air combat intelligence officer. Many a time since, we have laughed over my reaction.

"Your mouth dropped open," Ted insists, "and you looked at me as though I were something in diapers, representing the New Year!"

I probably did. Ed Lloyd had been our intelligence officer since the start of the tour, and we owed much of our success to his careful, brilliant work. The thought of having this wise old veteran replaced by an apparently green youngster was naturally a shock. An incompetent ACIO can wreck a squadron as surely as a good one can keep it on its toes.

I needn't have worried. Lieutenant Ted Steele was a Dartmouth man and a Rhodes scholar. He had been with old VP-82 when that squadron, based in Newfoundland and Greenland, operated on the Eastern Sea Frontier—back in the days when our Navy was so short of patrol planes that the British sent over one of their squadrons, RAF-57, to lend us a helping hand. From there, old Ted had gone to torpedo planes as a communications specialist, then to the staff of ComAirPac. When Ed Lloyd departed, four days after Ted's arrival, our new ACIO was already in the groove.

Ed, a much loved guy, got off before dawn while the rest of us were still asleep. This is the note he left:

"Bus and George and Jan and John and Tommie and all pilots and co-pilots as well as navigators and goddam ground officers: Good-by, you guys. I'm glad the plane leaves early so I can sneak out alone like this. Give 'em hell and God guide you softely. ED." Ed really knew how to spell "safely." But a girl who had been reading about us in the papers back home, and had written us a letter telling us how very much she loved us all, apparently didn't. Her "God guide you softely" had become a squadron byword.

EXCEPT for a daily two-plane reconnaissance of Wake, and the usual patrols, these early May days were uneventful.

In an effort to do something about the shortage of Jap shipping, I made several trips to Truk about this time—even there the shipping was scarce—and also to near-by Puluwat, where I had discovered a new and important enemy airfield under construction. It was at Puluwat, on May 16, that I almost came to grief.

On a mission over Truk two days before, I had seen some Jap ships in the anchorage and was reluctant to let them depart before working them over. My crew, however, was tired. For weeks I had been promising them a deserved rest. This time, keeping the promise, I left them at home and took Lieutenant Bill Bridgeman's plane, Climbaboard, with Bill as co-pilot.

They were not expecting us at Truk that night. Of ten to twelve cargo ships at anchor in the old hunting ground, we attacked the largest, tossed it around with three bomb explosions, and were out of range before the surprised Japs could use their guns with any effect. Our own port waist gunner, however, shouted that he had seen a bigger target against the moonlight over near Dublon, so I flew back through the Fefan-Dublon corridor. By then the Japs were awake and peeved. From half the islands in Truk they were hunting us with intense and uncomfortably accurate fire. But the target, a 10,000-ton tanker, was too rich a prize to be passed up.

It was the kind of run a bomber pilot dreams about. At 200 miles an hour, 200 feet above the moonlit sea, I pickled off three bombs as the ship appeared broadside in the sight. The first struck the water fifteen feet from the tanker's hull; the second exploded squarely on her deck; the third was over. An instant later the whole sky behind us was aflame and the tanker, evidently laden with oil, exploded on the sea like an active volcano. Nothing else makes quite the sound and fury of an oil explosion.

It was coming on daylight when Climbaboard arrived over the Alet air strip after the run from Truk. A group of Japs had just emerged from their tin-roofed shacks and were walking down the strip on their way to work. They were considerably less leisurely in their strolling when the big Liberator, appearing suddenly over the treetops, bellowed down on them and sprayed the strip with bombs and bullets.

A truck, zigzagging like a frightened chicken, sped straight into a line of tracers from one of our turrets and burst into flames.

We flew on, dropping 500-pounders singly on individual targets, strafing the radio and weather stations, the barracks, and a prewar lighthouse, 135 feet high, in the top of which the Japs had installed a potent 7.7-millimeter gun. In the dawn dimness their gunners had difficulty finding us, and even more trouble following us as we made our runs. But that lighthouse gun was annoyingly accurate, and after damaging the radio station with two direct bomb hits, we went after it. For a few moments the Pacific war was reduced, in so far as we in Climbaboard were concerned, to a private duel between a Liberator and a lighthouse.

The Liberator won. On our last pass—so low over the tower that the belly gunner wailed up through the interphone, "For Pete's sake, cap'n, you're scraping my duff on this thing!"—the plane's gunners put the tower out of commission. Then we jinked away, avoiding the ground fire, to make another run on the radio station. And right there a Jap three-inch shell burst above Climbaboard's cockpit.

The plane bounced like a big rubber ball. Old Schaffer, standing between the pilot and co-pilot, was knocked off his feet by the concussion and tumbled backward out of the cockpit to the catwalk below, where, but for our habit of keeping a man stationed at the bomb-bay doors, he would have gone right on out. But Bridgeman and I were not aware of Shafe's close call until later. The explosion of the shell had kicked the blocks out from under the top turret guns and depressed the barrels. Now, with the gunner dazed and unable to cease firing, the .50-caliber bullets from those lethal muzzles came streaming through the greenhouse into the cockpit.

Luckily the gunner recovered after a second or two. But twin fifties can spit out a terrifying amount of steel in a few seconds, and Bridgeman and I could do nothing but sit there. Bill sat with one hand frozen on the supercharger controls. I held the pickle in one fist, the yoke in the other, as the plane recovered from the shaking up and continued its bombing run on the Puluwat radio station. The bullets, screaming between us from the turret above, smashed the instrument panel before our eyes and filled the cockpit with flying bits of glass and metal. The muzzle blast singed the hair on our heads and arms. Both of us bled from scores of small wounds.

The plane, meanwhile, had continued its run, and from habit I pressed the pickle as the radio station rode into the sights. It was just "one of those things." Four 100-pound bombs fell squarely on the building. Then, with the pilot and co-pilot dazedly fumbling at the cockpit controls to find out how many of them were still functional, we turned for home.

THAT was a grim ride. With Shafe helping us, we spread sulfa powder on our wounds and swallowed tablets to dull the pain, not daring to pull the fragments of glass and steel from our flesh for fear the bleeding would increase. One of us, at least, had to stay conscious long enough to put the plane and its crew safely on the ground at Eniwetok, 850 upwind miles away.

We were seven hours getting there. I want very much not to be dramatic about this, but seven hours can be a very long time. It will take you from Boston to New York by car, or see you through nearly a full day at the office. But for seven hours, in a sulfa stupor, we sat at the controls of a badly shot-up Liberator, bucking a ten- to twenty-knot head wind over the empty Pacific, while nine good men prayed quietly that one of us would hang on long enough to take us in.

There were times during that long grind when we thought we were not going to make it—when one or the other of us began to imagine that the plane was doing queer things. But we landed safely at base seven hours after leaving Puluwat.

(A fellow officer noted something else, too. "Recovering from the initial shock and daze, and discovering that the plane would still fly despite the cockpit carnage and instrument wreckage, and that he still had control of it despite his many injuries, Miller RADIOED BACK THE WEATHER REPORT and returned to his search sector, landing safely at base seven hours later." Capitals mine.—H. B. C.)

IN June, our Army, Navy, and Marine commanders were completing their preparations for the invasion of the Marianas, next steppingstone on the road to Japan. The Marianas had been scouted; they had been hit by carrier-based aircraft. Lieutenant General Alexander A. Vandegrift, Marine commandant, was on record with the statement that we stood on the threshold of bigger and more difficult landings than we had ever yet attempted.

As the invasion forces gathered, our already heavy schedule of patrols was expanded, and we paid particular attention to the increased amount of enemy shipping at Truk. Scouting the atoll on the night of June 2, I discovered so many choice targets that it was hard to choose among them. We blew a 7,000-ton cargo ship almost out of the water with a direct hit, worked the airfields and seaplane base over, found a dozen smaller ships at the northwest end of the Dublon anchorage and damaged five of them, traded machine-gun fire with a destroyer, and wrecked a plane at Eten. Yet with all these ships in Truk, we had been singularly unsuccessful in locating them on the high seas. Obviously they were moving into Truk at night, along some shipping lane we had not yet discovered. If so, they were a menace, for our fleet had to pass west of Truk to reach the Marianas.

The following night Lieutenant Commander Hicks did locate the enemy's new shipping route, far west of our usual patrol limits, and sighted a convoy of three merchant ships, seven armed naval auxiliaries, and a destroyer. Despite extremely poor visibility he gave them a thorough drubbing, heavily damaging two of the cargo vessels, three of the escorts, and the destroyer.

AS the date of the invasion of Saipan approached, VB-109 worked overtime. Information concerning the size and disposition of our forces had to be kept from the enemy at all costs, lest the Japs find time to prepare a counterblow. All over the Central Pacific, groups of our ships were on the move—tankers, LSTs, carrier forces, battleships, cruisers, destroyers, and a bewildering array of invasion craft. Day by day we patrolled ahead of them, relieving one another on station as our fuel ran low. Our job was to be sure that no enemy shipping lay in the path of the advance, and to knock down any Jap search planes that might give the show away.

On one occasion during this patrol, Lieutenant Commander Janeshek encountered a Jap torpedo bomber within sight of Truk and shot it down in an encounter lasting less than five minutes. As the Kate plunged toward the sea with Janeshek's gunners still working it over, the Jap rear gunner frantically threw back his canopy and stood up to bail out. "He suddenly sat down again," reported Janeshek gravely. Five hundred feet above the water the Jap jettisoned two depth bombs, which exploded beneath the plane as it struck the sea. "Napping Nip Now Nil," Janeshek reported.

Not to be outdone, Hal Belew jumped one of the Japs' newest twin-engined fighters, an Irving, and sent it home smoking. Then it was George Mellard's turn.

Mellard, patrolling just ahead of the fleet with Lieutenant Hop of VB-108, was flying at 9,000 feet above a solid overcast when Hop, below him, flushed a two-engined Jap Betty. Hop jettisoned his bombs and went after the enemy plane at once, but the Jap, too smart to invite a shooting match, turned tail and ran up into the overcast. By radio Hop warned Mellard above, and Mellard was waiting. Using just 100 rounds of ammunition and a minute and a half of time, Mellard's gunners sent the Betty down again, this time for keeps.

Then, as the Liberator resumed its patrol, fighters from a carrier force only fourteen minutes distant came up to give the boys a nod of thanks.

Once when Lieutenant Hop encountered a Jap Betty during our stay at Eniwetok, this is what we heard as we listened to him on the base radio:

Pilot (being very formal): "Have sighted Betty. Am trailing."

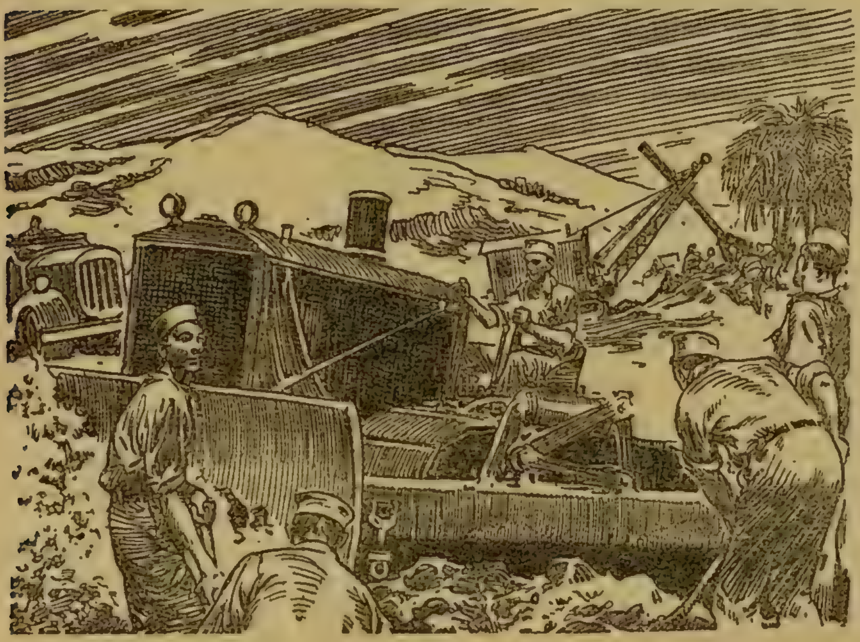
A few minutes later (still very formal): "Have contacted Betty. Am engaging."

A moment later (a gleeful shout): "I dood it!"

Lieutenant Oliver Glenn's Liberator, Urge Me, carried an exceedingly luscious nude on her fuselage. During our preinvasion patrol, one of the carrier pilots discovered this and flew alongside for a look. He obviously liked what he saw, for over the radio he invited his buddies to the party, and in perfect formation, one by one, they came alongside for inspection. Then, with wide grins of appreciation, they departed.

WEEKS before the fleet was assembled for the attack on the Marianas, photo planes of VD-3, based with us at Eniwetok, had begun their high-altitude visits to the islands. Sometimes we accompanied them to drop a few token bombs.

But an enemy cannot be expected to let his defenses remain stagnant, and photographs quickly become outdated. Even while the fleet was steaming to the attack, new pictures had to be delivered to Admiral Raymond A. Spruance and Vice-Admiral Richmond Kelly Turner, in whose hands the fate of the invasion rested.



This was a job for VB-109. As fast as the photographs were handed to us at Eniwetok, I loaded them aboard Thunder Mug in sealed pouches and set out over some 900 miles of ocean to deliver them.

For hours, as we flew in solitude over an empty sea, the war would seem as distant as Denver. Then suddenly all the ships in the world would appear beneath us, their white wakes weaving an intricate tapestry as they plodded westward.

The larger ships were unable to maneuver from formation to pick up our pouches, and so I usually singled out some small escort vessel, made a pass or two across her bow, and then, flying low over the water ahead of her, called out to the boys to "let 'em go." As we dropped the pouches, the attached float lights spouted smoke and flame to mark their position. Then, after waiting around until the containers were fished from the sea, we waved farewell and continued our usual search assignment.

HIGH JINKS AT IWO JIMA

Our troops had occupied most of the southern part of Saipan by the first week of July. But they by no means had all of that mountainous little rampart in the Marianas, and there remained a number of excellent targets to sharpen our picture-taking sorties.

The most important of these was the airfield at Marpi Point, where the Japs had installed powerful AA guns in sunken pits. On July 1, and again on July 5, I laid strings of bombs along this field while Thunder Mug's crew concentrated on the pits. The guns were no longer blink-blinking at us when we left, nor were they in condition to blink at the marines who came through the mountains a few days later.

Another prime target was the Ushi Point airfield on the northern tip of near-by Tinian, about two miles south of Saipan, across the channel. The enemy there had erected concrete fortifications to repel invaders, and our warships were working them over in an effort to lighten the chore for the troops who would soon be hitting the beaches. Thunder Mug finished the job by rumbling in over the hangar roofs and the air strip and blowing the reinforced concrete to rubble with a string of bombs.

Saipan, however, was a long reach from our base at Eniwetok, 100 miles beyond our patrol, and our effectiveness on these volunteer "extracurricular" missions was reduced by the limit placed on our bomb loads. It was further reduced by the presence of American troops on the island, some of whom were not always where we were told they would be, and by the many American ships which lay at anchor in near-by waters. Before dropping any bombs at all, we had to fly low over the fighting, usually through rain and smothering clouds, studying the bombardments, the tank actions, the brilliant spurts of fire from the flame throwers, to determine the exact location of the front lines. Only then could we safely aid the ground troops by attacking the enemy from the air.

For that matter, at this point in the campaign there was not much we could do. Truk, though still a fertile hunting ground on occasions, was being by-passed and would be of little use to the Japs after we had established ourselves in the Marianas. Ponape and Kusaie were all but impotent, Puluwat had nothing more to offer, and in our routine search areas we encountered no enemy at all. So, with the sincere conviction that we were wasting our time at Eniwetok, I appealed to Admiral Hoover's operations officer, Commander "Bucky" Lee, to get us out to Saipan. From Aslito Field, which was now safely in American hands and had been renamed Isley Field, we could do business northward in the Kazans and Bonins.

On July 11 my request was granted. There was not room for all of us at Saipan, of course, but permission came to take two planes. Late the following afternoon Lieutenant Joe Jobe and I, with our crews, landed at Isley Field.

WHILE the boys bedded down for the night as best they could in the mud under the wings of the planes, I went looking for Captain Taff, our operational boss.

That was one pilgrimage I won't quickly forget. The captain, I was told, was aboard a ship "somewhere off shore." I rode in a jeep, through dripping darkness, along what had once been a road of some sort, but the jeep kept wandering off the road into the bordering cane fields. These cane fields, a source of raw material for the island's sugar mills, were breeding grounds for hordes of man-eating mosquitoes which rose in angry clouds when disturbed.

And there were Jap snipers in the fields, too—but they must have been too busy battling the mosquitoes that night to bother with me.

Eventually I located a boat at the beach, and my "journey through the dark" became a voyage, but the change was not an improvement. I kept finding ships but not the one I was looking for. Three full hours passed before I discovered her at last.

Captain Taff had approved our coming to Saipan in the first place. My hope now was that the captain would persuade Admiral Spruance to let us go soon on a prowl among the Jap islands to the north.

"Better wait till morning," Captain Taff advised. "Then I'll go with you to the admiral and we'll talk to him."

The admiral, when I met him, was an agreeably easy man to talk to.

"Go ahead," he said. "Look in on Iwo Jima and the Bonins and see what they've got there. Go after their destroyers especially. Good luck and good hunting."

Next morning Joe Jobe and I, with our co-pilots and navigators, studied maps and photographs of Iwo Jima until we knew every hill and harbor by heart. In the pictures the island looked like an elongated turtle with its head pointing roughly to the south, its tail aimed in the general direction of Japan. This Jap turtle, its flippers enfolding the island's two anchorages, its mountainous back supporting two good airfields, lay 625 nautical miles north of Saipan and only 670 nautical miles south of Tokyo. A few miles north of it lay Kita Iwo Jima; a few miles south lay Minami Iwo Jima—both too small and too precipitous to be of much importance except as guardian outposts for Iwo Jima itself. The three islands, taken together, comprised the Kazan group of the Nanpo Shoto.

We decided to hit Iwo Jima at dusk, and so at two o'clock in the afternoon the planes were taxied to the extreme end of the Isley Field fighter strip and readied for the take-off. Each crew had poured 2,000 gallons of gas into the tanks, enough to get us there and back, and hung 2,000 pounds of bombs on the racks. We were going to have to take off in the rain, with no wind, from a runway just 3,800 feet long. Skeptical Army pilots lined up along the strip and ground crews stopped work to watch in silence as battered old Thunder Mug turned into position.

The crew was ready. Old Shafe stood between me and my co-pilot, hairy-chested Jim Park—"Alley Oop" we called him. "Let's make it good, skipper," Shafe begged. "Just to give those Army Joes the laugh." I turned the engines up full, seven inches beyond maximum manifold pressure, and released the brakes. The plane went lunging down the lumpy field like a hound-dog off a leash.

With her flaps up for speed without drag, she roared along until we were doing an uncomfortable 100 miles an hour. Then I lowered the flaps for lift, and Thunder Mug tipped her nose up. For a moment her wheels seemed glued to the ground as she strained to free herself. Then we were in the air. Later we learned that a cheer went up behind us, but with the four engines thundering like freight trains in our ears, we didn't hear it. We ourselves cheered, however, when Joe Jobe's plane swept up from the field in our wake.

Keeping close together for added protection, the two Liberators ranged far up to the north, shunning a number of small islands which might have been outposts for the enemy's air-raid warning system. We flew on past Iwo Jima as planned, and, arriving too soon at our turning point, had to loaf around over the Pacific for a while, waiting for dusk.

When the sky had darkened and the sea had turned gray, we went on in, approaching not from the south but from the direction of the Jap's own homeland.

There was little talk as the two planes skimmed over the water on this last leg of the journey. This was big business; it might even be too big for our pair of unescorted Liberators, and the boys knew that our chances of getting back to Saipan with a whole skin—not to mention a respectable score—would depend largely on our ability to catch the enemy napping.

We had been warned soberly that Iwo Jima was bristling with powerful defenses. United States Marines learned just how strongly defended Iwo Jima was when they assaulted the island on February 19, 1945.

Iwo Jima rises from south to north in a gentle slope which terminates abruptly in a bluff at the northern tip. The bluff towered before us, black against the sky, as we went in just over the sea. We hoped it would hide us. But we could not know whether it would or not until the two planes climbed from the sea, cleared the bluff, and swung down over the air strips beyond.

We were about 800 feet apart, Jobe on my port beam, as we cleared the barrier. "O. K., give 'em hell," I said—and twenty machine guns, ten on each plane, opened up with a spectacular deafening racket, pinning the Japs to the ground ahead of us as we attacked.

The Japs were surprised, no doubt of that, but they were not panicked. The breed on Iwo Jima didn't scare easily. Our own yellow-red tracers had scarcely begun to ricochet from the ground when the greenish-blue ground fire began to flicker up at us. Only our speed and the surprise of the attack saved us. At 200 miles an hour, barely 150 feet above the defenders' heads, we were fleeting targets despite our size. These Japs had never before had occasion to fire at anything so low. Their only previous targets had been carrier planes, at higher altitude. Nor had they ever been hit before by multi-engined aircraft. This was the first time Liberators had struck so close to Tokyo.

A few bullets nicked Thunder Mug's metal skin as we bore down on the first of the two airfields. Most of the flak, however, exploded in our slipstream, and the fragments that nicked us didn't hurt us.

No one except the Japs will ever know the full amount of damage done to their fields and parked planes that evening. At least thirty, probably forty planes were parked in the revetments and on the taxiways. Some exploded as our streams of machine-gun fire walked up and over them; some burst into flames; others spat out gusts of smoke. Over the interphone came brief reports from our gunners, but they were as busy as drunks in a shooting gallery and had little time or inclination to assess the damage already done. And by now we were really getting a reception. Even the ships offshore were doing their Sunday best to knock us down.

I was saving the bombs for shipping, and as yet had released none of them. But now, turning sharply to starboard, I headed for the anchorage on the west side of the island. With fires spreading on the ground behind us, I singled out a destroyer a mile and a half offshore and began a run on her. The Japs were short of destroyers and desperately needed them for escorting their convoys.

This one had been firing at us even before we began our run, and, of course, she had weapons more powerful than anything with which we could answer her. Too smart to waste ammunition, the boys concentrated on the coastal vessels and cargo ships that came in range as we went in. To port a cargo ship blazed on the water. Close aboard on the starboard side a wooden coastal spouted flames. It was a good show. But Jim Park and I, in the cockpit, missed most of it. Enemy fire was bursting all around and over us by now, and we could see what most of the crew could not—the destroyer was sweeping the sky in front of us with twin streams of tracers from 20-millimeter deck guns. These twin rivers of fire rose in a rainbow arc between her stacks, so bright they fascinated me, and we were running down them like a train of tracks.

It was the longest, grimmest approach I had ever made, and I almost turned away. We were being hit hard; the Jap had a no-deflection shot and couldn't miss. And for some reason our bow gunner, who should have been doing the talking for our side, had failed to answer back. I didn't know until later that his guns had jammed and he couldn't.

I THOUGHT we would never make it, but old Thunder Mug drilled on through all the Jap could send, and the ship at last was in the sights. When I pickled off *those* four bombs, I really meant it!

Two of the bombs were short, but No. 3 hit the starboard, blowing most of her stern into the sky behind us. Her gunners were still firing at us as we jinked over to join Jobe, but she was done for.

Joe Jobe, meanwhile, had strafed a number of planes and started three major fires which were still violently blazing, and over the anchorage he had shot up a half dozen or more coastal vessels while making his run on a cargo ship. At least five of the coastals and two valuable oilers were afire, and the cargo ship was ablaze from machine-gun bullets when Joe spotted a larger ship farther out and broke his run to go for her. When we joined him a moment after our run on the destroyer, this second cargo vessel, a big one, was exploding all over the water. She kept exploding as we turned for home.

"Skipper," said Shafe, "I can see it in the papers right now: 'Radio Tokyo reports Iwo Jima raided for first time by land-based bombers. Intrepid Japanese fighters turn enemy back with heavy losses. No damage to Japanese island. No comment from U. S. Navy.' "

ABOUT eleven o'clock, when our two returning planes were still a good many miles from Saipan, I saw a light winking on the horizon ahead. It shouldn't have been there, and it puzzled me. Saipan had no harbors of any size; our ships were lying in the open roadstead, vulnerable to attack by submarines known to be prowling in the vicinity. This mysterious light could easily be a sub signal of some sort.

It went out as I called Jim Park's attention to it. A moment later there were two of them.

For ten minutes these lights blinked on, went out, came on again. "Jim, we'd better report this by radio," I said. But then, as we neared the island, we saw that the lights slowly descended after they had blazed in the sky for a moment.

"They aren't signal lights at all," Jim Park said. "They're flares."

He was right. On the northern part of the island, where hundreds of Japs were still hiding in caves and ravines, our marines were sending up flares at regular intervals during the night to thwart any attempted suicide attack under cover of darkness. For our money, the star shells were excellent long-range lighthouses!

At Saipan we landed on the fighter strip in a drenching rain, and after I had reported to General Hale's Chief of Staff, Captain Davis of the Navy, Joe and I fumbled back through the dark to our camp. We had tents now, set up in the cane field near the air strip. Tired and soaking wet, Joe and I turned in about 3 A. M. and lay there listening to the drumming of the rain on the canvas.

Had we done a good job at Iwo Jima? I thought we had. Together we had seriously damaged and probably sunk a destroyer, a 6,000-ton merchant ship, two small tankers, and three coastals, damaged a 3,000-ton merchant ship and set five coastals afire, destroyed at least eight planes on the ground, probably destroyed ten more and damaged many others, started five fires among shore installations and exploded an oil or ammunition dump. Two unescorted Liberators had done that. I hoped Admiral Spruance would be pleased.

He was. In the morning, despite the Army's complaint that Isley Field was already overcrowded, the admiral ordered two more of our planes to Saipan, and I began to plan not only a return visit to Iwo Jima but a strike against the Bonins as well.

ONE CAME HOME ALONE

A few days later, Janeshek and Bridgeman arrived with their crews, moved into our muddy little tent colony, and prepared to join us in the planned strike on the Bonins. These islands lie about 120 miles north of Iwo Jima and are small and rugged—literally volcano tops jutting from the sea. The three most important ones, Ani Jima, Chichi Jima, and Haha Jima, roughly form an arrow pointing straight to Japan. Chichi Jima, only a little more than 500 miles from Tokyo, is the largest and is about four miles long and hook-shaped, the hook enclosing a harbor.

This was to be a dawn strike, just to keep the Japs guessing, and all four of us, Janeshek, Jobe, Bridgeman, and I, were to take part in it. With the bomb load increased to 3,000 pounds and the Army still confidently expecting us to wind up in the mud at the end of the 3,800-foot runway, we took off in the dark and flew up to the north, fifty miles northwest of our objective, before turning. During the last hour of the flight the four planes were never more than 200 feet above the ocean, and when at last we slipped into the channel between Ani Jima and Chichi Jima, we were only fifty feet above the sea and hiding behind the mountains on our approach.

Again the Japs were taken quite by surprise. Together the four of us sank a cargo ship, damaged a second one and seven coastals, set afire most of the important installations in the harbor area, and left the harbor littered with burning seaplanes. Then we turned across the southern end of Chichi and went for the airfield, strafing enemy planes on the ground as we passed.

How long had this taken? At 200 miles an hour you have traveled the length of a four-mile island in a little more than a minute, and you wonder how the boys on the guns can spot their targets at all. At treetop altitude, buildings, ships, and parked planes rush so suddenly into your line of vision that they are almost blurred by the speed of the plane's passage. Now there is water under you, now a wooded hill in the midst of which an enemy AA gun blinks like a stop light in the dark. Suddenly you are over a cluster of V-roofed buildings and rushing toward a row of planes parked wing to wing on an air strip.

All this time you are thundering along—and thundering is the word, for those four engines make a lot of noise! —just behind the probing fingers of fire from your own machine guns, the tracers spattering targets ahead and ricocheting in bright blobs of color. If time would stand still for a moment, you might be able to describe in some detail the results of such an attack. As it is, you do what damage you can and interrogate the crew later, piecing together then the bits of the picture as the boys try to recall what blew up and what didn't, what burned and what only smoked, and what it was that made that hellacious explosion to starboard as you jinked through the enemy's ack-ack.

WE did enough damage on our run across the Chichi Jima airfield to cause the enemy a few headaches. When the four crews were questioned and cross-checked later, the score read two planes definitely destroyed, eleven probably destroyed, and at least fourteen others damaged. Then we were over the sea again, still in formation, still unhurt, winging south across the twenty-mile span of water to Haha Jima.

There the attack had to be made in single file, for Haha Jima offers only a narrow space in which to work. But a lot of enemy war material was assembled in that slender corridor. In the harbor were six coastals; close inshore, beyond the bulge of land, were nine more.

Thunder Mug hit them first and set three of them on fire. Joe Jobe and Janeshek fired others. Bill Bridgeman made splinters of a good-sized cargo ship and gave the coastals still another drubbing. And then, with our bombs gone and ammunition boxes nearly empty, we called it a day and went home.

This sortie to Chichi Jima and Haha Jima had kept us in the air fourteen hours, and by all the rules of the game we should have rested the following day, for pilots and crews were tired. It was important, however, to follow up the strike quickly, before the surprised Japs could puzzle out what had happened and reorganize their defenses. And because we had only four planes on Saipan, the rest of the squadron being still based at Eniwetok, we obviously could not turn the job over to anyone else. I discussed it with Janeshek, Jobe, Bridgeman, and some of the boys, and they agreed that we should go back to the Bonins the next day, with gas enough to hit Iwo Jima again, too. "Let's give 'em the works, captain," they said; "all three islands at once!"

On the first take-off from Isley Field we had gingerly put aboard 2,000 pounds of bombs and 2,000 gallons of gas. On the mission to the Bonins we had increased the bomb load to 3,000, the gas to 2,200. This time there were 4,000 pounds of bombs on the racks, and the tanks held 2,400 gallons of fuel.

The big score fell to Joe Jobe. When we swung south to strike Haha Jima, his No. 3 engine was shot out, his bow and belly turrets were out of action with their gunners wounded, and he had holes in his wings through which you could have pushed a washtub.

We were not aware of this until the four planes had swept over Haha, strafing coastal vessels in the harbor and bombing the buildings alongshore. There the AA fire was intense and accurate, and Jobe's plane was hit again. As we pulled away toward Iwo Jima, he came up on the radio.

"I'd better drop out," he said, listing the damage he had sustained.

"Can you make it home, Joe?"

"I think so. I'll try."

The weather was turning bad, the night was tar black. Joe's prospects of nursing a shot-up Liberator back over the 700-odd miles of Saipan on three engines did not look good. If I had known the full extent of the damage this plane had suffered, I would have worried even more. A .50-caliber gun had been kicked into his belly gunner's lap by enemy fire; most of his bow turret had been blown away; and it was only a miracle that Louis Paulunkonis, the bow gunner, had not been killed.

Joe dropped out of formation, jettisoned his shattered belly turret to lighten the plane, climbed slowly to 8,500 feet and started for Saipan on three engines. The rest of us went on to Iwo, planning to hit that island and pick up Jobe on the way back.

We struck from the north, three abreast. Janeshek sailed down the coast, shooting up the boat yard and a number of small ships offshore. Thunder Mug, attacking inland, swung over the two air strips, dropping fifteen 100-pound bombs on hangars, barracks, planes, and runways—which aroused the Japs to a frenzy and produced the most intense barrage of flak I had ever seen. Bridgeman, between us, went down along the western shore to the southern tip of the island, swung north again along the eastern shore, circled back over the air strips *after* I had alerted the defenses there, and flew his plane through the flak barrage while coolly pickling off his bombs. The maneuver should have turned his hair gray and given his crew heart failure, but it didn't. They came through it unscathed except for the usual flak holes, and picked us up six miles south of the island after blowing the best part of the Japs' major airfield to pieces.

We turned for home. I tried several times to get Joe on the radio, but the hours went by and the radioman still glumly shook his head after every attempt. And then we sighted the flares over the northern tip of Saipan—the star shells we had thought were submarine signals—and out there in the darkness somewhere, Joe at last heard our signal.

It was about two o'clock in the morning, raining hard. We had been out since one o'clock in the afternoon.

"I'm about out of gas," Joe reported. "Doesn't look as though we'll make it."

"Can you see the island?"

"I can't see a blamed thing. But Juelke [Ensign Oscar Juelke, his navigator] says we're on course."

"What about the wounded men, Joe?" I asked.

"They're all right. Neither is badly hurt. But we're still on three engines, my fuel gauges read zero now, and I don't know about my tires. We're shot up pretty badly on the port side."

I CALLED the island, told them Jobe was in trouble and would need help. I gave them what I thought must be his approximate position. Then, maintaining radio contact with the crippled plane, we went on in.

A few minutes later Joe came up on the radio again. "Hey!" he shouted. "I think we'll make it after all! We can see those marine flares!"

Janeshek and Bridgeman landed, and I radioed the field to alert them for Joe's arrival. The rain was a steady downpour now, and Joe would need space—and luck—to put his shot-up plane down on that little strip in the dark. I worried, too, about the 1,500-foot mountain just a few miles to the north; it was a real hazard. Circling the field, I anxiously searched the sky for Jobe's running lights, while all of us did a little quiet praying in his behalf.

"Take it easy, skipper," Shafe said.

Up there in the darkness with us was a P-61 fighter, its pilot eager to go down for a landing. I regret now that I lost my temper with that pilot. I was on edge, and he was undoubtedly just a kid. But he had certainly heard our talk with the tower and understood the situation, and when he complained that he had been out an hour and a half and simply *had* to go down because he was so tired, I got mad.

"Dammit," I yelled, "there's a shot-up Liberator coming in that's been out fourteen hours, and those boys are tired, too!" He stayed aloft.

Presently I saw Joe Jobe's plane, limping in with three engines and a feathered prop. She felt her way down through the rain, gingerly reaching for the field. She was O. K. She was going to make it.

But as she touched, her port tire gave way, just as Joe had half expected. For an awful moment she slipped and skidded across the bumpy air strip. Then she pulled out of it and stopped. Safe!

I breathed again and stopped sweating, and old Shafe said quietly, "Are you all right, skipper?" He knew I was all right—then. He understood. When you have sweated your boys home on mission after mission, you eventually reach a point of not caring a damn who sees the tears in your eyes. The fact that we had just completed our third successful attack on the enemy's inner-fortress islands in six days was less important—far less important—than knowing that Joe Jobe and his crew were home safe.

THE MUG'S LAST FLIGHT

Concluding his interrogation, Lieutenant Ted Steele, the squadron ACI officer, scowled at Delahoussaye's trouser leg and said, "What happened to you?" The pants looked as though they had been pulled through a barbed-wire fence.

Delahoussaye grinned. "Nothing much, Mr. Steele. I was shooting at the target when all at once this Jap tracer bullet zipped through the deck and went up my pants leg." He laid open the charred cloth to show that his own leg, beneath, was more or less unharmed. "It went out at the knee without doing any damage. I got burned a little, that's all, when my pants caught fire."

"Why didn't you douse the fire with water from your canteen?"

"I didn't have a canteen, Mr. Steele. I forgot to carry one this trip."

"You ought to carry one."

"All right, Mr. Steele," said Delahoussaye. "I will."

A day or so later the crew of Thunder Mug appeared again before Ted for interrogation after a mission. This time Delahoussaye didn't wait for Ted to get around to him. He solemnly approached the ACIO's desk and placed a jagged piece of metal under Ted's nose.

"What's that?" Ted asked.

"My canteen," said Delahoussaye. "I carried one like you told me to. This is what the Japs did to it."

Ted gingerly picked up the battered bit of metal. "Delahoussaye, don't you think you'd better stay on the ground the next time your crew goes out? Two close ones like this, one on top of the other—you're pressing your luck. Get yourself a sore throat or a headache for a few days." He put the remains of the canteen down again. "I mean it. I'm serious."

But Delahoussaye was grinning, as usual. "Hell, Mr. Steele," he said, "they can't get me. Those Japs can't spell my name." At the door of the Quonset he paused. "Even *you* can't spell my name, Mr. Steele!" he declared and went out chuckling.

"You should talk," piped up Jaskiewicz. "*Nobody* can spell mine!"

I SOMETIMES tell that story to people who ask how the crew of Thunder Mug happened to run up such a record. And then I tell them what happened in Truk on a mission we made July 29 with Commander Don Gumz.

Our two planes hit Truk at dawn, approaching leisurely from the northwest, in and out of thunderstorms, to kill time while waiting for the light to improve. Don was to circle the north side of Moen, come down east of Dublon and join me as I completed a tour of the main anchorage and flew through the Dublon-Fefan corridor. Well inside the lagoon we parted company to go our separate ways.

The anchorage was empty. I swung south to look in on Mesegon, and found three small coastal craft which the boys shot up with their guns, but the Mesegon air strip was still not operational and I turned toward Uligar Pass. Suddenly Whisky Jazz Jaskiewicz called delightedly over the interphone: "Hey! Here comes Commander Gumz with an escort!"

Commander Gumz indeed had an escort. He had five Jap fighters on his tail! Here is his own version of what he saw when he came tearing across Truk lagoon to join us:

"When the Zekes and Oscars lit after me, I high-tailed for you, to get the added protection of your guns. You were cruising along, evidently looking for us and hunting for some targets. Jaskiewicz was lazily leaning on his folded arms in the open waist hatch.

"Well, he heard us coming and looked up. Didn't budge off his elbows—just watched us as we came jinking up with those five Japs making passes at us. You'd have thought he was back home, gazing out a window. Until we were in range. Then, without a wasted motion, he reached out for his gun, swung it around, and began shooting."

That's the kind of crew I had. It just happened to be Jaskiewicz on this occasion; any other member of the crew might have been equally cool.

ENEMY fighters were not exactly rare in Truk. On almost every occasion they had risen to attack our carrier planes and Army bombers. We, however, didn't usually flush them—we came in so low and worked the element of surprise so carefully that we were able to pin them down with bombs and machine-gun fire before they could get off the ground to challenge us. Janeshek, "thumbing his nose" over Truk in broad daylight, had once been chased by five fighters, but most of the time we were concerned only with the enemy's ground fire or fire from the ships we attacked.

Now, with five Zekes and Oscars stabbing at us, we retired at best possible speed, which wasn't much, because both planes were low on gas and still toting bomb loads, and we had to stay in "cruising combination" on our engines. The Japs, of course, stayed with us.

I turned for a rain squall about fifteen miles to the east and ordered the boys to pull up the belly turret to cut down our wind resistance. Smarter Japs would have taken advantage of that, coming up from below where we were then vulnerable. These didn't. As we headed for the clouds, the fighters kept darting at us, making slight overhead passes and flat side runs. Thwarted by the combined fire power of our guns, they appeared to be timid, uncertain, and preferred to stay just out of range.

Presently one of them dropped out, smoking from a hit, and another, attacking from ahead, dropped phosphorous bombs—umbrella-like affairs with long white streamers that floated weirdly past Thunder Mug's wing tips as I jinked. In and out of the clouds we played tag with them, holding our fire until they came in, then watching them falter and turn away as the Liberators' guns discouraged them.

A second Jap began smoking and peeled away, but the other three still heckled us as we plugged along, leading them farther and farther from their base at Truk. At last after thirty-two minutes they had had enough, and we turned for Ponape to complete the tour of our search sector and hunt up a target for our bombs. We caught a little light and medium flak from the ground defenses but found no worth-while targets, and so, with our bombs still aboard and the boys yawning at their guns, I swung down over the small islands lying in the harbor.

There we stirred up some action. The Japs had a seaplane base in the harbor and were evidently hopeful of keeping it a going concern. The AA fire was heavy and accurate as our two planes punished the place with machine guns. As we turned for home, I realized that Thunder Mug had been hit. In retaliation for the damage done by my seven 1,000-pound bombs—not to mention those dropped by Don Gumz—the Ponape Nips had sent up some all-too-accurate flak, and we had caught a sizable portion of it.

This time it was moderately serious. The flak-torn lines of the hydraulic system began to leak precious fluid. The radio fizzled out. I began to worry about the brakes.

Don Gumz arrived at Eniwetok first and went on in. In Thunder Mug I doped along while the crew checked and tried to repair our damage. Even Paul Ramsey was stumped this time, however. "Our hydraulic fluid's gone," he reported, shaking his head. "That's bad, captain."

It was bad enough. The air strip at Eniwetok had not been designed to accommodate brakeless Liberators. I tested the brakes gingerly, not wanting to use what little fluid might be left. They appeared to be working. But we couldn't be sure.

As we neared the island, Ramsey came up into the cockpit and said, "Skipper, why don't we rig parachutes in the waist hatches and trip them as we land, just to be on the safe side? They ought to slow us down at least."

"All right, go ahead," I agreed. "And tell the rest of the boys to run aft as we go in. That will hike her nose up and dig the tail skag into the ground."

The parachutes were rigged as I circled the field, pumping the flaps and landing gear down by hand. I couldn't radio the tower that we were coming in crippled: our radio had been shot up beyond repair.

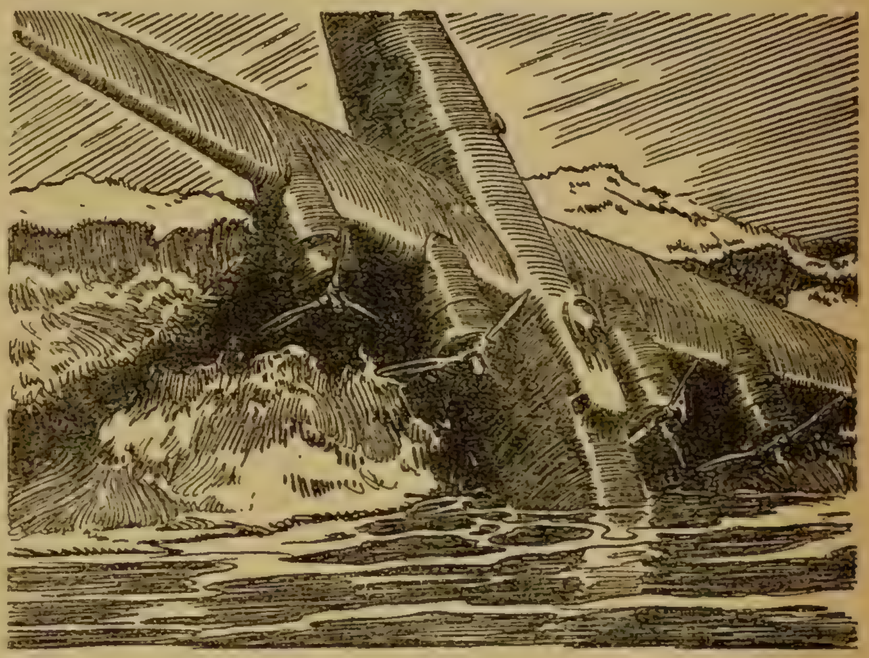
I reached for the interphone. "All set back aft?"

"All set. Just give the word."

The wheels touched the coral. I applied the brakes. They wouldn't hold us, and my shout over the interphone, "Trip chutes!" was a waste of time. The interphone picked that moment of all moments to cease functioning, and the boys never heard the word of command.

At something like sixty miles an hour I tried to ground-loop Thunder Mug as she sped toward a row of parked carrier planes at the end of the field. We missed the parked planes, but the ground-loop fizzled. We slued off the field, traveled down across the road, came within inches of colliding with a jeep, and plunged down the embankment fifteen feet, into three feet of water, smashing the bow turret (which was unoccupied, of course) and burying Thunder Mug's nose in the coral. For just a moment we all sat there—dazed, I think, by the realization that the plane which had carried us all over the Pacific for nearly eight months would never again roll down a runway.

Jack Simmen, the bow-turret gunner, climbed out of a waist hatch and waded out to his turret, which had broken off and dropped into the water. Simmen was the work horse of the crew, a big quiet boy who had spent nearly all his time at the plane, grinding away at the guns, patching up holes, cleaning her up. Waist-deep in the ocean, he put his arms around the shattered turret and stood there holding it. His gesture was a caress. He spoke, I know, for all of us—though he said nothing at all.



The following day we watched in silence while the Seabees pulled old Thunder Mug out of the ocean with bulldozers and towed her to the boneyard.

KAS

August 2 was the anniversary of our commissioning, but the squadron could not be together for a celebration. Some of us were on Eniwetok, others were living in the mud on Saipan. Nevertheless we did our best to mark the occasion.

At Eniwetok, the new squadron generously assumed our patrols for the day, and with the help of an extra case or two of beer we held an outdoor party. It wound up with the enlisted men tossing their officers into the ocean—an old Navy custom on such occasions—and with me running a marathon around the Quonsets with half the squadron personnel in hot pursuit.

On Saipan, where living conditions were more primitive, the four crews of our advanced echelon held a celebration in a mudhole. The usual rain had been falling, the tents were inundated, there was no place in camp to sit. Undeterred, the boys caught two small Japanese pigs. They were too chickenhearted to kill the pigs; Tom Seabrook, our "Baedeker of the South Seas," had to do it for them. They roasted the animals on a spit made from a discarded wagon axle, devoured them with green onions from a Jap garden, and washed them down with hot canned beer, after which they sat around in the mud and rain until three o'clock in the morning, singing songs about the Navy, the Marines, the Army Air Corps (!), and especially of home.

One of those who celebrated our anniversary with enthusiasm was Lieutenant Elmer Kasperson, who had been with the squadron since its commissioning. Always quiet and cheerful, Kas had unlimited energy, a rich deep sense of humor, and a genuine love of flying. He liked to explore the Pacific in his Liberator. He liked to discover new islands. His crew was always coming home with stories.

For example: Kas had reached the end of his search sector one day and was about to turn for home when he saw an enemy destroyer plowing through the sea up ahead. The Japs saw the Liberator at about the same time. As Kas went in to attack, they laid a solid screen of flak in front of him.

Kas turned away and went in again, feinting, but the Japs would not be fooled. Again, and a third time, the ship's gunners hung an accurate curtain of fire in the plane's path.

Kas drew away. "We wouldn't have a prayer, going in there," he admitted to his co-pilot. And to his radioman: "Tell 'em we'll be back some other day."

The radioman blinked a message. "O. K., you guys, you win this time, but we'll be back."

Promptly the destroyer blinked an answer in English: "Okay yourself. Roger."

EARLY in August, on Saipan, Hicks and Bundy and Seabrook and Kasperson undertook the difficult and dangerous task of heckling the Kazans and Bonins between two days of attacks by carrier-based aircraft. The carrier planes were to hit Iwo Jima and Chichi Jima during the daylight hours of August 4 and 5. The four Saipan-based Liberators, operating in relays, were to pester these islands throughout the intervening night, denying the enemy an opportunity to attack our carriers, repair his damaged airfields, or bring in new planes.

Lieutenant Commander Hicks and Lieutenant Commander Bundy drew the Iwo Jima assignment, and Hicks went first, taking off from Saipan at seven thirty in the evening. He found Iwo Jima hidden under a storm that reached 20,000 feet into the sky. With zero visibility he heckled the island with small bombs, crossing back and forth over it through the storm, until two o'clock in the morning. The enemy ground fire was blind and ineffective. The Japs were shooting at a ghost plane.

Bundy, flying with my own Thunder Mug crew, arrived over the island as Hicks departed. The weather was still atrocious, the island still hidden by squalls and clouds. Continuing the heckling, Bundy flew back and forth over the airfields as Hicks had done.

My crew told me later that they had never seen a pilot fly so audaciously low under zero-zero conditions. "We all but scraped the tops off the trees," they said, marveling at Bundy's adroit handling of the plane, "and there were times when we thought we never would pull up over that bluff at the northern end of Iwo."

But Bundy was unlucky. One of the blind-firing ground guns picked him up. Enemy AA exploded among the plane's oxygen bottles and set the ammunition boxes on fire, holed the rudder, damaged an engine. He had to fly home through incredibly bad weather on three engines—"and, skipper," my crew said, "he handled that plane as if he'd built her with his own ten fingers." At seven in the morning he put the crippled plane down on Isley Field, with all hands safe.

LIEUTENANT SEABROOK and Lieutenant Kasperson meanwhile had drawn the Chichi Jima assignment and planned to heckle airfield and island together. Kasperson took off first, at seven ten in the evening, just before Hicks left for Iwo. Hicks passed him out over the ocean, halfway to the target, and saw the tracers as Kasperson's gunners test-fired their weapons. Seabrook departed from Saipan a little while later.

Seabrook arrived at Chichi soon after midnight and found the same ugly weather that was making the task so difficult at Iwo. He heckled the place, pinning the Japs down, until quarter past two. Then, concerned because he had seen no sign of Kasperson, he returned to Saipan.

Old Kas did not come back. He and his crew may have perished; they may be prisoners. We don't know.

"WELL DONE!"

During the remaining few days of our tour of duty we flew a few missions to Wake, Ponape, and Truk, but the major work was finished. We had been out long enough. On August 7 I went out to Admiral Hoover's ship to consult with him, and the admiral said he was requesting permission to send us home.

I returned to our Eniwetok camp to pass the word to all who were there—some were on patrol—and found most of them at the movies.

These were open-air movies, down by the ocean. The boys were sitting there in a drizzle, doggedly soaking up their "entertainment." I climbed up on the platform and told them the news. The boys stood up and cheered. Then I boarded a plane of another squadron that was taking off to relieve our planes at Saipan, for I wanted very much to be the first to deliver the good news there as well.

Our crews on Saipan had been hunting for Kasperson night and day since his disappearance.

Luck was against me. Arriving at Saipan, I found that Admiral Spruance had already sent our planes back to Eniwetok—Admiral Hoover had ordered the new squadron to take over—and the only 109 men on the island were Ted Steele, our ACI officer, and John Sladich, a yeoman. They were lonely, both of them—sick of the Saipan mud, the flies, the mosquitoes, and the incessant rain. The loss of Kasperson had sobered all of us.

I sent a dispatch requesting the plane on patrol in that sector to pick us up. But while we waited in the mud, cussing out our luck, the weather worsened and the rain began to fall in bucketfuls. Then a fog thickened along the coast, moving in to blanket the mountains and hide the airfields, and we knew there was no use waiting for the plane because it wasn't coming.

It was Ted's birthday. Even on Saipan there was bound to be a bottle of something somewhere. We went on the prowl and came up, just before dark, with a pint of whisky.

Unhappily, however, there was but one comfortable place in the camp area in which to sit with a bottle of whisky—or even just to sit—and that, at the moment, was being occupied by Commander Don Gumz and Lieutenant Charles Cervone of the new squadron. They were scheduled to fly the next day and needed their sleep. So, to be sure that we would not annoy them with our talking, we moved out of this cozy little tumbledown shack.

Outside the shack a jeep was parked, with a canvas cover stretched over it to keep out the rain. Beneath this canvas we celebrated Ted's birthday, passing the bottle back and forth now and then to build up a bit of resistance against the damp night air. We talked mostly of home, of Ted's wife, Peg, and the baby that was coming (Ted might learn a lot from a five-time papa like me!), and of Thelma and the youngsters in Jacksonville, and of what it would mean to us to be home again after so many months of living in a strictly masculine world on small crowded Pacific islands.

Suddenly Ted raised a hand. "Listen!" he said. I heard a soft clicking sound that puzzled me. "Must be Commander Gumz," Ted whispered, "tapping his Academy ring on the iron hinges of his cot, asking us in a nice way to be more quiet out here. We'd better move." So we went and sat in the cane field, where the ground was sodden and the rain watered the whisky.

It was eerie, sitting there in the dark. About a mile and a half away, marines were scratching with machine guns and flame throwers at dug-in Japs who had refused to surrender, and in the cane field itself other marines were hunting down Jap snipers. Every now and then a rifle spoke, a bullet whistled, and we heard voices. Then the black sky would open, dumping gallons of rain on us, and we would scurry back to the shelter of the canvas-covered jeep. And when we had been there a while, trying to continue our reminiscing without speaking above a whisper, that same tapping would send us back to the cane field. This went on until at last the bottle was empty and we crawled into bed, wet through and shivering.

In the morning I apologized to Don Gumz for having kept him awake. "Awake?" he said. "I slept like a log."

"But the clicking noise," I protested. "*That* clicking noise!" And we both looked at the rafters overhead, where something was again making a sound like a ring tapping on metal. And then we laughed. But the little brown chameleon sitting up there on the rafter, snapping its tail or its scales or whatever it is that chameleons snap to produce that clicking sound, was entitled to the last laugh after all.

THAT day, when Ted, Sladich, and I boarded a plane as passengers for the trip back to Eniwetok, the field was jammed with fighter planes. For an hour and a half we taxied around them and through them, trying to find room to get to the runway for a take-off, and finally, after sinking wheel-deep in the mud at the edge of the strip, we had to be hauled out by tractor and bulldozer. Away at last, with someone else at the controls for a change, I stretched out with Ted on a mat of bedding in the waist compartment, and with nothing to do and hours to do it in, we whiled away the time remembering old songs.

"Ted, I used to play trombone in the church choir back in Winston-Salem. That was a long time ago."

"Skipper, I'm thirty-two myself, in spite of this shimmering red hair. It will be good to get home. Do you suppose my baby will have red hair?"

We sang Whispering and My Blue Heaven and Side by Side and Who and Smoke Gets in Your Eyes. We hummed hymns and snatches of opera and bits of symphonies—just as I had used to do while riding in the evening along North Carolina roads with Thelma Davis. As night came on, we lay there watching the stars, still singing old songs and talking of home.

At Eniwetok we were given the red light and ordered to proceed to Engebi, at the north side of the atoll. It was midnight when we landed, and so we spent the night in the open after all, under the wing of the plane at the edge of the Engebi air strip, and went on to Eniwetok in the morning.

("This didn't bother the skipper much," Ted Steele reported. "Dead tired, we curled up in blankets beneath the plane and were asleep instantly. About 3 A. M., however, a squadron of fighters took off, growling down the runway about a yard from our heads. At 4 A. M. a squadron of Army bombers thundered by, and at five, a squadron of Liberators. At this point, sleepily opening his eyes, the skipper frowned at me and said, 'You know, Ted, we must be somewhere near an airfield, huh?' "—H. B. C.)

VB-109 flew its last patrol on August 16. In seven and a half months of operation in the combat zone we had made 1,141 operational flights. Now, with three messages of farewell from high commands to all hands, we were ordered to return to San Diego for reorganization and reassignment.

From Admiral Hoover, Commander Forward Area, Central Pacific; from Admiral Towers, Commander Air Force, U. S. Pacific Fleet; and from Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, Commander in Chief, U. S. Pacific Fleet: "It is enough to say that the enemy will be glad you have left the forward area. Congratulations on an outstanding tour of combat duty. Well done!"

THE U. S. A. at last!

I hurried to a telephone and said what thousands of men must have said before me, and thousands more will say after me: "Darling, I'm back. I'll be home." But there was some official running around to do first—Washington, New York, Washington again—and it seemed a very long time later when at last I stepped off the train in Jacksonville.

It was late, nearly midnight. The station was jammed with servicemen from near-by camps, waiting for trains to take them north. Outside, a lone cab stood at the curb, with two or three passengers already aboard and waiting for the driver to fill his vehicle—for these were days of "cab pooling." I put down my bag.

"Are you going out by Shirley Avenue?"

"Sure," the driver said. "Get in. I'll be leaving in five minutes." I hadn't telephoned. The train might be late and I had not wanted her to wait in the station at that hour of night. Now I sat in the cab—five minutes, ten, fifteen. Impatient.

"Driver, when do we get started?"

"In five minutes, I told you."

"Dammit, that was fifteen minutes ago!"

"So what? I have to fill up my cab, don't I?"

Ten minutes more. I wasn't used to these home-front tribulations. In a Liberator you travel far and fast, and I had come nearly halfway around the world, only to be held up at the last mile. I got out, took my bag, and began walking. Then, surprisingly, another cab drew up alongside me on the empty street.

There was a light in the sitting room of the house on Shirley Avenue. Thelma, of course—probably reading a book. The kids would be asleep at this hour. I went around to the back door and fumbled for a key I had not used in months. Opened the door softly. Tiptoed into the kitchen.

She was talking on the telephone in the sitting room. Talking quietly. I could hear the voice but not the words. So I waited. Just a little while. Put my bag down.

"Hey," I said at last, "what does a guy have to do to get a welcome around here?"

I heard a little gasp. Then, into the phone: "He's home! He's here now!" The phone clicked and she was running.

THE END

Puzzle 331 8/4/45

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By JOSEPH ANTHONY

ONE of the most flamboyant characters in American history is rescued from obscurity by **Edgcumb Pinchon** in his biography, **Dan Sickles.**

Sickles began his uproarious career as a New York politician in the heyday of Tammany Hall. In 1858 he came into national notoriety by shooting down Philip Barton Key, who had seduced Mrs. Sickles. (The outraged husband was himself a famed rake, but his "honor" had to be vindicated, and a jury found him not guilty of murder.) When the Civil War came, he slashed at the system of locally controlled armies that was fettering the military power of the North, and organized a brigade of volunteers.

Dan Sickles

To all appearances, General Sickles was simply a loud-talking bluffer who loved to swagger in gaudy uniforms. But he turned out to be one of those rare characters, a bluffer who makes good when the showdown comes. His instinct for leadership was a crucial factor in the Union victory at Gettysburg. On that battlefield he lost a leg and won the deep respect of Lincoln and Grant.

Appointed Ambassador to Spain during the Grant administration, the amorous Sickles promptly made love to Queen Isabella—and became known as "the Yankee King of Spain." A contemporary writer said of him, "He wears his crutches as though they were medals—as he should!"

Sickles had large holdings in the Erie Railroad. Their value being threatened by the manipulations of Jay Gould, he hurried to New York and organized a successful rebellion of the stockholders.

Gould visited the old soldier and said, "You're not the kind of man I want for an enemy. Let's get together—"

Mr. Pinchon tells: "The unfinished sentence ended in a yelp as a crutch, slung at him, caught him square in the face. . . . The General grabbed him by the collar and the seat of his pants, and hurled him through the open window."

Gould, says Mr. Pinchon, landed in a flower bed—whereupon Sickles lamented: "The damned scoundrel—my poor violets!"

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., Garden City, New York. Price $3.50.

RAFAEL SABATINI'S new novel, **The Birth of Mischief,** takes the reader to the Prussia of brutal, gluttonous King Frederick William and his scheming son whom history has ironically labeled "Frederick the Great."

This being a Sabatini story, the cast of characters naturally includes a valiant English nobleman who is carving out a career with his sword. There is also a damsel in distress, rescued by the strong right arm and fast-thinking brain of the redoubtable English marquis. Mr. Sabatini, having made this concession to cloak-and-sword romance, proceeds to give his audience a lively and realistic panorama of eighteenth-century history.

Rafael Sabatini

As the title of this book indicates, the author has high-lighted certain phases of the career of Frederick the Great that show his spiritual kinship with the late Adolf the Führer. Each built a structure of force on a foundation of treachery; each began as a self-pitying hysteric and developed into a pitiless killer; and each fancied himself as a connoisseur of music.

Published by Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. Price $2.50.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

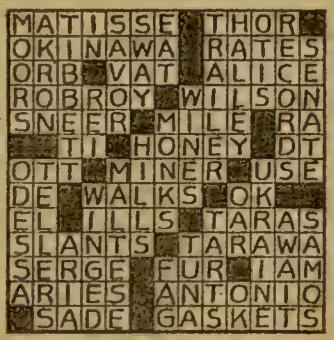
BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

1 Something to slip on in the bathroom
5 Shoots the breeze for four or five hours (fem.)
10 Love seat
14 What Amber wasn't
15 A five- to six-foot ruler
16 An English pound
17 Battery drool
18 Open the throat valves and let the hot air out
19 This major is a shining example among the higher-ups
20 A follower of crime
22 Nowadays you can't live without 'em
24 Lassies' favorites
25 This barks when you run into it in the dark
26 Trees, trees, trees
29 Things America never had to take to
33 What lovers arrive in the park in
34 Cuts the motor and wafts
35 I/II of CIV
36 Venus had quite a few by Mars
37 Pitcher's box
38 Prestidigitator's shillelagh
39 Product of a dumb cluck
40 Something Shane never makes
41 This may be past, but it's also perfect
42 Pinch
44 Low things to report about Johnny
45 What the Kentucky Derby winner was rewarded with
46 A basis for one's understanding
47 Soak up
50 A lovely head of skin (two words)
54 Nazis
55 Even the worms won't eat him
57 A white slave
58 Beat out a helpful anagram
59 What greedy landlords keep trying to break these days
60 I. C. C. fixture on R. R.s
61 Losses sustained in the stake business
62 A European gal.
63 He'll be happy on the judgment day

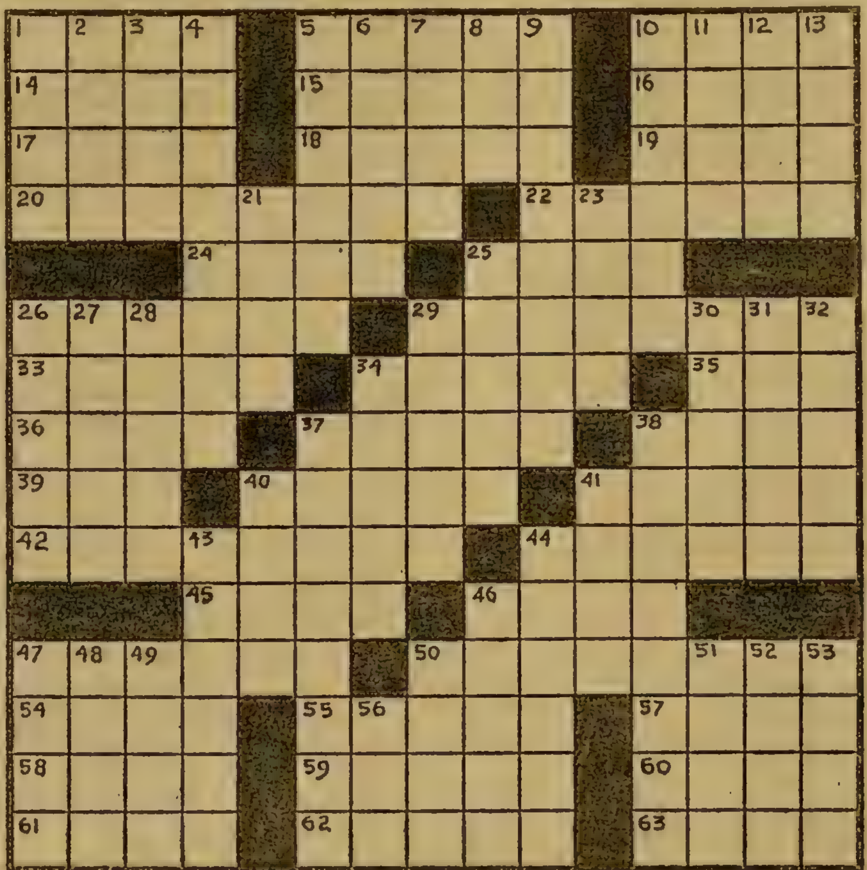
VERTICAL

1 Vitamineral springs
2 What to say in a pinch
3 The tenor yelled and screamed so loud during this, he blew out a tonsil
4 They spread their sales by foot
5 Eisenhower greeters
6 Things rabbits never care to split
7 A door is not a door when it's what?
8 Loop the loop by hand
9 He watches a flock of red points
10 Look a little cockeyed
11 Ozarkian possessive pronoun
12 A hard thing to come in contact with (it's five in one)
13 Gal's name (pl.)
21 A pair of emergency turbines for the Queen Mary
23 Squelches a screechy thing
25 A maddening character
26 Recesses
27 The healthiest thing you can do in gloomy weather
28 The hot wild dog of Australia
29 He regrets that they are making it faster'n he can drink it
30 The big ox!
31 Henna dunk
32 They have their ins and outs
34 What you'll find on the lips of Lily Pons (pl.)
37 One thing on everybody's mind
38 Rides out the storm and sunshine predictions
40 Each one has five points
41 Dogfooted it
43 Chicken is high around here (pl.)
44 He hits the ground with clubs and curses
46 A Halloween face
47 He plays in the Moslem League in a white uniform
48 Ruth, when old, will be a what?
49 Let 'er be, printer!
50 The U is now silent in this
51 He certainly made a mess of his pottage
52 Neat beginning
53 If he ran away and married his aunt would you call it an antelope?
56 A higher-up (Latin)



M	A	T	I	S	S	E	■	T	H	O	R	■
O	K	I	N	A	W	A	■	R	A	T	E	S
O	R	B	■	V	A	T	■	A	L	I	C	E
R	O	B	R	O	Y	■	W	I	L	S	O	N
S	N	E	E	R	■	M	I	L	E	■	R	A
■	■	T	I	■	H	O	N	E	Y	■	D	T
O	T	T	■	M	I	N	E	R	■	U	S	E
D	E	■	W	A	L	K	S	■	O	K	■	■
E	L	■	I	L	L	S	■	T	A	R	A	S
S	L	A	N	T	S	■	T	A	R	A	W	A
S	E	R	G	E	■	F	U	R	■	I	A	M
A	R	I	E	S	■	A	N	T	O	N	I	O
■	S	A	D	E	■	G	A	S	K	E	T	S

Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

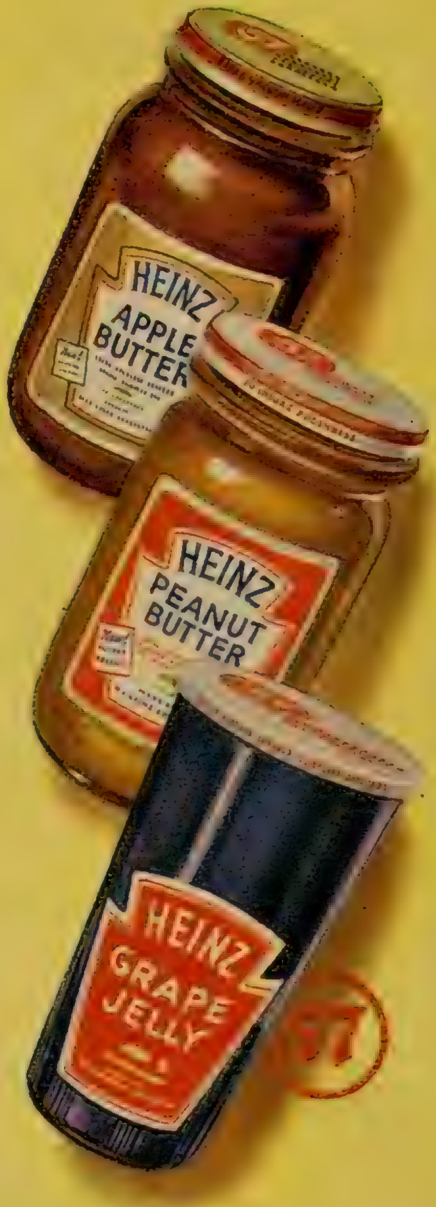
Delectable Spreads Pinch-hit for Butter!

With butter high in points and hard to get, women are finding savory, nourishing substitutes in Heinz fine-flavored spreads and jellies

● ● Picture a smoking-hot muffin on your breakfast plate heaped to its golden-brown edges with the rich, smooth, fruity spiciness of old-fashioned Heinz Apple Butter! You'll love it. *Everybody* does! (And they also like plain toast spread with this tempting Apple Butter.)

● ● All-time favorite with the young-and-hungry are sandwiches made from Heinz Peanut Butter combined with chopped Sun-Maid Raisins and a touch of mayonnaise. Heinz Peanut Butter is especially good for butterless sandwiches because it keeps smooth and moist.

● ● Delicate, shimmering Heinz Grape Jelly (made from fresh grapes, sugar) and chopped nuts piled on thin triangles of white bread make the daintiest of tidbits for your tea. Try this spread too, as a delicious topping for plain cake.



HEINZ Apple Butter
Peanut Butter
Grape Jelly

WALDO THE WEEP

Continued from Page 33

But he is determined. Finally Ollie asks Waldo how is he going to have his demise performed.

"I'm trying to arrange for a professional job," Waldo answers with a trace of pride. "I been shopping around. But will you believe me, all the gunners I talk to want fifty dollars for the job. I believe they are fixing prices," he complains. "And when I argue they ought to give me a special rate on account of I will co-operate, they say it makes no difference to them whether I co-operate or not. But, they say, if I am going to be the subject, they must insist on cash in advance, for they do not see any future in extending credit to me."

No Dice expresses himself as being shocked at the price. And Ollie Musto says he understands fixing prices is illegal, and he urges Waldo, as a good citizen, to have nothing to do with such lawbreakers. And Waldo says he won't. He explains he has figured how to get a cheaper job done: that he won twenty bucks from Billy Red which Billy Red has never paid, and that all he needs do is ask Billy Red for the twenty, and that Billy Red will arrange gratis for his, Waldo's, demise forthwith.

"That way," Waldo says, looking very smug, "I get a professional job for only twenty dollars, and for twenty dollars I would never collect anyway."

About this time Waldo mentions that he would sure like to have one of Chophouse Charlie's steak dinners before he goes. And Ollie Musto says, "Why, sure. Meet me there tomorrow night, and I'll be pleased and honored to have you as my guest." Waldo protests a long time, through his tears, that he plans to end everything that night. But finally, for the sake of old times, Waldo lets himself be talked into accepting the invitation. And Waldo says he would not dream of doing anything final before this supper, since it would be most impolite to stand Ollie up.

After Waldo goes, Ollie gives us the wink and we assemble in the back room. It does not take us long to agree that we got to organize and to try to cheer Waldo up and to keep him alive until we manage somehow to get those letters back.

For the next week or two we take turns looking after Waldo, buying him expensive meals and fixing him with drinks and such. We try and get him drunk enough to give back the letters. But with no luck. And what is worse, Waldo remains as sorrowful as ever. He is most demanding. Any time his host does not order the best on the menu, Waldo starts talking about how nobody loves him and maybe he better end it all right away immediately after supper.

This is most expensive, and naturally most depressing to all of us. One night we hold a meeting, and No Dice takes the floor. He wonders if we are not doing Waldo a bad turn in keeping him alive this way, and prolonging his agony, so to speak. I ask if what he is leading up to might not be considered illegal, and, besides, what about the letters? And then Ollie asks what if Waldo should change his mind about suiciding?

No Dice says he is disappointed in both of us, that Waldo says he wants to commit suicide, and it is an insult to Waldo not to believe him. He gives us quite a lecture on the duties of friendship and how we must take an unselfish attitude and consider only how to arrange Waldo's demise in a manner where it will be plain we have nothing to do with it.

"If we can do that," he ends in a triumphant voice, "we got nothing to fear about the letters."

BY this time I feel all warm inside and philanthropic toward Waldo.

"Maybe we can let Waldo have it around somebody's private premises, so it will look like the owner does the dispatching," No Dice suggests. "That way, the cops won't pay much attention to them letters."

The brilliance of the idea keeps us all silent for a minute.

"Swell!" Ollie agrees admiringly. "I been owing Center Street Mickey a favor for a long time. Let us leave Waldo in the back of Mickey's delivery truck."

No Dice does not like this. He says immediately that the whole plan is his, and he ought to get to designate who gets loaded with Waldo. Furthermore, he says, everybody knows he owes By-by Henry a debt from way back, and leaving Waldo on Henry's front porch will go a long way toward leveling things up.

Speed Collatti puts an end to all this bickering.

"Gentlemen," he says firmly, "now is no time for settling personal grudges. If we are to dispose of Waldo, it must be for the common good. We can't go leaving him around promiscuous like, and clear ourselves. What we must do is arrange things so Waldo's exit looks strictly on the up-and-up. And who," he asks, "is a better person to give Waldo a legitimate demise than some respectable party like a watchman?"

We are all loud in praise of Speed's idea. When we ask how we are going to arrange this, he says it will be most simple. He says we all know that Flannigan, who watches at the A. & B. warehouse, is a very nervous guy with his gun; that all we got to do is to ask Waldo to deliver a package some night to Flannigan, and, after Waldo starts, to phone Flannigan that a hijacker is on his way over.

"Flannigan is sure to start blasting soon as he sees Waldo," Speed ends.

There is some debate whether we should tell Waldo what we plan to do for him. But we decide not to, especially after No Dice points out that Waldo might not understand we are only doing this out of a feeling of kindness for him.

Later, I think maybe we should have explained things to Waldo, since he does not co-operate. He takes the package over O. K., but when Flannigan comes out of the warehouse blasting, Waldo does not stop to get a receipt for the package like we tell him to. Instead, he comes back out of the alley fast, and there is always a debate whether Flannigan misses because Waldo leads the bullets, or because Waldo is running practically horizontal with the ground and does not present any target to speak of.

When we see Waldo later, No Dice is very much annoyed, and upbraids Waldo severely for running.

"After all the trouble we take to arrange for you to get bumped off legitimately, you go and ruin everything," No Dice complains in great indignation. "There is no reason for you running like that. You tell us you want to cash in, and then, when we try to help, you go and run out on us. It is things like that," No Dice says, "that undermine one's faith in human nature."

Waldo, it turns out, has a very small mind. Instead of apologizing for running, he says in a mean voice he will appreciate it if we keep our noses out of his business, and, furthermore, he will arrange for his own demise in his own time and manner. Then Waldo pulls a notebook out of his pocket and announces that he has started to keep a diary, and that he is going to put down all this that we try to do to him, and that if we try to help him out any more, he will put that down too.

"And when I do depart," he says nasty like, "you will all have a nice time explaining away both the letters and my diary."

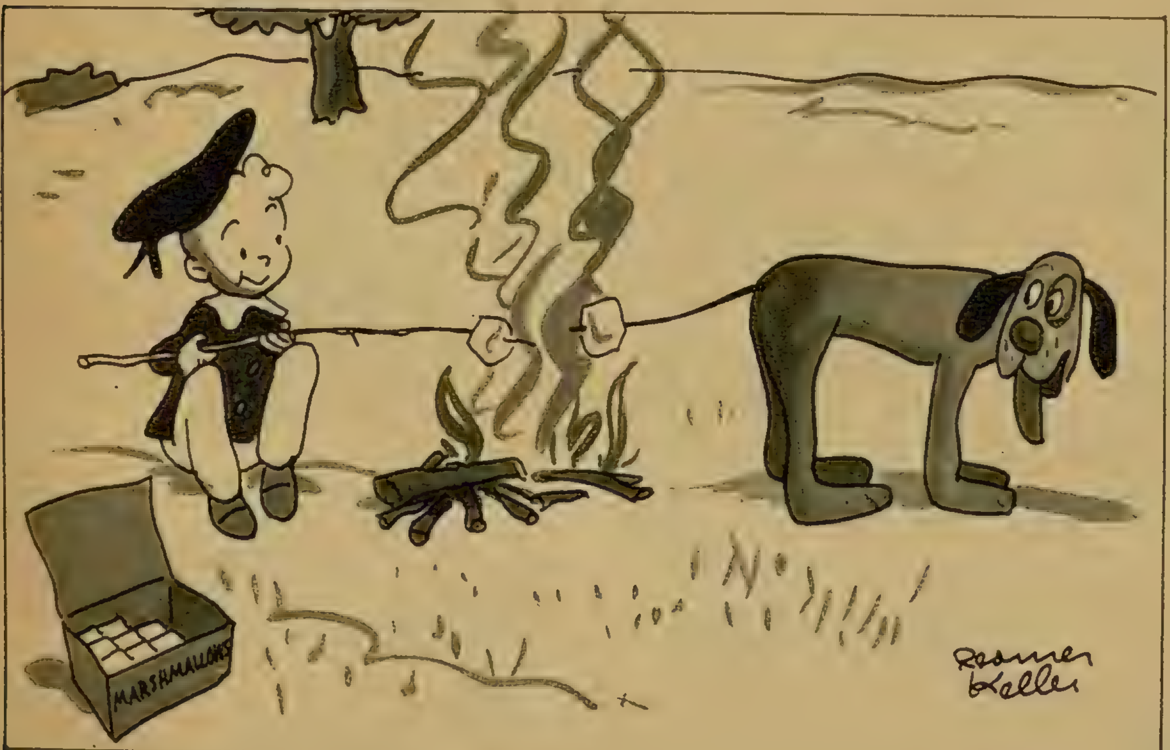
IT gives me chills to hear Waldo talk like this. In my imagination already I can hear the warden asking do I prefer to have my chair heated by alternating or direct current. There is no more talk about helping Waldo out, leastwise not out of this world.

Despite all this, Waldo is not upset enough to lose his appetite. If anything, he is more expensive and demanding than ever. And that is how matters stand when Ollie calls us together one night. He explains that he runs across Wando, or Mrs. Waldo, slinging hash in a restaurant, and it suddenly occurs to him that if we can reconcile Waldo and the little woman, maybe Waldo will cheer up and change his mind about suiciding.

It is worth a try, so we call on Mrs. Waldo, and she is only too willing to forgive and forget if Waldo is willing, and she suggests we all come around to her apartment for a genuine home-cooked meal. And to bring Waldo along.

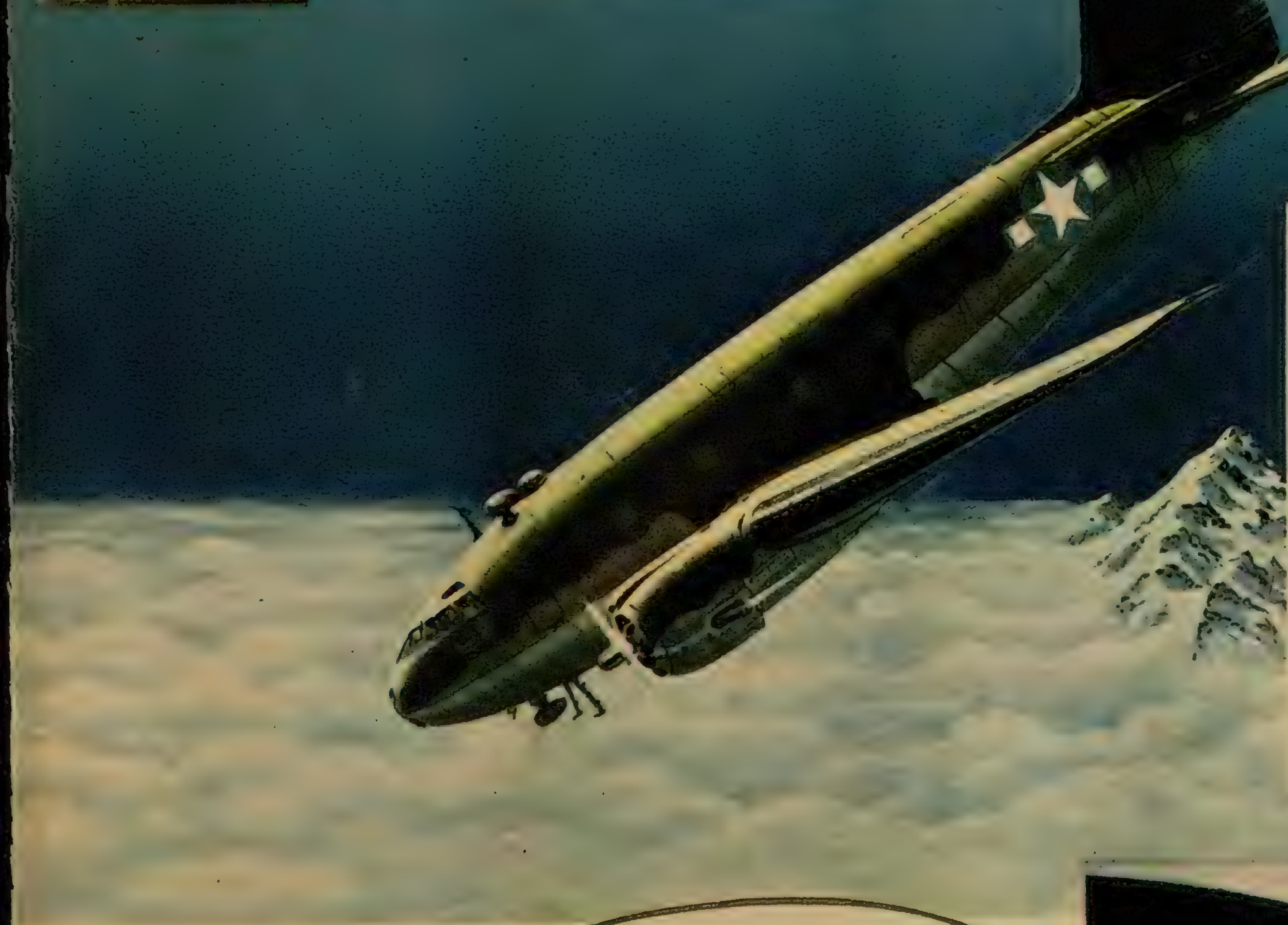
(Continued on page 58)

HARDTACK



"When a GIANT CARGO PLANE outdives a Jap Zero... THAT'S NEWS!"

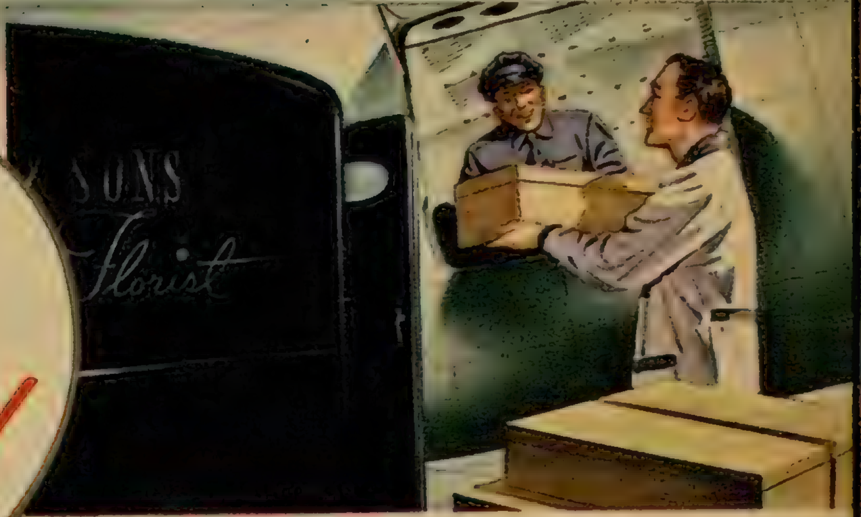
Based on a true story taken from the war record of the Curtiss Commando



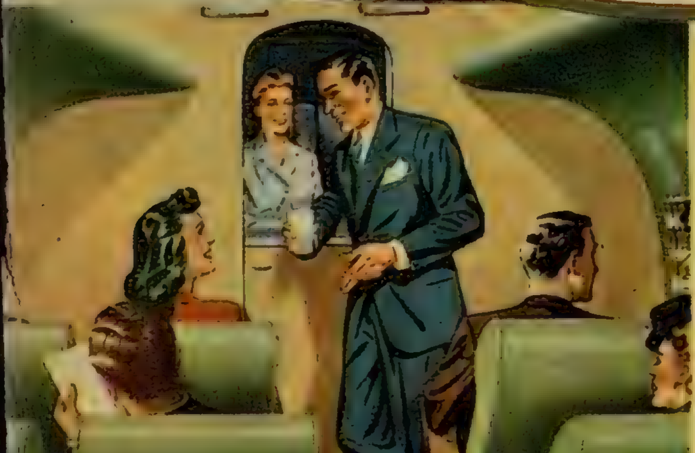
"Armed only with my trusty typewriter, I was headed *over the Hump* from India to China to get on-the-spot news. Every time I looked at that 19,000-foot rockpile, I couldn't help thinking, 'Is this trip necessary?' But when they loaded us into a Curtiss Commando, I felt better. That really is a great airplane. I've seen Commandos carry 6 x 6 trucks, bomber engines, and hordes of Chinese troops. And they made it, through weather that even grounded the birds. But here's the pay-off. One of those unarmed Commandos actually *outdove a Jap Zero!* With the Nip on its tail, that big ship went into a 405-mile-an-hour power dive, and beat that fast fighter to a cloud bank below. Believe me, when a giant transport plane can *take* a high-speed dive like that... *that's news!*"

THAT'S WHY I WANT TO RIDE THE AIRLINES THAT *Fly Commando!*

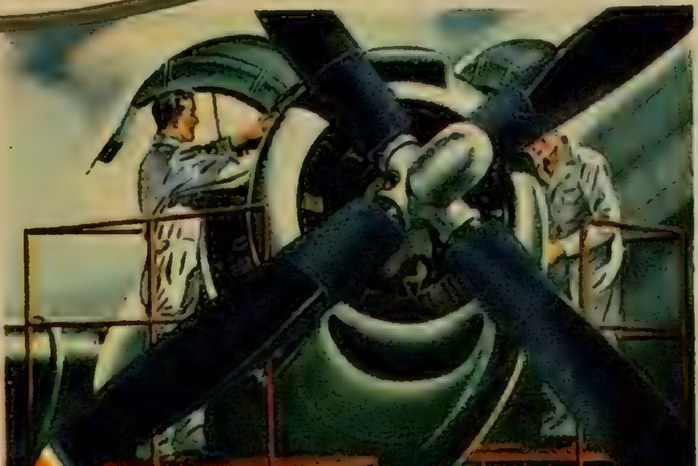
MOSCRIP MILLER
War Correspondent in the China-Burma-India theater



Corsages From the Sky. The corsages and bouquets that you buy stay lovely much longer when they are shipped by air. And the Commando offers 526 cubic feet of cargo space, where temperatures are controlled to prevent freezing, to fly flowers from the gardens where they are grown. For the florist that means less spoilage, more profit. And for you, there's a fresher, better buy!



There's Lots of M-m-m in meals aboard a Commando... world's largest, fastest, twin-engine transport. More varied and delicious menus are served from the big sky kitchen up front by two hostesses, or a steward and a hostess. And the tray-top Dutch door makes a perfect snack bar.

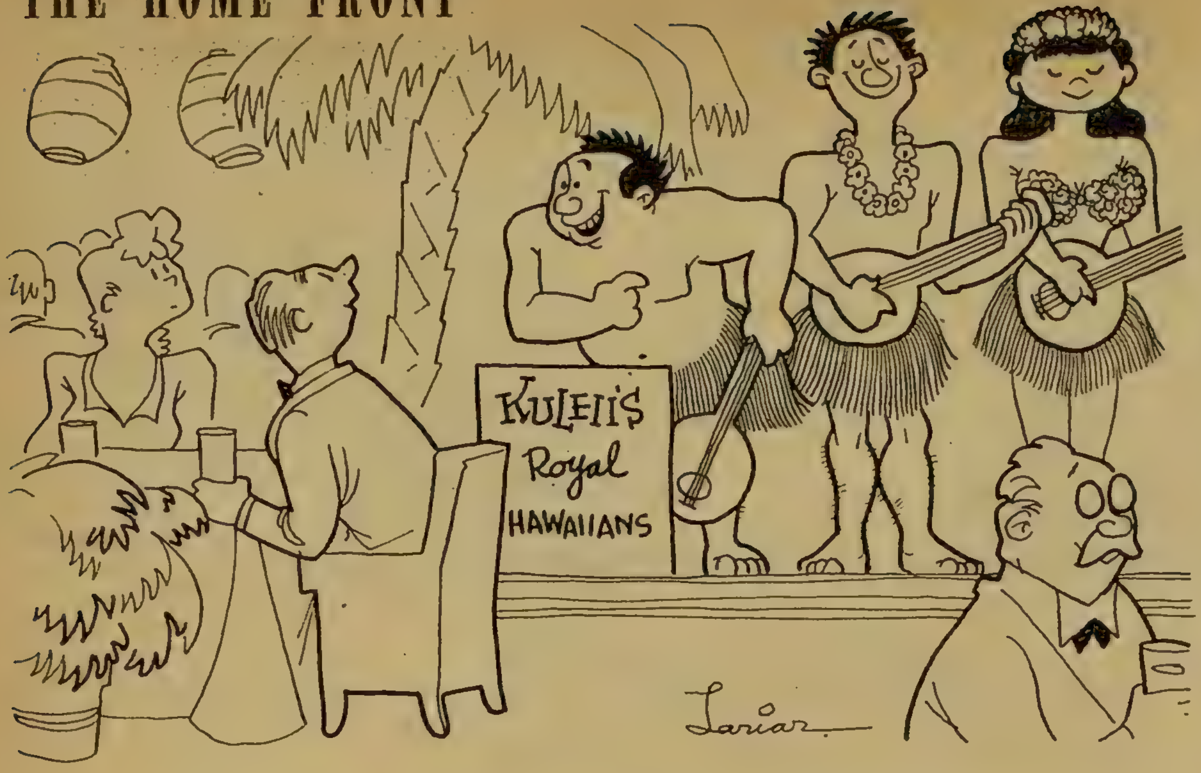


Check and Double-check. It's so much easier to check the Commando's twin engines at flight stops that over-all trip speed is greater. The cowl opens in eight panels... and one man can remove any section without tools by releasing hand-operated latches. Such unusual accessibility is a Commando "exclusive."

THE CURTISS
Commando
Today's Great Lifeliner
Tomorrow's Great Airliner

Curtiss
Wright
FIRST IN FLIGHT

THE HOME FRONT



"She's Portuguese; he's Irish—and I'm from Brooklyn!"

(*Continued from page 56*)

"The way to a man's heart is through his stomach," she says brightly. "Waldo and I were always planning to have a little apartment of our own, where I could cook for him. But we never did. You bring him around for a meal, and I'll have just what we always talked about, steak and potatoes and biscuits. And afterwards," she says with a coy smile, "Waldo and I will sit around and get reacquainted."

So this is how it happens that half a dozen of us go calling on her one night. And we take Waldo along. Only, of course, he does not know where he is going. And he is some surprised when he enters this apartment, and who is there but his own little woman. And, I must say this for Mrs. Waldo, she has Waldo's robe and slippers ready for him, just like he lives there.

No Dice gives the signal and we try to tiptoe out, but Mrs. Waldo insists that we all sit down to supper, which she says she cooks with her own hands, and which will be a big change from that junk we been eating in restaurants.

Well, we sit down, and I can testify that her cooking is a great change from any cooking I ever taste in a restaurant, or any other place I ever eat. The only place I figure you can match it is at the city incinerator or maybe the glue works. And I can see that when the other boys bite into the food they get the same idea.

It would not be so bad if Mrs. Waldo is not so generous. She insists that we take seconds and thirds before we are through with the firsts.

"By the way, Mrs. Waldo," Ollie asks, trying to make her overlook the fact he isn't eating anything much, "how is your little boy, Junior?"

"Junior?" she asks in a puzzled voice. "What Junior? Waldo and I haven't any children," she says merrily. "Have we, Waldo?"

She pops up without waiting for an answer and says she will get us some more biscuits. Waldo stands up casually and says he just remembers something and maybe he better be getting along.

Ollie shoves Waldo back down into his chair.

"Sit down, Waldo," Ollie says sweetly, like sugar-coated poison. "Sit down and tell us all about Junior who is supposed to get your insurance after you die. The Junior you do not want to cheat by committing an honest suicide."

Waldo looks around at all of us. And I guess we look pretty grim. Anyway, he is scared, plenty scared.

"There isn't any Junior. Or any insurance," Waldo says. He tries to laugh like it is a joke. Then he sobers. "I just made everything up. I didn't know how I was going to get through the winter, so I thought up the idea about the suicide and the threatening letters to get you to help me."

"So," Ollie says. "What about those letters? Where are they?"

Waldo fished into his pocket and pulled them out. Ollie looked the letters over hurriedly and tossed them back.

"O. K.," Ollie says. "Those are the letters all right. Now let's see you eat them."

"And the diary too," No Dice puts in.

Waldo gives us a kicked-pup look. But we been through too much, both financially and otherwise, to give him a tumble. He dips a letter into water, puts catsup on it, then crams it into his mouth. He follows with the rest of the letters, chewing all the while. As he puts the last letter in, he starts to prepare the diary.

"Smile," No Dice says.

WALDO gives us a sick grin. There is a sudden scream. We forget all about Mrs. Waldo. For a moment I am afraid she will light into us for picking on Waldo. But this is a very far thing from her mind.

"So!" she screams at Waldo. "You sit there and eat my biscuits like they are tombstones," she yells. "But as soon as I turn my back, you start eating paper and smiling like you enjoy it. Get out," she screams. "I never been so insulted in my life."

At this moment she starts chucking such portable bits of furniture as she can get her hands on, and all of us light out, with Waldo leading the way.

After we are outside, Waldo is most apologetic. He promises to pay back all the money we spend on him if we insist and if he ever makes it. But I doubt that he ever will. He is out of business completely as a tear merchant, because, will you believe it, Waldo says that he cannot cry any more. He says that he used to be able to weep by thinking of all the fine home-cooked meals he lost when Mrs. Waldo walked out on him, but that now he has tasted one of her meals, when he thinks of that subject, all he can do is laugh. And, as you well know, there is no ready market for laughter around the courthouse.

THE END

THE GOLDEN HEADACHE

Continued from Page 19

"Good. Go ahead and pay it. Good-by—"

"We will not pay it! It's a hold-up," he said, almost shouting, as she started shutting the door. "You listen to me a minute!"

She sighed, and opened the door wide and stepped aside.

"All right, come in. We can talk while I dress. Have a seat. Please forgive me, but I simply must change!"

She hurried into a bedroom, but left the door ajar.

He sat down and glanced around. It was a nice living room. It looked as if people enjoyed living here.

"Miss Pietrangela, my company won't pay four hundred and sixty dollars to Mrs. Leseur. That's highway robbery!"

"You don't know what you're talking about!"

"You'll either offer to replace Mrs. Leseur's set for a reasonable price, or I'll go to the authorities."

"Why, y-you informer, you! You stool pigeon!"

He winced miserably.

"I don't *want* to do that. In all honesty, Miss Pietrangela, what is one of your silk sets actually worth?"

"Mrs. Leseur got hers at a wild bargain!" she said furiously.

"Lord a'mighty, what're those gloves and hose made of?"

"Cloth of gold."

"And what in—what's cloth of gold?"

"Tarentine."

"And what in blazes is tarentine?"

"Marine silk."

"Oh, I see," he said with elaborate irony. "Not just silk yet, but silk from fishes."

"Exactly."

"You think you can make me believe *that?*"

"You think I care a darn what you believe?"

"For how much do you usually sell those sets, if four hundred and sixty dollars was cheap. I'd like to know!"

"I don't sell them."

"Oh, now you're going to tell me you donate 'em!"

"That's right." She came out of the other room then. She had changed to slacks and jacket and was winding a bandana about her lustrous black hair. "I've got to rush off. Come back some day and I'll cook up a wash boiler of spaghetti."

"Don't forget the red wine," he said angrily.

"Sure." Her eyes snapped. "Lucrezia Borgia was a relative of mine."

SHE drove off in a Ford coupé, and he stood on the curb, baffled and upset. He had learned practically nothing.

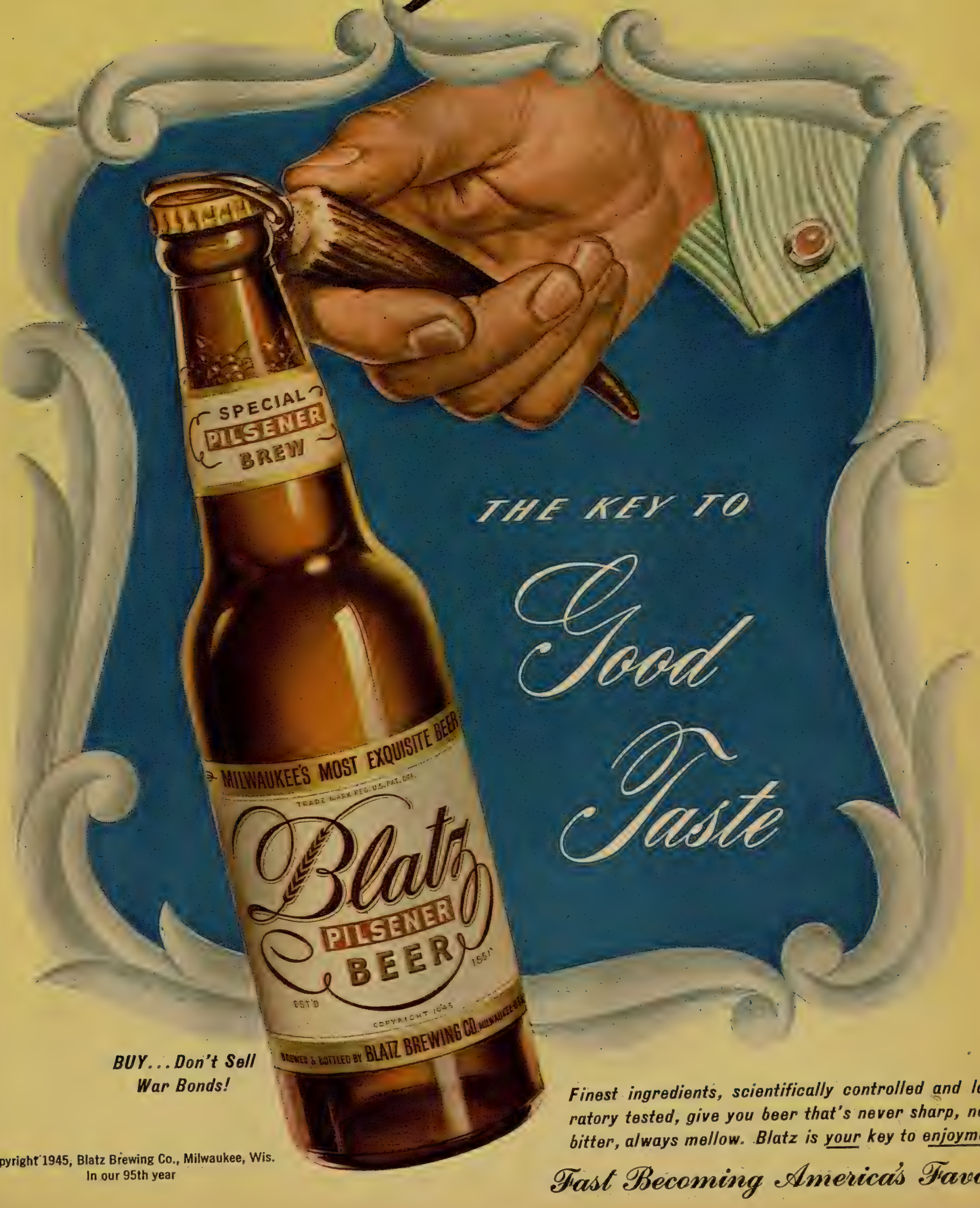
Back in his own office, later, he made inquiries. The Pietrangela brothers, he learned, from his pipe lines, were tuna fishermen. Both were in the Army now, and their sister was running their tuna business. She had bought two launches and diving gear and had a crew of four divers gathering Gelidium moss to be made into agar-agar, and was prospering nicely.

At first he had thought that he was probing into a case of flagrant black-market profiteering. But now suspicion of something far worse shaped in his mind.

Gelidium moss was a plushy red seaweed that grew on the reefs off the coast of Lower California. It was gathered by men in full diving rig who went down as deep as a hundred feet to pick the bushy tufts by hand. The moss had to go through a lot of processing before it made the agar-agar that was so important to hospitals for use

(*Continued on page 60*)

Blatz Beer


SPECIAL
PILSENER
BREW
MILWAUKEE'S MOST EXQUISITE BEER
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Blatz
PILSENER
BEER
EST'D 1851
COPYRIGHT 1945
BREWED & BOTTLED BY BLATZ BREWING CO.
THE KEY TO
Good
Taste

BUY . . . Don't Sell War Bonds!

Finest ingredients, scientifically controlled and laboratory tested, give you beer that's never sharp, never bitter, always mellow. Blatz is your key to enjoyment!

Fast Becoming America's Favorite

Copyright 1945, Blatz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
In our 95th year

Beauty Foundations
Mary Gibson

"You'll have to try this at your own risk, madam. We can't guarantee to extricate you."

(*Continued from page 58*)

in diagnosis and making vaccines and cultures and laxatives. Before the war, all our agar-agar came from Japan, for they could sell it at twenty-five cents a pound; now the price was three dollars a pound and the demand very great.

Those sets of gloves and scarf and stockings made of silk so fine that they could be folded inside a cigarette case—*just where did the raw silk in them come from?* It was such fine silk, such exquisite silk, probably the best silk that Japan produced—

Bill Mattox hated to believe that. Smuggled silk? In *wartime?*

But it might be! He saw how it might be.

The boats going out for Gelidium moss worked down along the coast of Lower California. There were big bays down that way. Magdalena Bay, for instance. It was still possible, in spite of security patrols, for a Jap pigboat to sneak into one of those big bays—and maybe drop some contraband. And maybe divers, harvesting Gelidium moss on reefs a hundred feet deep, were picking up sealed packages of the valuable silk—

"Relax!" Bill Mattox raged at himself. "You're seeing ghosts!"

But the thing was giving him jitters. He finally told the whole story to Rex Turner, an investigator for National Indemnity.

"You must think I've been taking goof balls," Bill ended.

"Huh-uh, not at all," Turner said soberly. "But before we go to the F. B. I. with it, you've *got* to rake up some proof."

THAT evening Bill prowled the water front. He saw Angela Pietrangela's two launches come in, near the dock used by the fleet of moss boats of the American Agar and Chemical Company; and looked on, unnoticed in the dark, as the moss was unloaded. Bill saw nothing to arouse suspicion.

Worried and preoccupied, he went about his business the next couple of days as if hypnotized. After work, he went down to the docks. And got no results at all—until Friday night.

He saw Angela get off a boat and immediately drive off in her car. Hidden behind a shed, he watched as her men loaded the seaweed from her boats onto a big Chemical Company truck. When the job was done, the floodlights were doused and it was semidark on the pier. Then the thing happened.

Angela's boss diver took a wooden case from one of her boats and carried it hurriedly to a parked car. Behind him his tender followed with another case. Then the boss diver got into the sedan alone and drove off.

Pulse hammering, Bill Mattox ran to his own car and followed.

The diver sped straight to Spray Drive. Pulled into Angela's dark driveway and parked by the back porch.

Bill Mattox left his car and stole up that driveway, keeping in the shadow of a thick hedge. He saw the driver of the other car heave a box out of the back, then walk to the porch door, open it, and carry the box in.

Bill sprang to the sedan. A box still remained. Leaning in, he grabbed it, hefted it out, and hurried down the dark driveway with it. He swung the heavy box into his own coupé.

Now, he realized excitedly as he started his car, he had the proof he needed! The wood of this box was soaked by sea water; obviously it had been immersed a long time. And bits of the Gelidium moss, under which it had been hidden in the boat, still clung to it. Here was proof enough to make the government poke a very grim nose into Miss Pietrangela's activities.

Silk from fishes. Huh! That crack wouldn't sound so smart in a courtroom.

A couple of blocks away he impulsively stopped his car. He was impatient for a look at the contraband in the box.

Lifting the seat, he fished for tools, but found only a lug wrench, a jack, pliers, and a small screw driver. With the screw driver he started prying at the boards.

ODDLY, his first triumph dwindled as he worked.

Damn it, it was hard to believe that a girl like Angela could have a hand in some lousy smuggling. *Don't be a dope,* Conscience scolded him. *If Angela had a face like a hundred-year-old squaw and a figure like a wilted candle, you could believe her guilty of anything!* That's right, he snapped back at Conscience. She's just too darn lovely to be anything but fine and decent! *Mattox, you say that in spite of the evidence?* Conscience gasped. *Mattox, where is your sterling integrity?*

The little screw driver bent and slipped uselessly from under the board he was trying to pry up, and he cracked his knuckles and he swore, his inner misery giving vigor to the oath. As a matter of fact, he realized, he ought to wait to open this box in front of witnesses, so that the defense would have no chance to yell frame-up—to say that he had *planted* contraband in the case. He quit working at the box.

Truth was, he didn't want to involve Angela in any smuggling rap. Yet he *did* want to stop the smuggling. But he couldn't do both! Or could he?

Abruptly he started his car again, whirled it in a U turn in mid-block and raced back the way he had come.

He stopped in front of Angela's house, jumped out, ran to the front door and firmly, furiously, rang the doorbell.

Angela opened the door.

"Why, hello, Mr. Mattox!" she exclaimed, surprised.

He swallowed hard. Angela wore a pretty apron over a smart red dress and a red ribbon about her shining black hair.

"I've got to talk to you," Bill said thickly.

"Do come in!" She was in a gay mood, and she took his arm and drew him inside. "I did ask you to come back and try my spaghetti, didn't I? My brother came home on leave unexpectedly today. From Sicily, mind you, and he's starved for spaghetti! Tony, this is Mr. Mattox. And Joe Pina, Mr. Mattox."

Tony Pietrangela was a captain, and he wore pilot's wings. He was also large and handsome and amiable, and his big hand engulfed Bill Mattox's fingers. Beyond him stood Angela's boss diver, grinning and nodding a how-do.

Bill pulled his hand back from Captain Pietrangela's.

"Look," he said huskily. "I'm no dinner guest. Miss Pietrangela, I was on the dock a while ago, when your men unloaded their cargo of Gelidium moss. Under that moss they had a couple of boxes hid, and they sneaked those wet boxes into a car and left there in a hurry. I saw it all, mind you!"

Swarthy Joe Pina's heavy jowls turned livid. He looked at Captain Pietrangela, his black eyes urgent and panicky.

"What about those boxes?" Angela's brother demanded.

"I gotta go," Joe Pina said. "I just remember, my woman—"

"Wait!" Bill ordered wildly. "I'm warning you people! You pull off any more of this smuggling and I'll have the federal boys throw the bunch of you into Alcatraz!"

Captain Pietrangela's face went sober. Pina gulped.

Angela said, "Mr. Mattox, just *who* is smuggling *what?*"

"You are! Smuggling in raw silk to make into gloves and stockings! You brought in two boxes of it tonight. I saw 'em!"

ANGELA looked at Pina, and Pina looked sick.

"Mr. Mattox, where are those boxes?" she asked ominously.

"Joe Pina carried one onto your back porch!"

"Joe, you're going to open that box."

They crowded around the sodden box on the porch; and Pina, sweating, but not from effort, worked on the boards with a claw hammer.

The cover of the box came back. Captain Tony Pietrangela suddenly let out a wild

(*Continued on page 62*)

What is the name of the colossal bronze statue that stands in New York Harbor?

Although it is popularly known as the Statue of Liberty, the correct name is Liberty Enlightening the World.

DRUG
TIES
TIES 10¢
Huffine

"We're from the Senate Small Business Committee."

This advertisement is one of a series on new or improved Thompson products which will speed postwar progress—automotive, aeronautical and industrial

THE NEW THOMPSON

STEEL-BELTED PISTON

Phantom view of the new Thompson STEEL-BELTED Piston, showing the steel-belt cast into aluminum — a unique engineering achievement. The steel-belt controls piston expansion, prevents piston failure and seizing, scoring of cylinders, and will bring increased efficiency to postwar cars, trucks, buses, and tractors.

Controlled Expansion

FASHION NOTE: *A Steel Girdle for Pistons will be worn by the better cars of tomorrow*

FROZEN (stuck) pistons and scored or out-of-round cylinders have cost motorists millions of dollars annually for many, many years. This ailment, familiar to every repair shop, has brought waste of power, loss in engine smoothness and acceleration—excessive consumption of oil and gasoline. It has meant costly repairs, reconditioning and replacement.

A new Thompson piston employs a unique, patented cast-in steel belt. This controls expansion under engine heat. Now used in many wartime engines, it has been tested successfully by leading automobile manufacturers.

You will be fortunate if you have Thompson Steel-Belted Pistons in your postwar car. They also will be available for replacement service. Because they can be fitted more closely, you will enjoy quieter, smoother operation, and benefit by longer-lived engines and marked savings in oil and gasoline.

Thompson Products

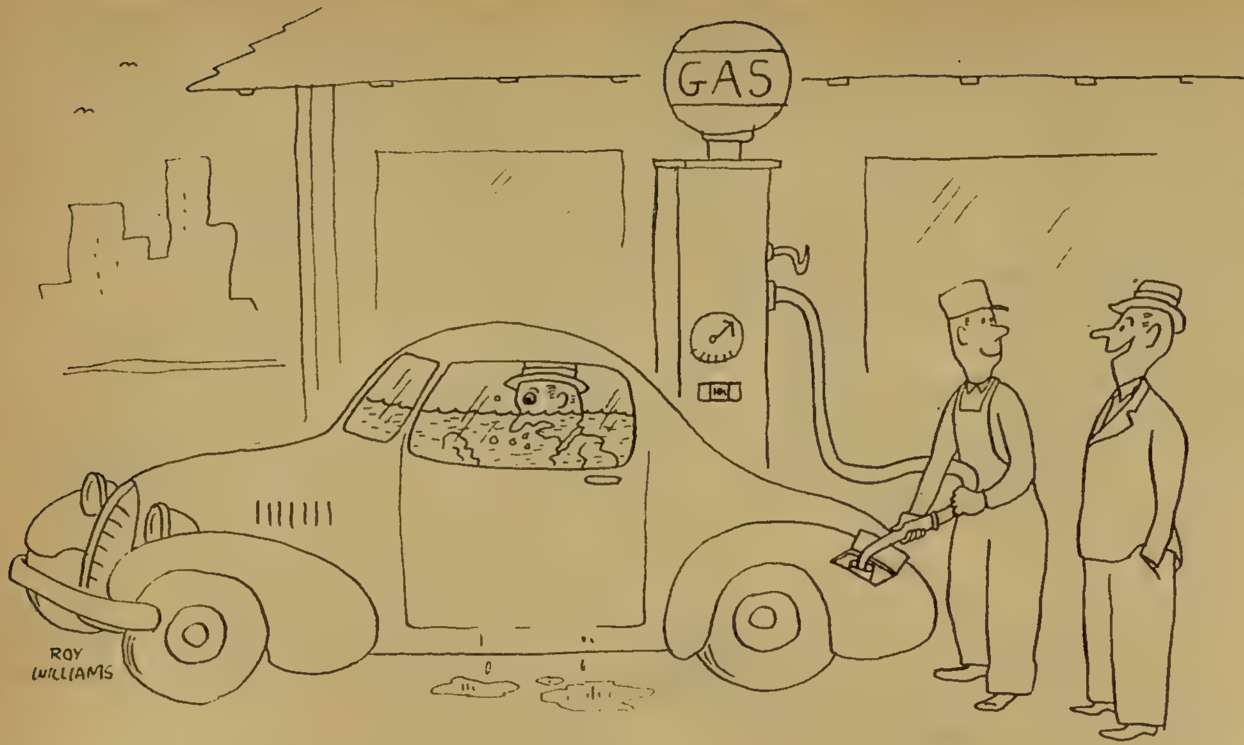
THOMPSON PRODUCTS, INC.

THOMPSON AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS CO.

BUY WAR BONDS
AND HOLD THEM

Beating Production Schedules on Vital Parts for Planes, Tanks, Submarines, PT Boats, Torpedoes, Jeeps, Half-Tracks, Tractors and Trucks.

Manufacturers of Automotive, Aircraft and Industrial Parts and Accessories — General Offices: Cleveland — Plants in Ohio, Michigan, California and Canada



(*Continued from page 60*)

whoop of joy. His big hand snatched into the box and brought out a bottle that gurgled pleasantly—a bottle with a surprising label that shouted a surprising fact at Bill Mattox's gawking eyes.

He gasped and groped back to a chair, feeling as if the ground had shaken under his feet. For the case contained full quarts of fine imported Scotch whisky.

"Joe!" Captain Pietrangela hugged Pina. "I love you!"

"Tell Mis' Angela," Pina begged.

"Tell me nothing," she cut in sternly. "Mr. Mattox, I can explain this. While my divers were gathering moss on Ygnacio Reef, they stumbled onto a motor cruiser that had been used by rumrunners working out of Ensenada. The boat had been sunk by gunfire from a Coast Guard cutter. I guess that was well over a dozen years ago. Anyway, most of the cargo was still aboard and undamaged. My divers didn't tell me about it, but started bringing up a case now and then. I found out, and figured it was just for their own use and I didn't say anything. But when they started peddling the stuff, I warned them I'd fire the whole crew if it happened again—"

"Aw, sis," Captain Pietrangela protested, "good old Joe just brought up a case to celebrate my home-coming!"

"That's all, that's all," stammered good old Joe.

Angela's toe tapped and her lovely eyes flashed sparks.

"Tony Pietrangela, if you think for one minute that you're going on a three-day drunk—"

"On just one case? Sweetheart, be reasonable!"

"Two cases, Mr. Mattox said. Joe, where's the other case?"

Pina winced and gulped and reddened.

"Other case, Mis' Angela, I leave in car. My wife's uncle has bad cold, with fever. I figure take home case for him."

"Your wife hasn't got an uncle!"

"Sis, honey—" Captain Pietrangela put a cajoling arm about his sister and drew her into the kitchen. He had a way with him, Captain Pietrangela. Presently they returned, and Angela was trying hard to keep from smiling.

"Sit down, everybody. That spaghetti'll get cold." She took Bill's arm. "Mr. Mattox, you sit here, next to me."

BILL was sure he couldn't eat. He was too upset and shaken. But he didn't know Angela's cooking. He ate, all right. . . . After dinner, Joe Pina remembered that his wife was waiting for him to come home to supper, and departed. And Captain Pietrangela remembered that he had to call on a maiden aunt. He stowed three unopened bottles of Scotch about his person, carefully explaining to Bill that his aunt lived out in the country where there were lots of snakes. Then he kissed Angela, winked at Bill, and strode out.

Angela sat down on the davenport and patted the seat beside her. Bill Mattox sat down, his nerves getting skittery.

No curative power is claimed for PHILIP MORRIS but—
PHILIP MORRIS & Co. Ltd. INC.
ESTABLISHED — OVER 90 YEARS
FINEST
IN U.S.A.

An Ounce of Prevention *is Worth a Pound of Cure!*

PHILIP MORRIS are scientifically proved far less irritating to the nose and throat.

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, substantially every case of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—cleared up completely or definitely improved!

—findings reported in an authoritative medical journal

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS.

FAR FINER FLAVOR—PLUS FAR MORE PROTECTION

"Mr. Mattox, would you mind telling me—"

"My friends call me Bill," he said.

"I'm sure they do. Mr. Mattox, just how did you happen to be watching my boats unload this evening?"

Here it was. Bill Mattox sighed, and said frankly, "I figured you were smuggling in raw silk, and I wanted to see it done."

"Why did you figure that?" she demanded angrily.

"You needed silk to make those gloves and stockings—"

"I don't make them, Mr. Mattox. I just prepare the thread and have it made up by a knitting mill in Los Angeles."

"But that's it! You make up the thread—with fine raw silk, and that raw silk has to come from Japan!"

He'd been feeling good; but now he got heartsick again.

"Oh," she said. *"That's* how you reasoned." She hesitated, and then very carefully she asked, "So when you saw Joe Pina bring wet boxes from his boat, why didn't you call the police?"

"I intended to," he said staunchly.

"Then why didn't you?" she demanded, and looked up at him.

"Because—" he started, and choked off.

Her lips were full and very red and close. He had an impulse, and he had some reckless whisky in him, too; so he obeyed the impulse. Roughly, even a bit despairingly, he kissed her—but her lips were warm and soft and responsive and not at all in a hurry; so it became quite a kiss, and when he drew away, he was out of breath clear to his toes.

"I see," she said, and she was laughing at him, but in a way that had no derision in it at all. "But, Bill darling, I *told* you what I made those sets out of. Cloth of gold—"

"You said silk from fishes!"

"Yes—shellfishes. I said marine silk, and that's something very definite. Marine silk, or tarentine, is a thread that's spun out by a shellfish which is very common around Sicily—the *Pinna nobilis*. It's something like our own mussel, and, like the mussel, it clings to rocks by means of a gummy secretion it spins out of a sieve of fine holes. When exposed to air, this skein is a bunch of golden threads that're like a very fine silk. Well, Sicilian fishermen rake up a lot of these shellfish, Bill. By the ton! Then they tear the clump of threads off each shell and sell the stuff to peasant women, who wash the fine filaments and card them and spin them into thread for weaving into gloves and scarfs and things. It makes a fabric that has such a lovely color, like burnished gold, and it's so fine that the best silk is almost coarse beside it. But you've seen the stuff!

"Bill, making tarentine is a handicraft that's very old in Sicily. Cloth of gold was made in Palermo and Lucca back in my great-grandmother's time, and was precious even before there was any famine of Japanese silk. About a year ago I had an idea. My brothers were over in Sicily, and I had them send me both tarentine thread and raw skeins of the stuff. It's very light and takes such little space. And over here I had the tarentine made into scarfs and gloves and hose." She thrust out her shapely legs. "Makes nylon look like cotton, don't you think? Then I had the idea of making up sets that would fit into a cigarette case that could be carried in a purse. I took sets to the Blouse Shop to sell for me."

"But you said you didn't sell them!"

"I don't really, Bill. The customers are made to understand when they buy a set. You see, things are very difficult in Italy just now. I send the money I get to Italy, for relief work. Changed into Italian currency, it amounts to quite a lot, and every bit helps. You see?"

Bill blurted, "I've sure been a dope!"

"Oh, no, Bill! How were you to know?"

"Well, I might at least have asked—"

"You *did* ask, but I—"

They burst out laughing together. And he leaned close.

"If I k-kissed you again," he stammered, "would you slap my face?"

"I might. But wouldn't it be worth it?"

WHEN Bill Mattox reached the office of National Indemnity next morning, there was news for him.

Mrs. Leseur had found that set of gloves, scarf, and stockings which she had reported stolen. Her cocker spaniel, Mimi, had picked up the silver case containing the articles and carried it to her bed. So the insurance company could just forget the whole matter.

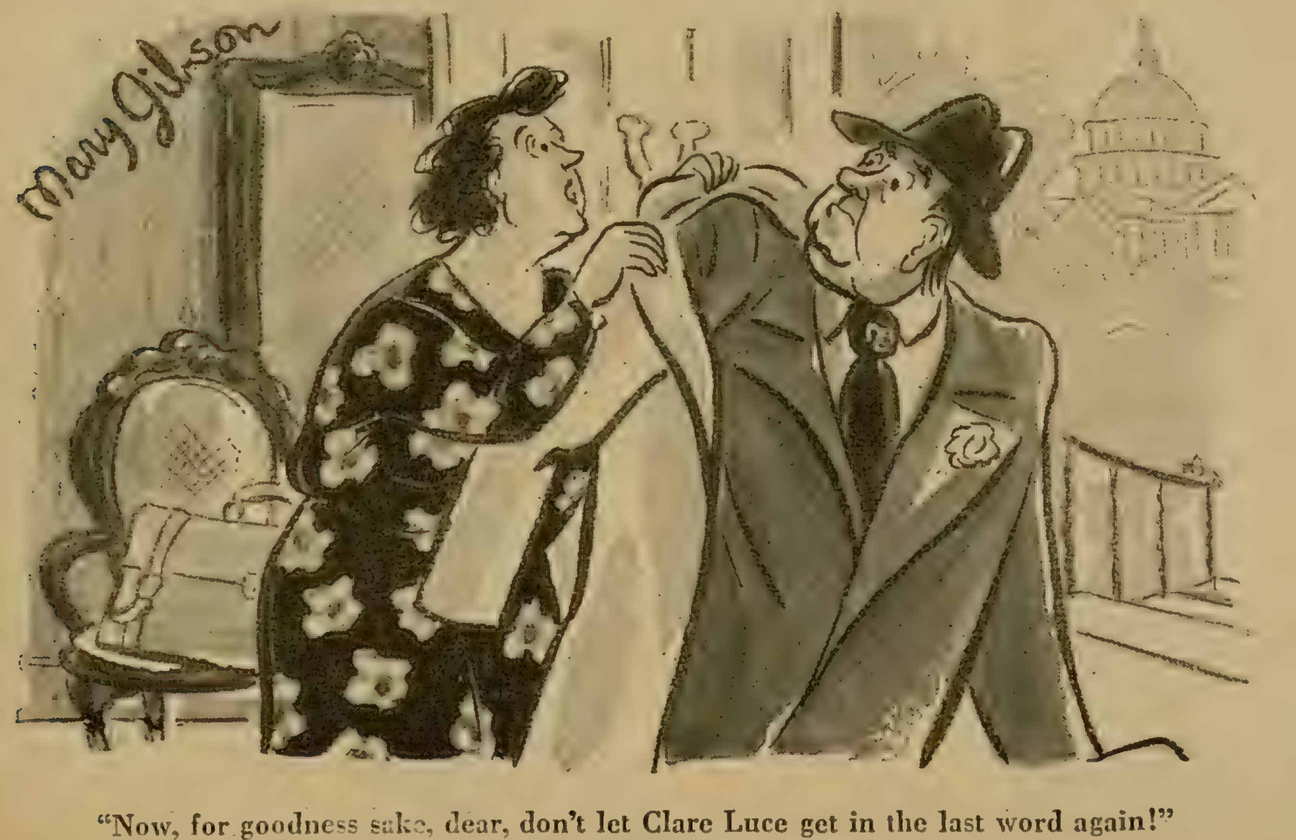
"Women!" snorted Bill Mattox's boss.

"What's the matter with women?" Bill demanded belligerently.

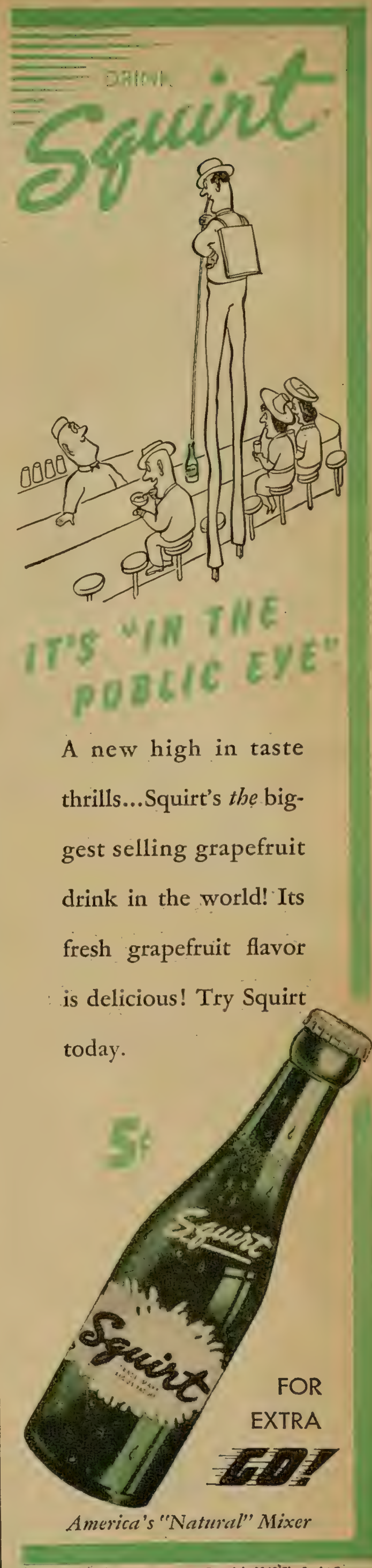
The boss peered at him. The boss knew the signs. The boss, definitely, was no dope.

"All right, all right," he murmured. "Just let me know the date. You'll get two weeks off and a twenty-buck raise in pay. I like to see my boys settle down."

THE END



"Now, for goodness sake, dear, don't let Clare Luce get in the last word again!"



A new high in taste thrills...Squirt's *the* biggest selling grapefruit drink in the world! Its fresh grapefruit flavor is delicious! Try Squirt today.

FOR EXTRA GO!

America's "Natural" Mixer

*Trade-Mark of The Squirt Company • Copyright 1945, The Squirt Company
Beverly Hills, California

SWIM SWIM SWIM
any day of the Month
[with Tampax]

YOU need not stay out of the water on "those days" now that *Tampax* is available because this form of sanitary protection is worn internally, throwing pins and belts completely into the discard. Whether the suit is wet or dry, Tampax remains invisible and unsuspected, with no bulging or ridges whatever. Get away from your conservatism this summer. Go modern! Do as millions of other women are doing all around you—use Tampax. It is handy to carry while traveling or vacationing. It causes no odor or chafing. It is quick to change and actually you do not feel it when in place. Easy disposal.

Invented by a physician, Tampax is made of pure, long-fiber surgical cotton, compressed in patented one-time-use applicator. There is a choice of 3 absorbency-sizes (Regular, Super, Junior), to meet varying individual needs. Ask at drug stores, notion counters. A whole month's supply fits into your purse. Economy box holds 4 months' average supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

3 absorbencies { REGULAR SUPER JUNIOR

Regular TAMPAX
Regular TAMPAX

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

SKIN GAME: It won't be long before we all start struggling to get rid of our leathery summer sunburn, and achieve a soft and creamy façade, more harmonious with dark autumn town clothes. A well-known beauty specialist offers a "Wake-up Cream" designed to speed the whitening and reconditioning of a tanned complexion. She advises using it each morning, and the directions sound easy even to a cosmetically lazy lady. "Apply a thin film, and leave it on for twenty minutes, while dressing. Remove the cream with a piece of cotton saturated in a lotion called 'Extrait.'" My guess is, you wouldn't be thrown into jail if you removed the cream with whatever good astringent lotion you already have on hand. Next comes a foundation that helps to cover up a sallow, fading tan. Not one to stint words, the maker calls it "White Flame Cream Tint Foundation." Luckily you won't have to call it by name every morning. After cleansing the face at bedtime, "Wake-up Cream" should be applied and left on again for twenty minutes, then wiped off, and replaced with a rich night cream. If you fall asleep in the jar, that's all right too, because it is meant to be left on all night. . . . There is a new bath preparation that smells so heavenly, you'll want to use it as a sachet for your linen closet between baths. Called "Lavendo-meal," it is made from fresh lavender flowers, nourishing cereals, and special water-softening ingredients. It not only perfumes and softens the water, but gives the tired epidermis a refreshingly deceptive sub-deb feeling.

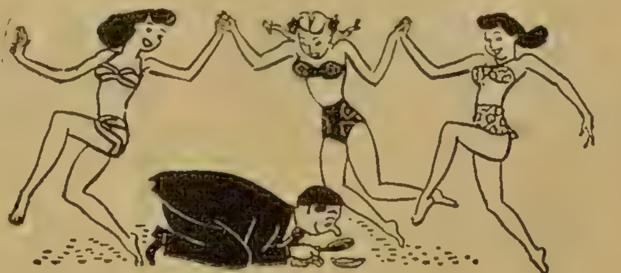
POSTWAR POSSIBILITIES: Our country's seven women's uniformed services offer free training opportunities for nearly 300 postwar occupations. They range all the way from the WAC jobs of cryptographer to the Marine career of aerographer (weather observer). The recruiting officer of each service can give full information as to what the training involves. Recruits are still needed by all seven services. Age limits are as follows: WACs may be from twenty to forty-nine; Waves, Marines, and Spars from twenty to thirty-six; Army nurses from twenty-two to forty-five; Navy nurses, twenty-one to forty-five; cadet nurses, seventeen to thirty-five.

EGG HUNT: Eggs are scarce in New York, but let's give the OPA its due—when we can find them, they still don't cost us what they do our officers stationed in Rome. A recently returned member of the Allied Commission, who lived at the Grand Hotel with assorted colonels and generals, says they all bought their breakfast tickets each morning on the way into the dining room. The regular breakfast—minus eggs—was practically a gift—only ten lire (or about ten cents). BUT when an officer wanted an egg too, he paid a *quarter* for it, plucking it tenderly from a basket at the door. Then he carried it in his hand, like the Kohinoor diamond, and turned it over to his waiter, declaring his shot, "Sunny side up," or "scrambled." My informant remarks it was really quite a sight to see war-torn generals nursing their eggs and struggling to make themselves clear when their Italian waiters gave them a "*Scusi?*" in reply to "Sunny side up." . . . Said British actress Beatrice Lillie, as she was leaving LaGuardia Field on an American Export Airlines' Flying Ace for England, thence to join a USO troupe in France and Germany, "I am going home a fatter girl than when I got here. I've been drinking plenty of milk and eating plenty of eggs." If *that's* where our eggs went, I don't mind the shortage so much. I'd give her my daily egg any time as a modest reward for the number of laughs she's given *me* from the days of Charlot up to and including Billy Rose.

REFRESHER COURSE: If you live where you can get meat only once a week, keep it close to the ice, and after it's a few days old, wash it in cold water just before cooking it. You'll find that aging it makes it tender, and a cold rinse revives its flavor.

LINES ON GETTING AWAY FROM IT ALL

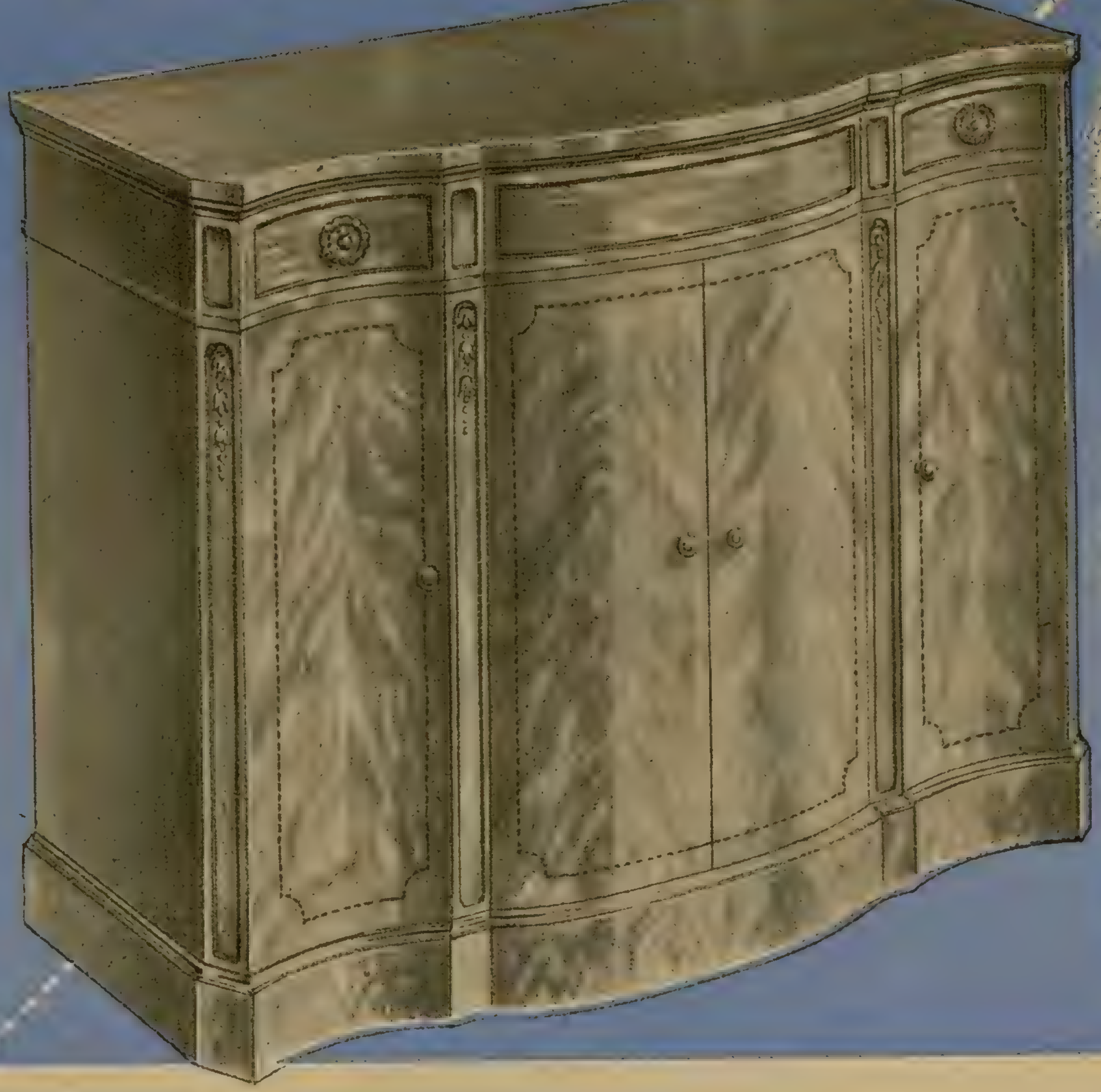
The vulture, "Uninvited Guest,"
Is summer's most relentless pest.
He looks you blandly in the eye
And claims he was just passing by.
Nor does he bother to explain
How anyone "drops in" by train,
Complete with bag and baggage for
A jolly week-end at the shore.



BETTER LEFT UNSAID: When Harry Hopkins, during his stay in Moscow, remarked that "American women are *pretty,* but Russian women are really *beautiful,*" he was even less diplomatic than the sixty-two-year-old scientist who, after spending years studying rare mollusks in the Pacific, observed, "To me, a shell is more fascinating than a beautiful woman." The scientist at least had the grace (and good sense) to remain anonymous. His quest for shells on Okinawa enabled him to help our invasion planners by providing them with accurate information on the terrain, the natives, and the flora and fauna, so we'll have to forgive him for preferring a mollusk to a lady.

HOWARD Radios with FM

Acousticolor Tone *



* A New Howard Refinement for Your Listening Pleasure!

Every member of your family will thrill to the tone realism of the new Howard Radios with *Acousticolor*—the exclusive electronic development that makes it possible to re-create the tonal balance, beauty and brilliance of the finest music right in your own home.

Howard, as America's Oldest Radio Manufacturer and a pioneer in building Frequency Modulation (FM) Receivers before the war, will bring you a choice of superb musical instruments that have been appraised and approved by the eyes and ears of America's fine artists.

If you would experience an exciting musical adventure, be sure to see and listen to the great new Howards just as soon as they are available. And, when you take possession of *your* new Howard Radio you will command all that is best in radio entertainment.

HOWARD RADIO COMPANY
1731-35 BELMONT AVENUE
CHICAGO 13, ILLINOIS

Pioneers in FM Radio

America's Oldest Radio Manufacturer

FOUR MONTHS WITH EACH OF US

Continued from Page 37

don't you take a walk up to the park?"

"Just as soon stay home and help," Pop said. "Need exercise. Or if you've got your list of victuals made out, I'll be glad to—"

"No, you run along and have a nice time. What you need is to get out and see things—you stay around the house too much."

She gave him an absent-minded smile and carried her empty dishes to the sink. Pop got to his feet slowly. He would have liked a second cup of coffee, but it wasn't much fun eating alone and already his daughter was beginning to bustle around.

HE found the morning paper and carried it out to the front porch, wishing Lillian would at least let him do the shopping. Sometimes he got homesick for the smell of a store, but you couldn't hang around a strange place if you weren't buying—not in New York anyway.

Hoisting his feet to the rail, he opened the paper. Might as well wait for the mail. Folks back home had been good about writing, especially Sadie. Just about time for another letter from her. Ought to be a check from Sumner, too.

He'd read the news, run through the obituaries and want ads, and was half-heartedly working on the crossword puzzle when the postman appeared at the end of the block. Pop tossed the paper aside and scrambled to his feet.

There were several letters, among them two for him, and the Cedar Bluffs Independent. Pop's heart beat fast in anticipation as he headed up the hill toward the park.

Sprawled in the shade beneath his favorite maple, he opened Sadie's letter:

"Dear Charlie:

"I suppose by now you've got your new teeth and about time too. The thing is to leave them in even if they kill you, though I don't suppose you will unless someone nags you to it. And before I go any further, Charlie Waller, you put on your glasses!"

Pop's fingers went automatically to his pocket before he remembered that Sadie was a couple of hundred miles away. Drat her anyway, startling him that way! Didn't need glasses more'n a cat needed another tail. Still, it was rather comforting to know that Sadie remembered his ways so well.

"Sumner let me put up curtains in the store window and they look right pretty. With a little fixing the store would look real homey but Sumner isn't one to see to things. I don't know how many times I've warned him about that shelf in the back room, but no, he wouldn't listen. Yesterday it came down and smashed a crate of eggs.

"And that isn't all, Charlie. A slick salesman can talk him into buying any old kind of merchandise—just so's he don't have to pay for it right then. We've had so many complaints I couldn't begin to tell you—weevils in the flour, moldy cookies, rotting potatoes—and Sumner won't make them good. Sometimes I think if women ran things we'd have a more orderly world, but I don't suppose we'll ever get the chance, human nature being what it is."

Pop chuckled and slapped his knee. Sadie hadn't changed a mite. Always wanting to run things. Still, if Sumner had let things get so bad— A storekeeper simply had to keep his customers satisfied or he couldn't hope to stay in business.

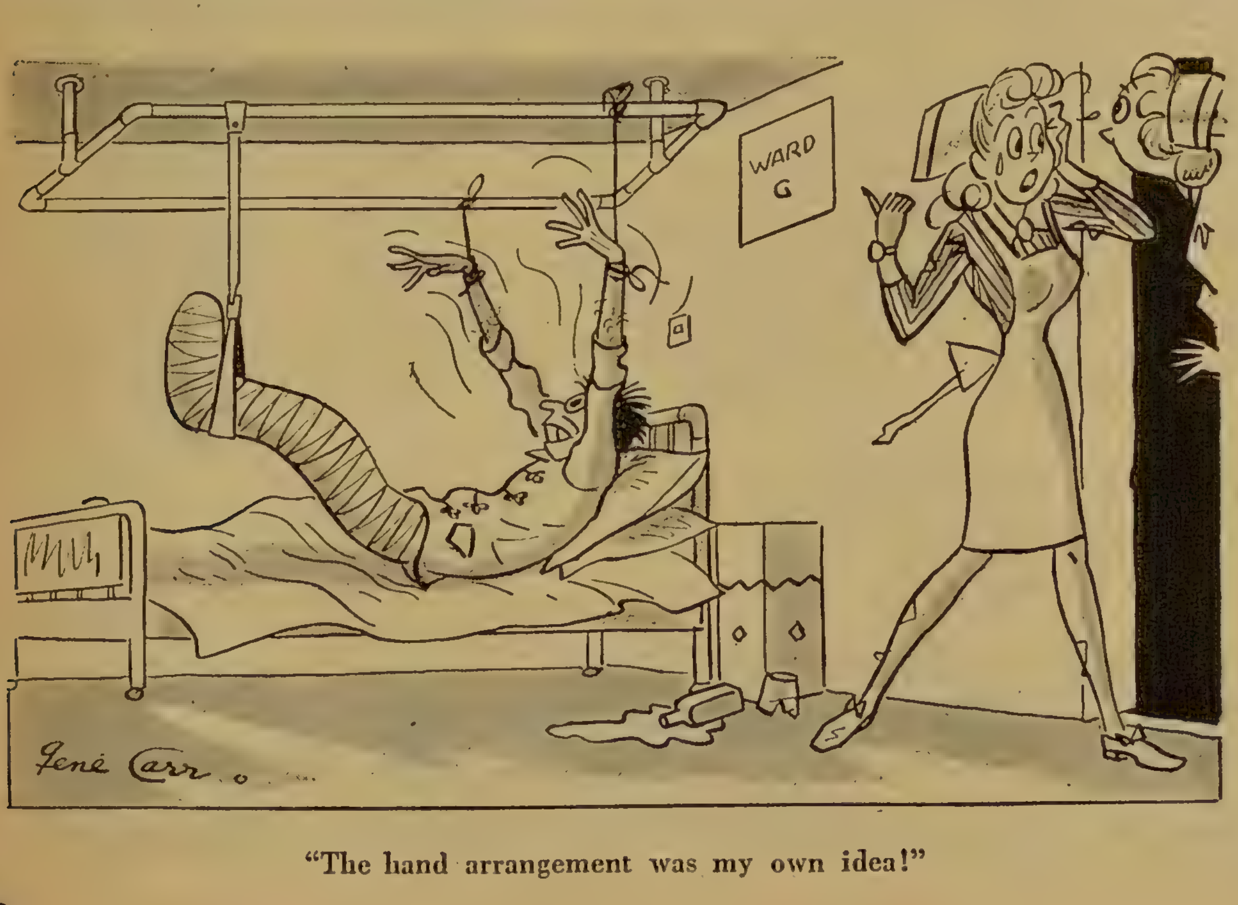
He wished suddenly that he could see the blue curtains. Come to think of it, he didn't know why he hadn't let her put them up when he had the store—hadn't been any good reason, only it was sort of fun to have something to argue over.

"Skunks have holed up under my woodshed again and what with the chipmunks and your setter and my cats, I've got quite a menagerie. Don't have time to get lonesome much, but it don't seem right having strangers living in your house.

"And speaking of strangers! Charlie, those people in your house went away again last week-end and left the sitting-room windows open. We had a driving north rain Saturday night and Emily's nice blue settee was almost ruined before I could get over and tend to things. By the time you get set to come home all your things are going to be just so much kindling and don't say I didn't warn you!

"Well, now that you're feeling better, I suppose you'll be seeing all the wonderful things in New York. Before you come home I wish you'd go to one of them honest-to-goodness night-club places so you can tell me all about—"

The letter trembled in Pop's suddenly unsteady hand. Sadie wrote as if he'd just gone away on a vacation—wanting him to see everything so he could tell her when he got home. It had been the same when he'd been in Boston and Washington. She'd wanted to know about Boston Common, Plymouth Rock, the Capitol, and the Pentagon. She'd be madder'n a wet hen when she found out he hadn't seen a one of those places or even got his teeth.



"The hand arrangement was my own idea!"

The news about his house troubled him. Memories came crowding back—the big potbellied stove at the store, warm and homey on a cold winter afternoon. Neighbors dropping in for a chat, Friday-night cribbage game with the boys back of the barber shop. And at night, even when he'd been loneliest right after Emily'd gone, he could always look across the side lawn and see Sadie's house, neat and comfortable and friendly, just as Sadie herself was.

"I don't like to worry you, Charlie, but Sumner isn't going to send this month's payment either. He wrote you a long whining letter about it this morning, but don't you believe anything he says. There isn't a thing the matter with this store that a little honest work and gumption wouldn't fix in no time.

"Take care of yourself and have a good time while you're at it. Everyone wants to be remembered to Charlie, and folks keep asking when you're coming home. Hope Lillian has decided to let Joan take that designing course. Love to all,

"As ever, your old friend,

"SADIE."

Pop's eyes were misted as he finished the letter. So folks back home still asked for him. He opened Sumner's letter, glanced through it. There was no check and the letter was nothing but one long whine, as Sadie'd said. Well, tonight he'd write and tell Sumner he'd have to pay up or else. It wasn't going to be easy to tell Lillian he didn't have all his board money.

He put the letters carefully away in his pocket. Then, opening the Cedar Bluffs Independent, he began slowly, so as not to miss a single word, to read the best paper in the world.

TWO weeks had crawled by since he'd heard from Sadie, and Pop wasn't feeling so well. It wasn't anything he could put his finger on but just a general misery. Joan was still scolding because he hadn't been to see the dentist, and Lillian said he didn't get out and around enough.

"Just as soon as things quiet down again I'll take time off and we'll see some sights," she promised. "I'm sorry, papa. Maybe next time you come to visit—"

But Pop knew it wasn't seeing the sights or getting new teeth that would cure him. There wasn't anything he needed but to go home and have someone say, "Hi, Pop," or "Hello, Charlie, glad you're back." And to get behind the counter of his store.

The way the days dragged, the way he frittered away his time, he'd be an old man before he knew it. Good honest work never hurt anyone, and it wasn't as if he were old and tottery—sixty-five was pretty young these days. Maybe that was what was the matter with him.

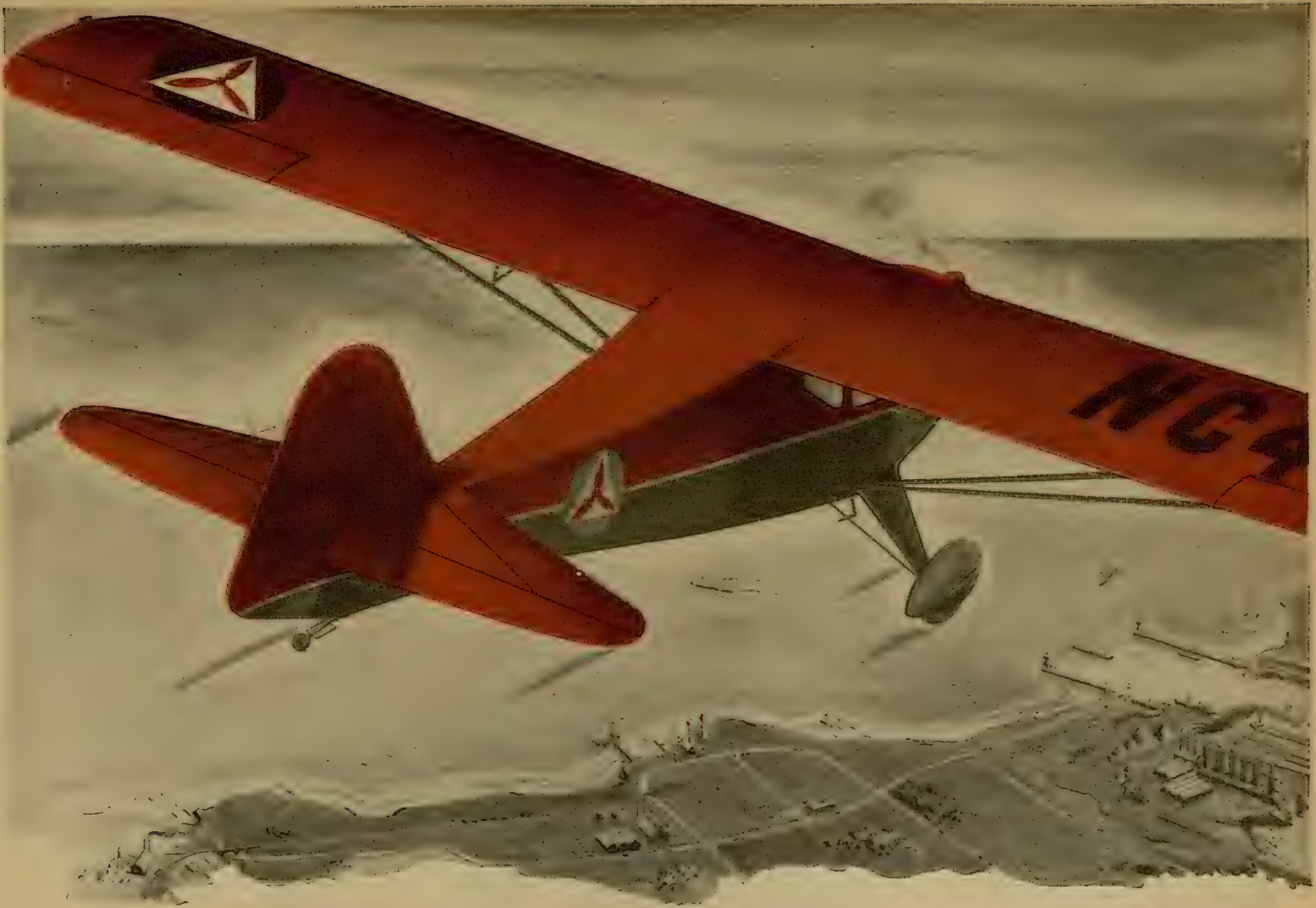
"Guess I'll mosey downtown tomorrow and see does anyone want to give Charlie Waller a job," he told Lillian and Howard at lunch one day. "Sat around long enough twiddling my thumbs."

"Now, papa, don't start being difficult again," Lillian said sharply. "Why, at your age, I should think you'd be glad to rest and have a good time. Besides, you'll be going up to stay with Betty in a couple of weeks. You just need a change, that's all."

"What Pop Waller needs is a little man-fun," Howard said. "How about a ball game Sunday, Pop—double-header?"

"Suits me," Pop said. "Suits me to a T,

(*Continued on page 68*)



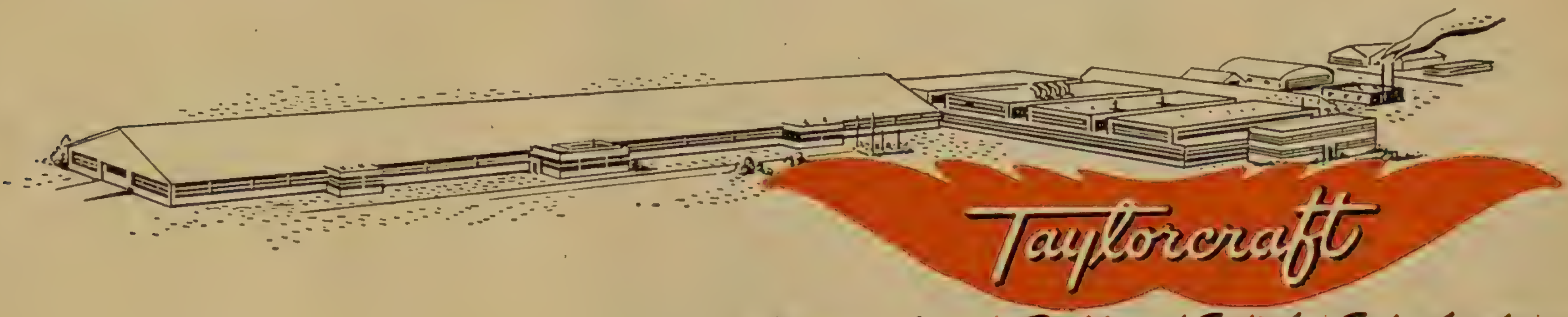
THE SHIP WITH THE *Built-in Tail Wind*

TAKE a 65 h.p. engine—put it in several different planes. What happens? One plane will outfly and outclimb the others, and use less fuel. It's no secret—any experienced light plane pilot will tell you, "Sure, Taylorcraft outperforms any ship in its class."

Just as Taylorcrafts flew in front before the war, and have repeatedly proved their ability for numerous wartime activities, so the new Taylorcraft will again lead the field when America eagerly picks up peacetime flying.

As soon as current restrictions ease and Taylorcraft's war production responsibilities have been completely met, we want you to know what you can expect from Taylorcraft to make your flying safer and more satisfying than ever before.

Send us your name and address so you may be among the first to learn the news and details of Taylorcraft's newest developments.

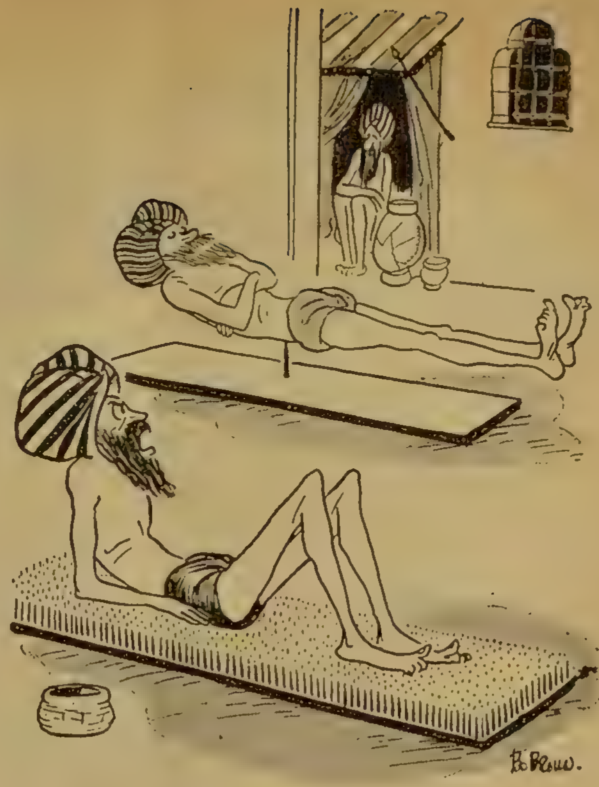


World's Largest Builders of Side-by-Side Airplanes

TAYLORCRAFT AVIATION CORPORATION · ALLIANCE, OHIO

THE TASTE TELLS THE TALE OF GOOD OLD RED TOP ALE
Try it...You'll find ample proof in every bottle.
RED TOP ALE
LOOK FOR THE RED TOP ON THE LABEL
RED TOP
ALE
HAUCK BREWERY
INTERNAL REVENUE TAX PAID

©1945 RED TOP BREWING CO., CINTI., O.



"Show-off!"

(*Continued from page 66*)

Howard—if you're sure you've got time." But inwardly he was beginning to get riled. Not that he wouldn't like to see a game, but the way they treated him you'd think he was going on ninety and senile at that. Holding out the game as if it were a piece of candy so he'd forget about that job.

Still, a big-league game was something he'd wanted to see for a long time now, and he kept wishing Sunday would hurry up and come. But Sunday, Howard's sister and her family came over from Montclair and Howard couldn't get away.

THE next day, because Lillian nagged at him so for never going anywhere, Pop went down to the Natural History Museum. It was a hot day but it was the first time he'd ridden on the subway alone, and a feeling of adventure began to take possession of him. But as the train rushed downtown, crowds poured in and Pop gave an elderly woman his seat. He wasn't accustomed to the lurch of the train and by the time he reached Eighty-first Street his legs were wobbling.

He went into the museum and wandered around, not knowing what to look at first. Slowly he went from group to group, reading each sign carefully, studying the animals, their background. By Jimminy, he'd never seen anything like it! He wished, with a sudden emptiness, that he had someone to talk to. Sadie, now, would have been so excited over the gorilla group and those black buffalo. The critters looked so natural they seemed to be breathing.

He went on to the North American exhibit, but his feet were getting tired. He found a bench and sat down. There wasn't a soul around, not even a guard—no reason he couldn't take his shoes clear off, if he had a mind to.

Sighing with pleasure, he glanced up, and there, not twenty feet away, was Vermont! It was so real, Pop felt as if he were resting in the woods back home. The scene was one of winter, with clean deep snow and leafless trees and deer rooting for fodder. Trees and blue sky and a brook bubbling along its rocky bed—and those deer pawing through the snow. Nothing he'd seen since he'd left home almost a year ago could compare with it, so natural, so peaceful, so Vermontish.

At dinner that evening he tried to tell Lillian what he'd seen.

(*Continued on page 70*)

Here's the *Inside Story* on Coming New

Radio-Phonographs

1.

Goodbye scratch and rattle. A revolutionary Zenith Radionic development will bring out hidden beauty never heard in records before—miraculously free from surface noise and scratch. It will give records 10 times their former playing life, too! And only Zenith will have it!

2.

No painful pauses between records, so disturbing to listeners. New Zenith record-changers will be lightning fast, amazingly simple, utterly safe for records. Quiet, too—no annoying mechanical noises and clicks. You'll say there's a touch of genius in Zenith engineering.

3.

No more groping around in a dark well to load record-changers. Zenith will have no trays or drawers to slide out, yet Zenith player units will glide silently into full view, completely accessible—then glide back into the cabinet out of sight! It's another Zenith exclusive!

4.

Be your own music master with Zenith's new, improved Radiorgan. Over 64 tonal combinations at your fingertips. Like a master-musician you'll blend radio, or record or F-M music to your own taste . . . bring out gorgeous passages and shadings the way you want them.

5.

Plenty of storage space for records in coming new Zeniths. No more stacking favorite records and albums in dust-catching piles. They'll be safe, easy to reach in beautiful cabinets, with flat tops you never need to lift. Zenith designers have worked wonders.

Naturally Zenith Will Be a Step Ahead Because Zenith Concentrates on

RADIONICS EXCLUSIVELY

For 30 years, Zenith has been a world leader in radio "know-how" by concentrating on Radionics—*the science of radio waves.* This has made Zenith radios outstanding—so dependable that their owners have enjoyed unparalleled freedom from service expense. It has also made Zenith one of the "big 3" in radio sales.

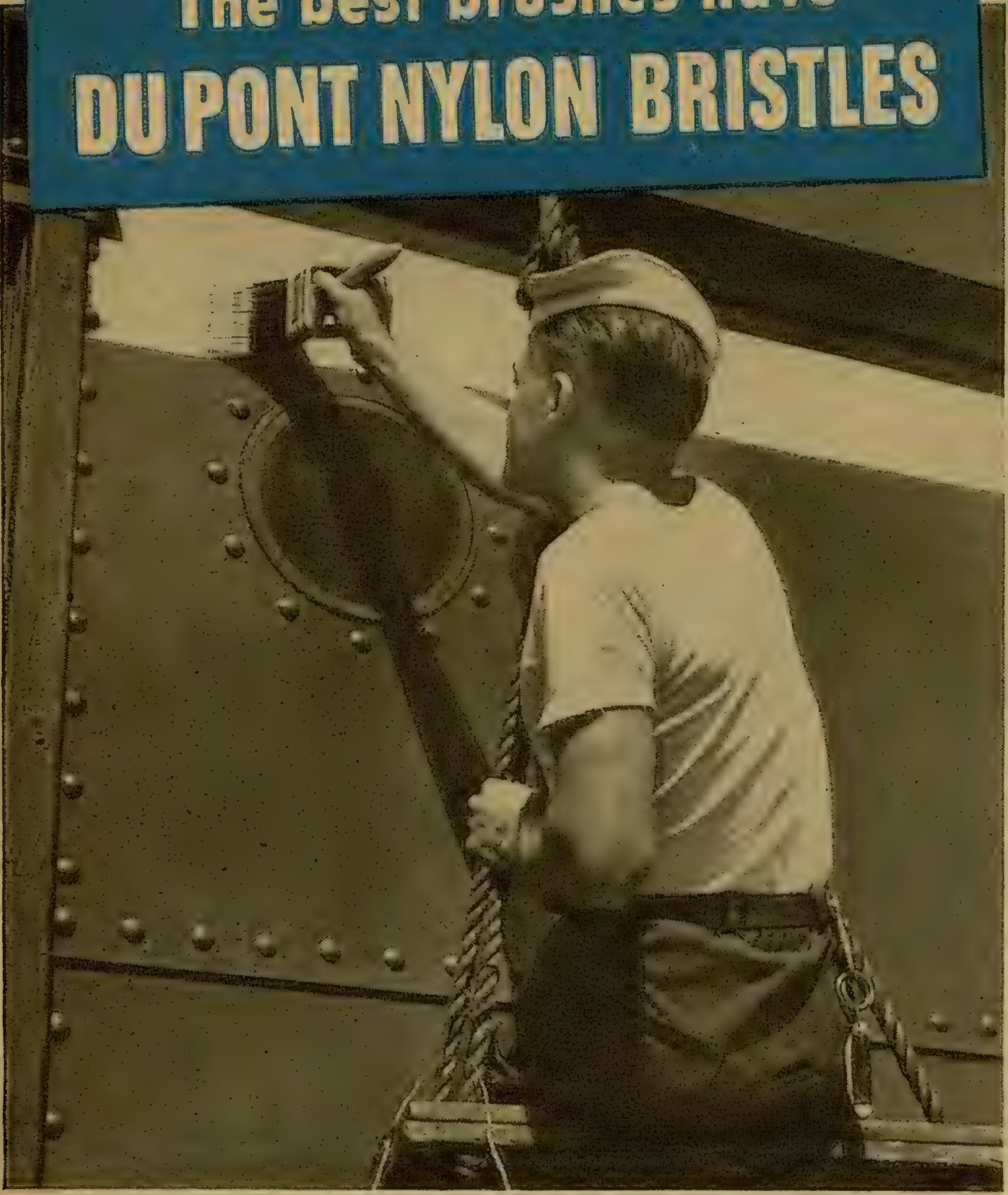
Today, Zenith is still concentrating on Radionic marvels for war. Soon, you may enjoy many of them in the coming Zeniths—the finest radios we've ever built and the top values in the field. When you see and hear them, you'll know for sure that there's a touch of genius in everything Zenith does!

For the Best in Radio Keep Your Eye on Zenith

ZENITH
LONG DISTANCE RADIO

COPYRIGHT 1945, ZENITH RADIO CORP.

RADIO • FM • RADAR • TELEVISION • RADIO-PHONOGRAPHS • HEARING AIDS



The best brushes have
DU PONT NYLON BRISTLES

. . . the Navy uses Millions of 'em!

Here's a paintbrush any painter would like to get his hands on! It has bristles of Du Pont nylon—bristles that wear better (at least 3 to 5 times longer than hog bristles). They're uniform, hold paint well and let it flow on evenly and smoothly. They resist the destructive action of paints and thinners. And they even have better "feel"!

Since 1941, Uncle Sam has taken all of the nylon-bristled paintbrushes made. To date, the Navy has used several million. Someday nylon bristles will be available in ample supply. Not just for paintbrushes, but for household, hair and industrial brushes as well. Meanwhile—

There's one kind of nylon-bristled brush you can buy today, the toothbrush! Today's leading brands are tufted with Du Pont nylon bristles. Ask for them! E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Plastics Department, Arlington, N. J.

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
. . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

PAPER PACKS A WAR PUNCH . . . SAVE IT!

A Product of Du Pont Plastics

(*Continued from page 68*)

"It was just as natural," he said unsteadily. "I sat there, not even breathing for fear those deer would hoist their flags and go bounding off through the woods!" He grinned suddenly. "I even got to feeling a mite cold sitting there with all that snow and me without my winter drawers. I tell you, Lil, I never saw anything like it—except up home, of course."

Lillian laughed. "The way you go on, anyone would think there wasn't anything else in the museum. I do believe you're beginning to get just a little homesick, papa."

"Well, maybe," Pop admitted. "Seems like after a man has lived more'n sixty years in one spot, it's only natural for him to wilt a bit when he's transplanted. Now you take those deer, Lil—"

His daughter patted his arm. "I'm glad you had a nice time, papa. You save the rest and tell me some other time. And before I forget, there's a letter for you from Sumner—I left it on your night table. Now I've got to rush."

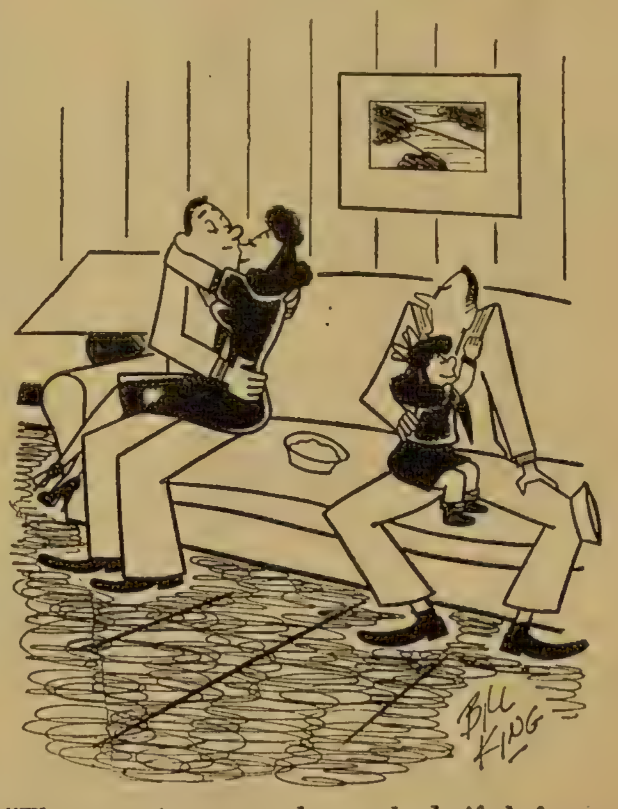
AFTER Lillian left, Pop went upstairs. Time he wrote Sadie again, and there was that letter from Sumner to read and maybe answer. If Sumner hadn't sent the back payments this time, after the threatening letter Pop had written a couple of weeks ago—well, something drastic would have to be done.

Maybe he'd been a fool to let the store go for such a small down payment, but the children had been pressing him to sell out quickly, and then he hadn't been well. He'd thought, too, that something coming in each month would be better in the long run than a large down payment he might be tempted to spend.

He got out his writing folder, drew a chair up so he could use the window sill as a desk, and opened Sumner's letter. As he read, his face took on a harassed expression. By Jimminy, things were worse than he'd thought! Sumner couldn't send the two payments he owed, the wholesalers were getting nasty—they refused to give him more goods until he settled for what he had. And to add to the rest of his troubles, Norma, his wife, was pestering him to sell out and go back to the mill, where he would have a regular weekly salary.

"Charlie, I'm just up against a solid wall," Sumner's letter went on. "If there was just myself to think of, I'd up and

(*Continued on page 72*)



"The next time you ask somebody if she's got a sister, get a few particulars, huh?"

4 Reasons Why Fleischmann's makes America's Most Delicious Tom Collins!

FLEISCHMANN'S
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Established 1870
DISTILLED DRY GIN
90 PROOF
Distilled from American Grain
Distilled and Bottled by
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION
Peekskill, New York
COPYRIGHT THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION
4/5 QUART

1 Fleischmann's Quality!

It's so soft! So velvety! The secret is simply that FLEISCHMANN'S *discards* that part of the "run" containing most of the impurities! *Then, every drop is carefully filtered!*

2 Fleischmann's Smoothness!

Light! Dry! Delicate! Smooth! The reason? It's 75 years of "know how"—for *no other* gin was made in America before FLEISCHMANN'S!

3 Fleischmann's Taste!

It's a priceless possession! It is found only in FLEISCHMANN'S. It comes from a mash *specially prepared* from finest American grains . . . plus *continuous* distillation!

4 Fleischmann's Mixability!

The result is a gin so crystal clear, it never "masks" flavors . . . always lets you enjoy the "hidden taste" of fruit juices, other mixers!

1870 1945
Celebrating
Seventy-Five Years
of "Know How" and
Experience

America's First Gin

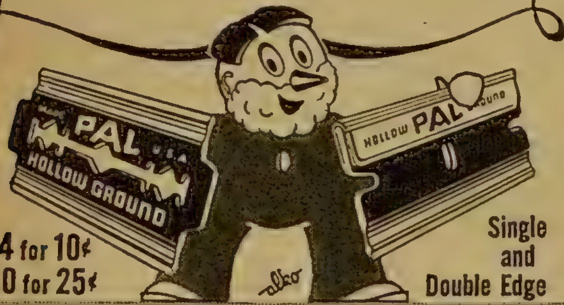
You find all 4 only in

FLEISCHMANN'S . . .

DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN · 90 PROOF · THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEEKSKILL, N.Y.

Mary Ewing Outerbridge introduced tennis into the United States in 1874, importing equipment from Bermuda.

Pal Pioneered, Perfected and Patented the *Hollow Ground* blade—a different, modern blade. Shaves with just a "Feather Touch" because Pal is *flexible* in the razor—follows facial contours. No need to "bear down". Blades last longer, too. Try them.



4 for 10¢
10 for 25¢

Single and Double Edge

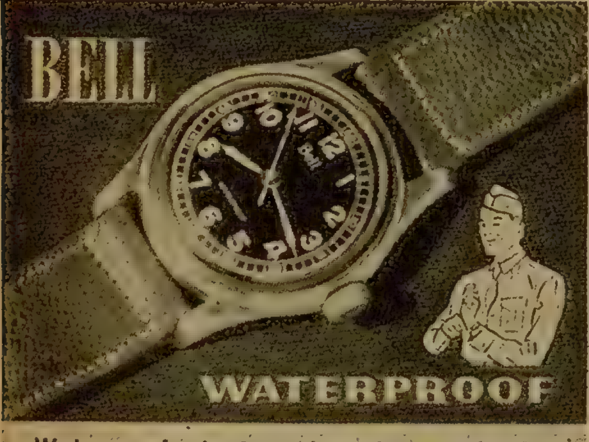
PAL
HOLLOW GROUND
RAZOR BLADES

MAKE
ICE CREAM

At home—Any flavor—Delicious—Smooth—No ice crystals—No cooking—No re-whipping—No scorched flavor—Easy—Inexpensive—20 recipes in each 15¢ pkg. Please send this ad for free full-size sample offer, or buy from your grocer.

LONDONDERRY
Brand Homemade Ice Cream
STABILIZER

LONDONDERRY – 835 HOWARD, SAN FRANCISCO 3, CALIF.



Waterproof, shockproof, anti-magnetic, radium dial and hands, unbreakable crystal, precision tested, sweep second hand.

No. YA 121
15 jewels, stainless steel back $39.75
No. YA 212
17 jewels, stainless steel back $42.50
No. YA 330
17 jewels, all stainless steel case $59.75

Mail Orders Promptly Filled. Postpaid. Fed. Tax Incl.
Write for Free Illustrated Booklet "YA"
BELL WATCH COMPANY
Time and Life Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.

(Continued from page 70)

give the danged store away. But Norma says I got to get something out of it. If I could get even my down payment back I guess she'd be satisfied—or maybe even half. I'm going to see Acola Jeddings over to Cherry Ridge, Sunday, and see does he still want to buy—you know he was after the store when you sold it to me. I'll let you know . . ."

Acola Jeddings! Pop felt as though someone had yanked the floor out from under his feet. Acola run his store! Why, Sadie couldn't work for that—that slinking weasel! She wouldn't even be sure of getting her salary! And as for the store payments—Acola was a worse risk, even, than Sumner!

There must be something he could do about it. There had to be! If only he had some money now, he could send it to Sadie and tell her to buy the store for herself. But he didn't have any money and Sadie wasn't strong enough to run the store alone.

With his world toppling about him, Pop took a piece of paper from his folder. Maybe he'd better write to Sadie right away and tell her what was happening. If he began with something cheerful, say what he'd been doing, and worked up to it— He picked up his pen and began:

"Dear Sadie:

"Went to the museum today—the Natural History one, and the queerest thing happened. Sat down to rest my feet and all at once it was as if I was up at Bunket's Pond on a cold November—"

For a long time he sat staring out of the open window. Best part of the day, after the sun went down—time for visiting. From somewhere close by a robin began his twilight song, the most beautiful sound, Pop thought, in all the world—and the most lonely if you didn't have folks around to talk to. Far away in the gathering dusk, like the whispered memory of an almost forgotten voice, came the plaintive whistle of a train—Who-who-whoo-whooo!

Pop leaned forward, his ears strained to catch the muted throb of that distant engine. A freight, by the labored sound of it, heavily loaded—over west some place. How many times when he was a boy he'd lain awake listening to that familiar sound, wishing he were going along. There'd been a game he used to play too, pretending the engine was talking to him:

"Chug-chug—chug-chug, hel-lo—Char-lie, come-and—ride-me, ride-me—ride-me, come-on—Char-lie!"

The freight was picking up speed now. Must be over on the Central tracks by the river—the Hudson, that would be. Only two ways for the train to go along the river, and this one was—yep, it was going north. *Maybe all the way to Vermont!*

The distant voice was speaking, "Fas-ter—fas-ter, hel-lo—Char-lie, why-not—go-home, go-home—go-home, Sa-die's—wait-ing, wait-ing—wait-ing, here-we—go-now, good-by—Char-lie, who-who-whooo?"

Pop jumped to his feet, excitement pounding in his veins. By jingo, Vermont wasn't at the other end of the world. It was at the other end of a line of tracks! He'd be going up to stay with Betty in a couple of weeks—well, he'd go to Cedar Bluffs instead. And he'd get his store back too, by golly. He'd think up some way!

Wishing he was up home so's he could fix things right with his store, wishing he could sit on Sadie's porch—wasting a whole year, four months here, four months there, round and round, like a danged wooden horse on a merry-go-round. Just about as much sense as a wooden horse too—not taking the bit in his teeth sooner. He'd let the children boss him around for so many months he'd lost his gumption!

HE made a dive for the closet. There was plenty to do now—pack his duds, get his ticket, wire Betty he wasn't coming. Where the devil had Lillian put his bags? Attic, maybe. Probably got everything in the house piled on top so he couldn't get at them. That was the trouble in living with other folks, you never had anything to say about things.

The children meant well. They thought it wasn't right for their Pop to live alone. Well, by crickity, maybe he wouldn't. Maybe he and Sadie— No reason why they shouldn't. Sadie's two sons married, his children married—both of them alone, you might say. Always been good friends too, even if they did like to squabble over things. Made it interesting having someone you didn't have to "yes" all the time!

Suddenly Pop rocked with laughter. Wait until he told Sadie he thought it would be a good idea for them to team up. Even if she wanted to, the old fool would scratch around trying to dig up reasons why they shouldn't. It had got so it almost killed her to have to agree with him.

He bounced out of the room and down the stairs as a new idea struck him. The phone! Why hadn't he thought of it be-

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

SIOUX-PERB: Magnificent Indian.

PUPERTY: Age when a dog's bark changes.

CHAWSIR: The famous English poet at dinner.

HIRSUIT: A hairy coat and pants.

COMEDY OF AIRERS: Allen and Benny.

NAVIGAIT: A sailor's walk.

O'BESE: A fat Irishman.

KINDREAD: Fear of relatives.

CIG.A.R.: A smoke for a Civil War veteran.

GESUNDHEIGHT: Sneezing on a German mountain.

"Just think what a nice airy barn it will make for your cows!"

fore? It might take days to get a reservation, but he could call Sadie now. He could tell her to start getting him a loan from the bank so's he could buy back his store!

"Long distance," he shouted, snatching up the receiver. "I want to talk to Sadie, operator—I mean Mrs. Albert Higgins. . . . Yep, Cedar Bluffs, Vermont. . . . Don't remember her number—don't need it anyway, everyone knows Sadie. . . . Well, Willow Avenue then—Twenty-three. Just ask Clara Dooley, the operator up there—tell her Charlie Waller is calling and she'll find Sadie for me. . . . Nope, don't mind hanging on, nothing else to do."

He heard the ringing of a distant bell and then Sadie's voice, "Hello? Hello!"

"Hello yourself," Pop yelled gleefully. "Bet you don't know who this is? Bet you a bottle of birch beer you can't make it in three—"

"Make it in one, Charlie Waller!" Sadie's deep chuckle came pleasantly over the wire. "I declare, it's about time you let a body hear your voice. A whole year! Charlie, you're up to something!"

"Yep. Got to get on a train first, though."

"You're coming home!"

"Fast as I can get there," Pop said happily. "Got a surprise for you, Sadie—two of them. Did Sumner tell you he wanted to sell the store?"

"Yes, he did, Charlie, I'm so worried I—"

"By golly, he didn't sell it yet, did he?"

"No, but—"

"Well, you tell him to hold his horses, then!" Pop shouted. "Charlie Waller's going back in business. Going to get a loan on my house and buy him out, the old skinflint. You hop over to the First National, Sadie, first thing in the morning. Have Art Baker fix me up a mortgage—enough to pay off Sumner is all. Tell Art I'll be home to sign the papers soon as I can get there."

Sadie's voice was not quite steady. "Charlie, that's wonderful! But a—a mortgage. All the interest you'll have to pay. I don't—"

"Going to, anyway," Pop said. "So don't you argue with me. Now here's the other surprise, Sadie. Going to get married."

"You're what?"

"Married." Pop blew out his cheeks as Sadie gasped. "Yep, man needs a wife. Nothing like having your own home and someone your own age to sort of jaw with. Children got their own lives. A man needs—"

"But, Charlie, who—"

"Kind of a cantankerous woman I'm planning to marry," Pop said, grinning. "Nice, though. Widow woman, good cook, good housekeeper—lives on Willow Avenue up in Cedar Bluffs. Number Twenty-three. Tries to boss everyone though—me especially. What do you think, Sadie? Think she'd be willing to kind of look after an old codger like me and bring her knitting down to the store sometimes?"

"I think," Sadie said shortly, "that if women had the proposing to do in this world, Charlie Waller, there wouldn't be so much dillydallying about it. Taking a whole year to find out something I could have told you a long— Charlie, are you listening?"

"Yep, got my ear glued to the—"

"I thought so!" Sadie's voice was indignant. "Talking lispy as a baby! Why aren't you wearing your teeth?"

"Haven't got 'em yet," Pop said, startled. "Going to see about it any day now. Been pretty busy, Sadie."

"Busy!" Sadie snapped. "I might have known you'd think up some excuse. Charlie, you get home just as fast as you can come. If you think I'm going to cook good tasty victuals for any man hasn't got the teeth to chew them with— I'm making you a date with Doc Benson right this minute!"

Pop held the receiver away from his ear as Sadie's voice crackled over the wire.

"Charlie, you're not listening. I said you'll get no mortgage from the bank on your house, do you understand? I—I guess I've got the right to lend my own husband a few hundred dollars."

"Won't take it," Pop said, grinning. "You know I don't hold with borrowing from women, Sadie. Ain't no danged gigolo!"

"Well, you'll take it from me, Charlie Waller, and like it!" said Sadie emphatically. "If you want to go and get mulish, I suppose I can take a mortgage same as a bank. But if you think for one minute you're going to be boss of our partnership—"

Pop was still grinning when they finally said good-by. Sadie hadn't changed a mite. Just wait, he thought happily, until he told Joan what he was going to do. And wait until he told Lillian he was going to help Joan through that designing school. If Joan could just wait six months—*he'd be on top again!* Blowing out his cheeks, Pop began to hum, "'There's a long, long trail a-winding . . .'"

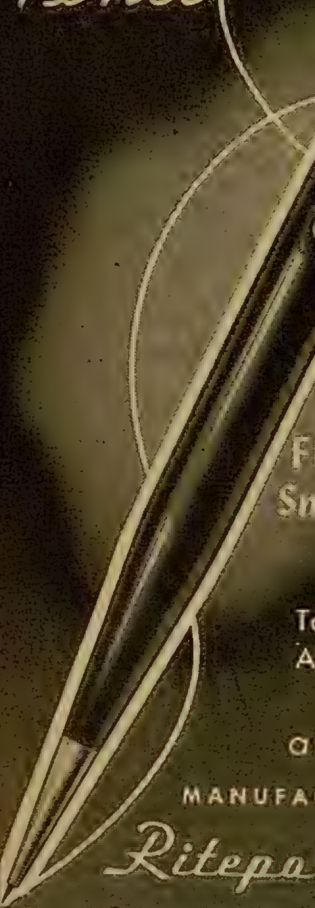
THE END

Advertisement

FOOD STORES
2 ANNUAL
National Wheaties Week
AUGUST 19-25
WHEATIES ARE SWELL!
Hoffine

"The Martins are really happy about discovering Wheaties."

Get happy! Get Wheaties! National Wheaties Week is official time for folks to discover America's favorite whole wheat flakes. And what a celebration—when that famous "second helping" flavor goes to work on your appetite. Try milk, fruit, and Wheaties, famous "Breakfast of Champions."



Ritepoint
The Easy-Writing Pencil

Perfect Finger Grip
Smartly-Styled
Durable
★
Today—for the Armed Forces;
Yours after Victory

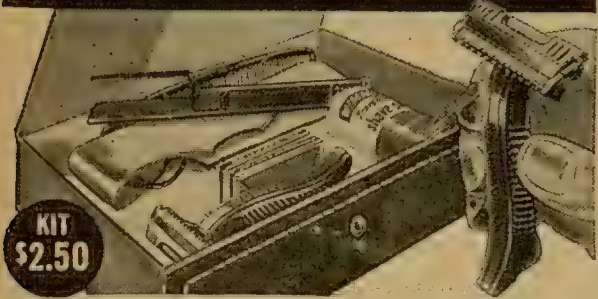
MANUFACTURED BY
Ritepoint Co.
ST. LOUIS 4, MISSOURI

LAW
STUDY AT HOME for PERSONAL SUCCESS and LARGER EARNINGS. 36 years—over 108,000 students enrolled. LL.B. Degree. All texts furnished. Easy payments. Send for FREE BOOK.
AMERICAN EXTENSION SCHOOL OF LAW
Dept. 56-L, 646 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, 11, Ill.

HOTEL LOWRY
ROOM & BATH $2.50 UP • ST. PAUL, MINN.
GARAGE • COFFEE SHOP

POEMS WANTED
To be set to music. Send your song poem today for free examination by our staff headed by nationally famous hit composer of "Dream a Little Dream of Me." Our new 6 step plan is most liberal and complete ever offered. Write today for free booklet.
SCREENLAND RECORDERS
Dept. L Hollywood 28, California

GET THIS ENDERS KIT AND
GET EASIER SHAVES



Here's streamlined shaving...smooth, fast, simpler than you ever dreamed shaving could be. Cushioned blade action, new type one-piece razor head, scientific balance—these assure you effortless, feather-touch shaves. Blade clicks into razor instantly like magic. Nothing to take apart. Quick, easy shaves from start to finish! Kit includes razor, 10 blades, soap, comb and STROP for "new-blade" smoothness every shave. Switch to easier shaving.
Mail $2.50 direct, if not available at dealers. Money back guarantee. Strop alone $1.00.
DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. D, MYSTIC, CONN.

WILL PEACE BE WITH US?

Continued from Page 17

rivalries over territory or spheres of influence. Many of us do not like the Russian form of government. And many Russians do not like ours. But there has never been any direct conflict arising out of major differences in national policy.

Second, American and Russian diplomatic aims are basically the same. Most responsible Americans want collective security and a peaceful world order; so do most responsible Russians. Here arises the interesting point that the United States and Russia are astonishingly alike in several respects. Each is a great land mass fabulously rich in natural resources, magnificently favored by geography, and with incalculable reserves of power—political, economic, and social. Each contains a strong and genuinely rooted isolationist element. The United States walked out of the peace last time. Russia, if things go wrong, might easily walk out this time—with what might be incalculably tragic results.

The two specific questions I heard asked most often were: "Does Russia really want peace?" and "Can the Russians be trusted in diplomatic negotiation?" The answer to the first is that they not only want peace but, to survive as a nation—after 25,000,000 casualties and destruction beyond imagination or calculation—they *have* to have peace. The answer to the second is that there would have been no agreement at San Francisco had not forty-nine other nations been willing to gamble on Russia's word.

Let us clear up one subsidiary point already alluded to. Has our victory, in real fact, been in vain? I don't think so, and I hope I do not overstate the case. It seems to me that in three important respects—though freely admitting occasional unpleasantnesses in Soviet behavior—the Russians do differ overwhelmingly from the Nazis.

FIRST, and most vital, German Fascism was distinguished above all by one overwhelming characteristic—militant aggression. Russian Communism is not. The Russian's resources in geography are almost illimitable, and they have had their hands full of the gravest kind of domestic difficulty. Nazi Germany, indisputably, was bent on making war and it made war; the Russians, on the contrary, have waged no aggressive war since their revolution. You will mention Finland, and indeed Russian-Finnish wars took place. Yet these were essentially preventive wars, and tragic as they were—the irony is striking—it may be said that we gained from them. It can well be argued that if the Russians had *not* occupied parts of Finland, Poland, and the Baltic States, thereby building up a barrier against the German invader, the Nazis might have taken Moscow and Stalingrad in 1941 and 1942—which would probably have meant that we would still be fighting on the Rhine.

This brings up a related issue. How, it is asked, can we trust Stalin, when in 1939 Stalin made a pact with Hitler? Doesn't this prove that they are, or were, brothers under the skin? Controversy on this can and will be endless. But, much as in the case of the Finnish war, the point is that if the Russo-German pact had *not* been signed, Germany might well have won the war, or at least have fought through to a long stalemate. Stalin bought time with the Russo-German pact, just as he bought space with his invasion of Poland and the Baltic States. Perhaps this is rationalization after the event. But also it is reasonable to point out that Stalin did almost exactly what Chamberlain did. The Russo-German pact was Stalin's Munich. But he was more clear-sighted than Chamberlain both about motives and about results; he was never so foolish as to say that the Russo-German pact meant "peace in our time."

Second, in this itemization of differences between Germany and Russia, one may mention that the Soviets never made a shibboleth of race. Hitler's theory of Aryan or Nordic supremacy was the basic myth of Nazi "philosophy," just as anti-Semitism was its worst excrescence. The Russians, on the contrary, have consistently encouraged, not discouraged, the preservation and development of different racial cultures. There is no cultural segregation in the Soviet Union, and, by and large, there is less race prejudice than anywhere else in the world.

THIRD, Russian economic concepts were, and are, more deeply integrated, more genuinely based on authentic philosophic doctrine, and above all more generous in aim than anything the Nazis ever attempted to produce. This is not to say that "Communism" (or, more properly, a kind of state socialism) has "worked" in Russia. The Russian standard of living is pitiably below that of the bourgeois west, partly due to reasons beyond Soviet control. But, by and large, the broad underlying concept in Moscow has always been toward the good of the people as a whole. The people have not got much out of the Soviet system, in concrete economic terms, up to date. What it will be like a generation from now—if the world stays at peace—no man can know. But Stalin and Molotov and Kaganovitch and so on, admittedly measuring success in terms of power rather than money, and having absolutely anything in the Soviet Union at their disposal, were not cheap crooks and money-grabbers, raiders of art museums and holders of foreign caches of wealth, like Göring and Ribbentrop and the upper Nazis.

So to proceed. First, what *do* the Russians want? I cannot pretend to answer with authority. But if prevailing straws in the wind are any guide, they want peace, a generation for reconstruction and development, and to be let alone politically if plans for world security fail.

Second, what will the Russians insist on having, at any cost? (1) Their own strategic frontiers. This means that the three Baltic States and Poland beyond the Curzon Line are now, and will remain, Russian; anybody who doesn't like it has no recourse but to fight the Red Army. (2) A broad belt of friendly governments in eastern and central Europe, governments which will never, under any circumstances, take an anti-Russian line. This belt or block of governments will, at a minimum, include Rumania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Poland, and parts of Austria and Germany. (3) The Russians will probably ask for and retain spheres of influence in the Far East if they enter the war against Japan.

The phrase "sphere of influence" is in itself nothing to be alarmed about. Power *per se* is not evil; what can be evil is its wrong use. For instance, Mr. Churchill bought himself a sphere of influence in Greece; the major explanation of the Greek fracas is that the British, as it has been put, "gave up everything else to Stalin" as a *quid pro quo* for remaining dominant in Greece (and southern Italy), both regions being vital to British imperial communications. We, the United States, have what is undeniably a sphere of influence in Panama. I do not imagine that we, the United

(*Continued on page 76*)

GEM OF NATURE'S BLENDS

Blend of Perfection!

Old Mother Nature sure did herself proud when she put together the water lily. It's a beautiful and interesting and almost awesome flower—a gem of Mrs. Nature's skill at blending line and color into pure beauty.

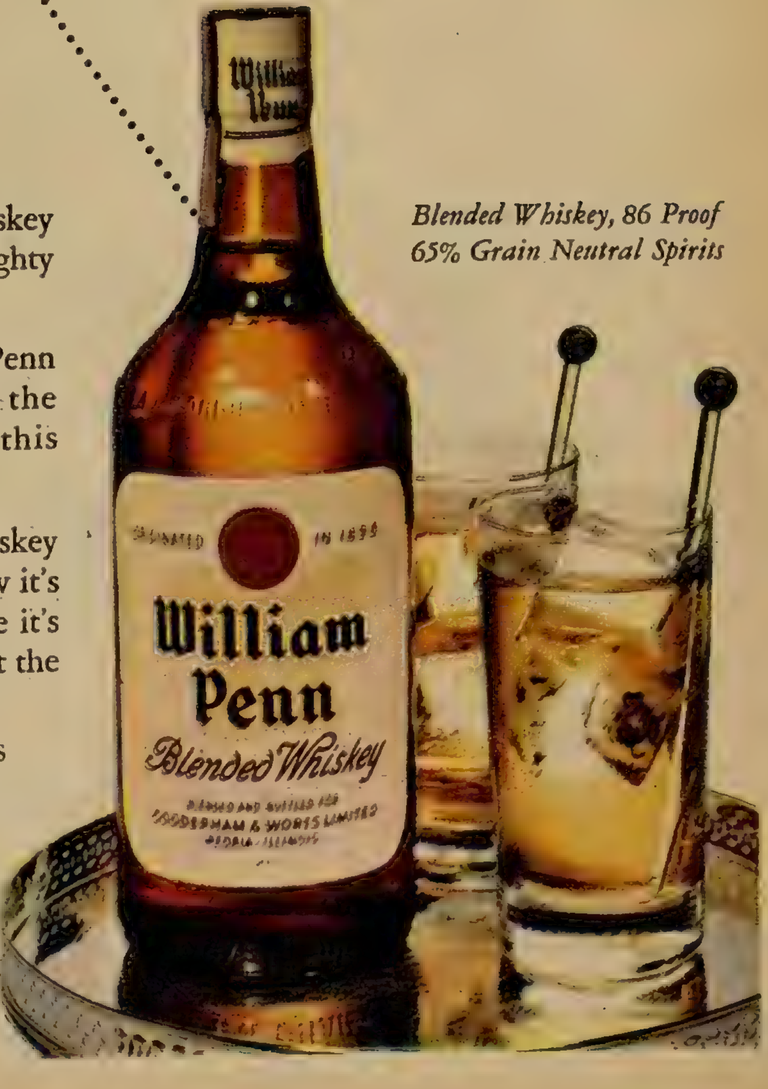
Now, we're not as old a hand at blending as Mother Nature—but we have been making whiskey a long, long time. Over the years our distillers have learned much from Nature to aid them in blending the essences of fine grains. The result is a whiskey that's uniformly mellow and mighty good to drink.

One smooth sip of William Penn will tell you—better than all the words we can use—how well this whiskey suits your taste.

We make William Penn Whiskey the best we know how. We know it's an honest whiskey—truly believe it's a great one. That's why we call it the *"Gem of the Blends."*

GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED, PEORIA, ILLINOIS

Blended Whiskey, 86 Proof
65% Grain Neutral Spirits


William Penn
William Penn
Blended Whiskey
Gooderham & Worts Limited
Peoria, Illinois

William Penn

GEM OF THE BLENDS

(Continued from page 74)

States, would ever permit a hostile power to occupy Cuba or, say, Dutch Guiana, our major source of bauxite. The Russians think of Riga, Bucharest, and points in the Gulf of Finland in much the same spirit; touch them there, and they jump.

I should think that a main lesson of the cataclysm of the past five years is that yesterday will never come again. We are living in an expanding era, in positive revolutionary times. The year 1929 will never come again, nor will 1939; all that is gone forever, and we might as well get used to it. It is a new Europe we must look at now and get adjusted to. In part it is a Russian Europe, but that is no reason to yell holy murder or dive under the bed. An overriding point and the key to almost everything is that Russia is not so much "dominating" Europe as that Europe has become a revolutionary continent. This fact need not be feared, but it must be faced.

ANTIPATHY to the Soviet Union in the United States comes from curiously disparate groups. It comes from disgruntled Trotskyists and other radicals who were "disillusioned" by their experiences in Russia—people who, in Walter Duranty's phrase, were "rats who left the ship that didn't sink"; from some pure liberals who cannot stomach Russia's unawareness of civil liberties and like subjects; most big-money folk, conservative business men, Southern landowners, etc.; many, but by no means all, Roman Catholics, because of the religious issue; some, but not all, American isolationists; and a few journalists who make Russophobia their profession, largely because of a subconscious pro-Germanism.

Many critics of Russia are earnest folk deeply convinced of the rightness of their attitude. I know no way to dissuade them from their sincere beliefs. But I should think that one question might be asked them: Have they seriously considered the extent of the disaster that might well befall the world, including us, if the United States and the Soviet Union became rigidly and overtly *hostile?*—if actual hostility grew out of the present crisis and became hostilities?

Mrs. Anne O'Hare McCormick, one of the best journalists on earth, is a Catholic, and she writes for a conservative newspaper. In a recent column from San Francisco she said, "All the headaches of this conference center in the relationship between the Soviet Union and the other United Nations. Essentially they boil down to the interrelationship of the Soviet Union and the United States. If these two powers cannot enter into a partnership for peace, the machinery being blueprinted here will never safeguard the peace."

It may be said that to have given way to the U. S. S. R. on such items as the Yalta voting ratio and the Polish dispute is "appeasement." But nothing could be further from a reasonable point of view. It is one thing to appease a vicious enemy, Germany; it is quite another to try to get along with a potentially friendly country which was, after all, an ally, and one with whom we are bound to share most of the power in the modern world.

That the Russians have on several occasions behaved badly is undeniable. They have been stingy, shortsighted, and suspicious. I know no explanation at present that justifies Soviet conduct in several recent episodes. But what is to be hoped is that we, the United States, by firm use of our own strength, can influence the Russians to behave less badly. Certainly we should not submit meekly to Moscow on every issue, for the Russians *respect* strength in negotiation. The more we become sure of ourselves and recognize our own essential interests—including good relations with the U. S. S. R. unless we want deliberately to provoke another war—the better the Russians will get along with *us.* Talk the coldest kind of turkey to Mr. Stalin. If anybody knows how to understand that kind of talk, he does.

The fact that the Russians have often behaved badly has obviously cost them much prestige lately in this country and Great Britain. This, too, is unfortunate, because when a country loses prestige, it may behave more and more badly in a vain attempt to regain by bluster what it has lost. At all costs this should be avoided; which again puts a responsibility on *us* to try to behave patiently and well.

A final and vital main point remains to be stated. We have beaten Germany, after enormous sacrifice, travail, and loss. From the ground forces alone, American boys to the number of 89,477 are dead in European cemeteries; 367,180 are wounded; 57,877 are missing. We have beaten Germany; but this doesn't mean that we have liquidated the German problem, the most massive and dangerous we have ever faced. We have beaten Hitler; but this does not mean that we have won the war. What counts now is how to hold, how to augment, implement, and make secure the military victory we have gained.

TO keep Germany under control, there must undeniably be unity among the Allies. Germany was able to rise after 1918 and make war again because the U. S. A. walked out of the peace, the Russians retreated into revolution, and the British and French started to quarrel over the spoils. If the United States, Britain, and Russia behave similarly and start quarreling now, there can be no adequate control of Germany, because no scheme of control can possibly succeed if the controlling powers disagree or split up.

We quit the peace last time, and the result was a new war. By exact analogy, Russia might now decide to handle its share of the European problem its own way, which would be tantamount to quitting the peace, unless we do manage to cooperate. Curiously, in the event of a split between the two countries, the Russian isolationists would probably tend to sympathize with American isolationists—because if the United States also walks out of a peace settlement, Russian hands in Europe will be freer. Conversely, American isolationists should at the moment logically support a strong Russian nationalist stand, which most of them do not do. In other words, isolation in either country will encourage isolation in the other—which could produce catastrophe.

German policy—to the last broken gasp—was an attempt to divide the United States, Great Britain, and the Soviet Union. The Nazi demagogues and blusterers failed in this effort during the war itself. Shall they succeed now that we have a military victory? Why continue to play the Nazi game, now that the "war" is over? Surely there is something juvenile and unrealistic in this attitude, because the whole future of mankind is at stake. And if the U. S. A. and the U. S. S. R. do not stick together, *Hitler even in death will have won the war!*

The conclusion of this article will appear next week.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

"Experience is simply the name men give to their mistakes."—*Benjamin Franklin.*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

New light on an Old World favorite

SPECIALITY
COINTREAU
LIQUEUR
COINTREAU
COINTREAU LTD.
COINTREAU

COINTREAU

Recipes on back label

the after-dinner liqueur

© Cointreau Ltd. • Pennington, N. J. • 80 proof • Produced in the U. S. A.

Grumman

U. S. Navy's Grumman Hellcats on Combat Patrol

Grumman

AIRCRAFT ENGINEERING CORPORATION, Bethpage, L. I., N. Y.

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

OVER 21

(Columbia)

Irene Dunne, Charles Coburn, Alexander Knox

Irene Dunne, Alexander Knox listen—Charles Coburn bellows.

IRENE DUNNE first tried her hand as a comedienne in Theodora Goes Wild and followed up with a string of comedy hits. Now, after a series of dramatic roles, she's back, doing business with laughter. Her latest, Over 21, is a Dunne walk-away, with Charles Coburn a close second and Alexander Knox finishing in the money.

One reason for her stand-out performance is the part itself. Ruth Gordon wrote the New York stage hit and played the title role. Miss Gordon had a rare opportunity and made more than the best of it by giving most of the bright dialogue to herself. Producer Sidney Buchman kept the part intact and Miss Dunne fell heir to a tailor-made role.

Charles Coburn, as Robert Gow the millionaire publisher, bites into his part with obvious relish. This is Coburn at his blustering best. Alexander Knox as Max Wharton, Paula's husband and editor of Gow's newspaper, is a studious pincushion for the witty barbs which fall around him.

The story centers on 39-year-old Max Wharton's efforts to graduate from Officers' Candidate School. Paula, his wife, finishes the movie scenario she is working on and joins him in a tourist cottage near the camp. She has heard it is difficult for men over twenty-one to absorb new knowledge, and decides it is her job to keep Gow and the newspaper business away from Max. Gow, however, refuses to understand Max's reasons for enlisting and believes his place is editing the paper. He locates Max and arrives at the bungalow in time to meet Max's commanding officer whom he antagonizes by his chitchat of important people and talk of Max's progressive editorials. Max does graduate, but Gow isn't too unhappy, for Paula has consented to return to New York and hold Max's job for the duration.

Like Sheridan Whiteside in The Man Who Came to Dinner, the character of Paula Wharton in Over 21 is said to have been based on a real person. Many legitimate stage critics recognized Paula as the fictitious representation of the noted authoress and wit, Dorothy Parker.

Alexander Knox appears in the picture after his major role in Wilson. His stint in Over 21 is a very competent one, but it has little sparkle due to the bright dialogue falling to Dunne and Coburn. But competence is the Knox trade-mark, for many still remember his fine portrayal of the priest in This Above All.

While it seems a little late for a picture on O. C. S., that phrase has little to do with the high-humor value Over 21 has. The trials and tribulations of the students are its reason for being, but all the big laughs stem from Ruth Gordon's dialogue and Miss Dunne's ability. The one serious note in the picture blends so well and makes such good sense, you'll be hard put to remember just where the pause occurred.

ANCHORS AWEIGH

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

Frank Sinatra, José Iturbi, Kathryn Grayson, Gene Kelly

AS a musical, Anchors Aweigh is lilting and lovely. But as a Frank Sinatra picture—it's Gene Kelly's.

The story revolves around Kelly's dancing, Kelly's amusing patter, and just Kelly. Miss Grayson sings, keeps company with Sinatra, falls in love with Kelly, and then sings again. José Iturbi makes wonderful music and saves the romance in the nick of time. Sinatra sings, looks at Miss Grayson, listens to Kelly, and falls in love with a waitress. That's the story.

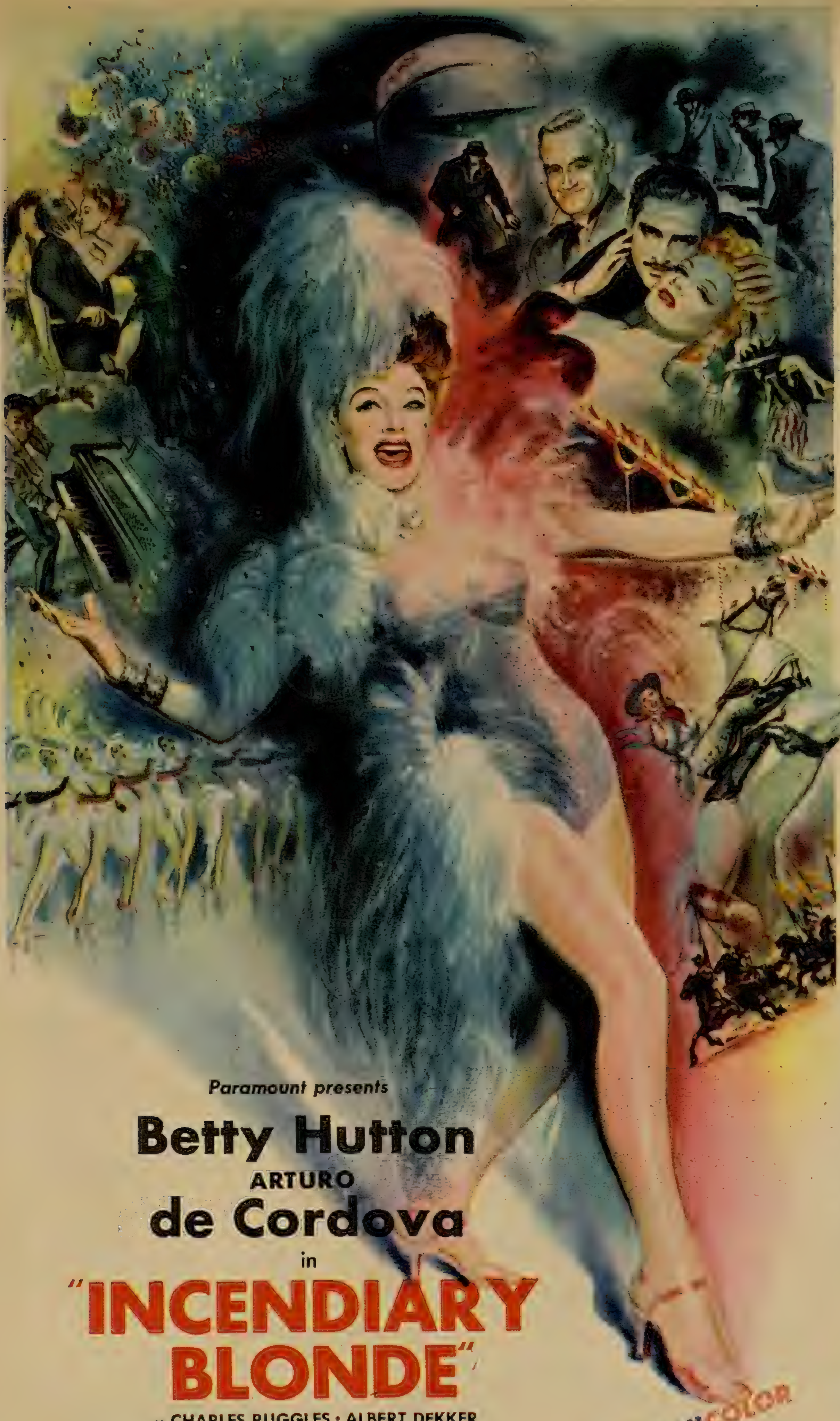
Gene Kelly and Frank Sinatra tell a tall story in song.

Frank Sinatra will be a pleasant surprise to non-Sinatra fans, for he's easy to take in his role of shy Clarence Doolittle. Sinatra fans will be pleased too, for Frankie sings enough and smiles enough for all of them. The thought of Frankie being a shy sailor without a girl friend to his name is nicely ridiculous when you remember the hordes of shrieking girls who mob him wherever he goes.

Iturbi's sessions are bright and warm, with enough dialogue to establish him as a personality rather than a temperamental maestro. Miss Grayson's voice is only outshone by her beauty, which isn't at all hard to take in Technicolor.

Gene Kelly takes and gets the top honors in Anchors Aweigh, for besides his singing and dancing, he directed and arranged the dance numbers too. One Kelly high spot is a fantasy sequence *à la* Disney's Three Caballeros, with Kelly singing and dancing for the animated creatures of the woodland. Later on, an imaginative production number puts Miss Grayson on a balcony and Kelly on the ground, until his amazing gyrations carry him over rooftops to Miss Grayson's side.

Anchors Aweigh is good entertainment—whether you wear silk, golf, or bobby sox.



Paramount presents

Betty Hutton

ARTURO

de Cordova

in

"INCENDIARY BLONDE"

with **CHARLES RUGGLES · ALBERT DEKKER**
BARRY FITZGERALD
and Mary Phillips · Bill Goodwin · Edward Ciannelli
The Maxellos · Maurice Rocco
Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL
Original Screen Play by Claude Binyon and Frank Butler

IN TECHNICOLOR

She was the biggest sucker of them all!

Back in the hooch-happy days of the terrific Twenties, Texas Guinan greeted the mob at her night club with her famous shout of "Hello Suckers"—but she was the biggest sucker of them all, for she was desperately, hopelessly in love with a man—gambler and racketeer—she could never marry.

●

If Texas could see Betty Hutton's sensational performance as the great Guinan in "INCENDIARY BLONDE," she'd okay it with another of her famous lines "Give this little girl a great big hand"—for Betty really goes to town as the rampaging redhead who blew out of the South West in nineteen-umpteen.

●

Texas lived high, wide, and handsome—a rodeo daredevil, hard-riding queen of the roundups—then on to musical comedy success as a Ziegfeld Follies Girl . . . Hollywood star in the strong, silent days when you could mow down sixteen Indians with one bullet, and finally as Hostess in New York's most fabulous night club where money and champagne flowed like water!

●

Paramount has filmed Texas Guinan's exciting story in a riot of color, with a cavalcade of hit tunes, and at a mile-a-minute pace. This picture is so good that Paramount has chosen it to mark its Third of a Century of World Entertainment!

Paramount Entertaining the World for One Third of a Century!

HOW WELL DO YOU READ?

Continued from Page 27

material is the main thing in reading. If you are studying directions for making a cake or building a shelf, you will probably take your time, stopping to assemble materials. You have to be sure you have every step clearly in mind. The same is true in solving an arithmetic problem or reading a Supreme Court decision.

On the other hand, it's no crime to skip elaborate descriptions of mountain scenery when the heroine is hanging over the cliff and the hero is five miles away but galloping fast. Skipping is a time-saver. You should skip whenever you feel like it, except when you are reading for information that you expect to use.

SKIMMING is not the same as skipping. Skimming is the secret that enables many professional workers to keep up with everything published in their field. A school child who knows how to skim through a book to find out where to *begin* reading has learned one of the most important lessons at school. Tables of contents, indexes, card catalogues, the librarian herself should all help you skim intelligently.

How fast should you read? If you read 225 words a minute, you are reading at about the national average and as well as a sixth-grade child is expected to read his schoolbooks. That is not fast enough to make newspaper or magazine reading enjoyable. High-school students get into difficulties if they cannot read 300 words a minute, and college students who read below 350 words will find the going tough. Five hundred words a minute is pretty fast, but in some jobs it is too slow. Dr. Center has had men come to her clinic to improve a reading rate of 600 words a minute. They did it, too. Lewis reads faster than 800 words a minute, and is still improving. Apparently you can always read faster and better, no matter how well you read. Reading is really thinking, and who ever heard of thinking perfectly? To many of us, it will be challenging to learn that most adults can improve their reading rate at least 35 per cent by their own efforts.

Look at the time. How long did you read? First subtract one half minute for turning pages. Then check by this chart.

If you read	Your rate per minute is
12 minutes	210 words
10 minutes	250 words
9 minutes	275 words
8 minutes	310 words
7 minutes	355 words
6 minutes	415 words
5 minutes	500 words
4½ minutes	555 words
4 minutes	625 words
3½ minutes	715 words
3 minutes	835 words

Answer the following questions without looking back at the article. Count ten for each one you answer correctly. If your score is 80 or higher, you have got the main points of the article. If it is less than 60, you have perhaps been too conscious of making a test.

1. Fast readers miss a lot of what they read. True? False?
2. A poor vocabulary slows up your reading. True? False?
3. If you pronounce each word, you will understand what you read better and build up your vocabulary. True? False?
4. Theodore Roosevelt read a whole page at once. True? False?
5. Reading is more important than any school subject. True? False?
6. The number of adults who have reading troubles is probably about (*a*) 5 per cent; (*b*) 25 per cent; (*c*) 60 per cent.
7. Most adults can increase their reading speed at least by (*a*) 10 per cent; (*b*) 35 per cent; (*c*) 100 per cent.
8. (Two answers are wrong. Cross them out.) The commonest reading faults are (*a*) reading word by word; (*b*) reading comics; (*c*) rereading or regression; (*d*) pronouncing the words; (*e*) going to the movies.
9. Anyone who reads very fast can learn to read even faster. True? False?
10. Using a dictionary to look up each new word immediately will improve your reading rate. True? False?

Answers to questions on reading: 1. False. 2. True. 3. False. 4. False. 5. True. 6. 60 per cent. 7. 35 per cent. 8. Wrong answers are (*b*) and (*e*). 9. True. 10. False.

THE END

* * *

Where was the Battle of Bunker Hill fought?

Not on Bunker Hill, but on Breed's Hill! Your encyclopedia will inform you that on the night of June 16, 1775, Colonel Prescott was sent to fortify Bunker Hill; instead, he threw up an earthwork on Breed's Hill, and there awaited the British attack. On June 17, at 3 P. M., the British charged up the hill, but were driven back with great loss. A second charge was likewise repulsed. Although the British took the hill on the third charge, it was a moral victory for the Americans in that the battle demonstrated their fighting capacity and greatly increased the spirit of resistance throughout the country.

* * *

You skim off tough beard in a flash,
Enjoy real comfort, save some cash,
When you use keen-edged Thin Gillette
The low-priced blade well-groomed men get!

THIN
Gillette
BLADES
Gillette
4 BLADES 10¢
4 for 10c

Precision-made
to fit your Gillette
Razor exactly

Produced by the
Maker of the
Famous
Gillette Blue
Blade

FIGHTING WORDS

Continued from Page 29

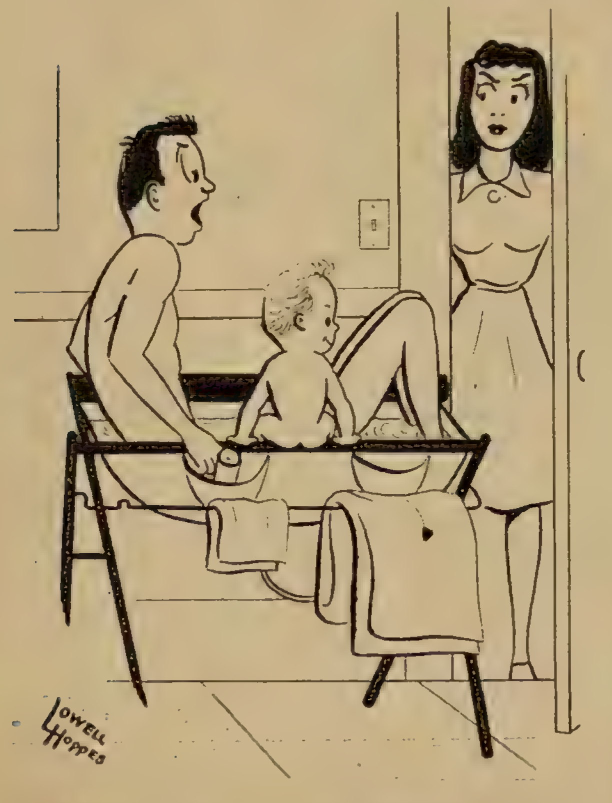
tests. Then they get a stiff course of talker training before they are entrusted with the responsibility of a phone station. Crisp, well-articulated speech is most important, although such elements as regional accent also count. Of the three most common American accents, the Western and Middle Western goes best over the phone. This seems to be because more people are used to it and also because more sounds are pronounced clearly. The Eastern or New England accent is next in clarity and the Southern is a poor third.

The New England "ha'd" for hard, "ca'h" for car, and "hahbah" for harbor, with r's omitted, make many a Yankee sailor difficult to understand. The South's drawly "foah" for four, "poht" for port, and "fahv" for five are mushy over the phone. The uncultured "thoid" for third, "berler" for boiler, "dis" for this, and "t'ree" for three don't get over either.

Not that the Navy wants cultured or pleasing voices. That's not the point. Nasal voices, harsh voices, even downright unpleasant voices are all right. It is strong vowels and crisp consonants that are the basic elements of good telephone speech.

To guard against confusion, the Navy has not hesitated to revise the king's English, giving the digits and letters of the alphabet special treatment because they are used so often in designations. The number three, for example, has been broken into two syllables and is spoken much as the telephone girls rendered it a few years ago, but without the rolled r. The navy insists on thu-ree. Nine has become "niner." Tests show that ni-yen, the often-used phonetic for nine, will be confused with five, three times more often than the Navy's "niner." Nine is not permissible.

The letters of the alphabet are referred to always by their names in the standard Navy phonetic alphabet. The letters *b*, *c*, *d*, *g*, and *t* sound very much alike. So do *h*, *a*, and *j*. But the phonetic names for these letters, "baker," "Charlie," "dog," "George," "tare," "how," "able," and "jig," allow no confusion. So the Navy alphabet begins with "able," "baker," "Charlie," "dog," and ends with "zebra." Aboard ship, compartment A-309-L becomes compartment "able thu-ree zero niner love." The first group of phonetic words



"What could I do? He insisted I get in with him."

FALSE TEETH WEARERS

How YOU Can Avoid The Danger of DENTURE BREATH

Don't blame your son, Mister, if he shies away! He *wants* to be affectionate! But even *his* little nose can't take your . . . Denture Breath. Avoid offending this way. Don't trust brushing your denture with ordinary cleansers that scratch plate material. Such scratches help food particles and film to collect faster, cling tighter, causing offensive Denture Breath.

PLAY SAFE—SOAK DENTURES IN POLIDENT DAILY

It's Easy! It's Quick!

NO BRUSHING

Soak your plate or bridge in Polident fifteen minutes or overnight . . . rinse . . . and it's ready to use. A daily Polident bath gets into tiny crevices brushing never seems to reach—keeps your plate sparkling clean and odor-free.

What's more . . . your plate material is *60 times softer than natural teeth*, and brushing with ordinary tooth pastes, tooth powders and soaps often wears down the delicate fitting ridges designed to hold your plate in place. With worn-down ridges, of course, your plate loosens. But, since there is no need for brushing when using Polident, there's no danger. Besides, the *safe* Polident way is so easy and sure!

Later—Now it's real fun—for Dad and son! No offensive Denture Breath to spoil that precious partnership. He's one of the delighted millions who have found Polident the new, easy way to keep dental plates and bridges sparkling clean, odor-free. If *you* wear a removable bridge, a partial or complete dental plate, play safe. Use Polident every day to help maintain the original natural appearance of your dental plate. Costs less than 1¢ a day. All drug counters; 30¢, 60¢.

NEW! Another Polident Product DENTU-GRIP Pleasant Powder to Hold Plates Tight

Use POLIDENT Daily TO KEEP PLATES AND BRIDGES CLEAN... AND ODOR-FREE!

which follow spells "Japs"; perhaps you can figure out the second group: Jig, able, Peter, sugar . . . sugar, tare, item, negat, king.

Of course not all shipboard communication is vocal. A great deal of information comes to the bridge and other control centers on dials and recorders fed by communication circuits. Wind velocity, for example, is measured by a spinning anemometer topside and carried electrically to a dial on the bridge. The same system reports wind direction and revolutions of the ship's screws. The ship's master gyrocompass is located below decks amidships, in the safest possible spot. Repeaters at the ship's wheel, on the wings of the bridge, and at other strategic locations carry its readings where they are needed, accurately and without time lag. Radar, the new miracle of communication, also has repeater units where they will be most useful to combat officers. Many other visual systems perform all manner of services. There is an engine-order telegraph, a rudder-angle indicator, a ship's drift indicator, a dead-reckoning system, and, aboard carriers, even a teletype system. All of them are important. All of them contribute to the primary objective of every warship—to hit the enemy first and hit him hard.

It's one thing to train the men and install the staggering mass of equipment which efficient shipboard communication requires. It's something else to be sure that the various circuits will continue to function under battle conditions. A ship's own guns create shocks so violent that falling ceiling lights are commonplace and sometimes even steel doorframes are bent. When the enemy lands a punch from a bomber or a fourteen-inch gun, anything can happen. Communication engineers know that their equipment is going to get terrific punishment, and must design systems that are as foolproof as possible.

Thus many phones and loud-speakers are connected not by one armor-plated cable, but by two and sometimes three, all of which take different courses through the ship. This ensures against a single bomb or shell cutting all the feed wires. Amplifiers are installed in pairs so that when one is damaged another can be cut into the circuit immediately. Even the electronic tubes in the amplifiers are double so that the breakdown of one, or even more, will not put the apparatus out of commission.

Kirk Stiles

"I keep out of it! It's his wits against the mouse's."

Reproducers are all designed to be blastproof, shockproof, vibration-proof and salt-sprayproof. Months, even years, have been spent testing instruments and whole systems in the laboratory and under simulated battle conditions so that they can be as sure as it's possible to be that "the word" will get through, come what may. As one engineer puts it, "If the ship breaks in two, the crew may have to resort to blinker or flag signals for communication between the halves. Short of that, wire communications are expected to continue to operate."

Some day in the not too distant future, the greatest fleet the world has ever known will be gathered off the shores of Japan to protect an American landing. As the zero hour approaches, thousands upon thousands of miles of wire, the nerve fibers of each of the ships, will come alive with preparations. Talkers will pull on their phone helmets, plug in their connection jacks. Almost in less time than it takes to tell it, the sound-powered phones will speak and talkers will deliver this message to the captains: "All guns manned and ready, sir." Then, as the second hands of wrist watches sweep to the zero hour, the captains will give the command: "Commence firing." In instant obedience, a thousand guns will kick their tons of destruction toward the shore.

It will be a great show, with tremendous implications. The gunners will think of it as an extraordinary display of fire power. Shipwrights will see it as an impressive concentration of ship construction. But the communication men will recognize it as a masterpiece of co-ordination. They'll know that their ship, and each of the others, would be a powerless hullful of undirected men and machines except for the interior communications.

THE END

"It multiplies your pleasure!"–says HI to HATT
The value of rich Kessler's is pretty hard to measure
By blendin' it so silky, they multiply yer pleasure!
HI
HATT
KESSLER'S Private Blend BLENDED WHISKEY
SMOOTH AS SILK but not "High Hat"
KESSLER'S BLENDED WHISKEY
True Pre-War Quality

KESSLER'S PRIVATE BLEND. 75% Grain Neutral Spirits. 85 Proof. Julius Kessler Distilling Co., Incorporated, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

GEORGE WOLFE

"Ted, didn't you make this bug spray too strong?"

THE LAW PROTECTS THE MISSING

Continued from Page 23

will simplify the widow's right to administer her husband's estate and collect money due from insurance companies, particularly those which had previously refused to recognize the federal finding.

Probably the most confusing and disturbing situations resulting from missing-in-action reports involve remarriage. Even though a missing man has been certified to be dead, he may still return, as the wife of the bomber pilot discovered. The story of Lieutenant Goad is only one of dozens. The fascinating theme of one woman with two husbands has been used in fiction, plays, and movies, but it's anything but fascinating to the principals; on the contrary, it produces emotional chaos and carries many legal dangers.

THERE is the story of a daredevil young soldier who joined the Army immediately after Pearl Harbor, was decorated for bravery, and then was reported missing in action. Twelve months later the finding of death was made and his young wife remarried. She was a distressed and upset young woman when, more than a year later, the soldier turned up, no longer a dead soldier, but a live sailor. His thirst for adventure had led him to desert the Army, enlist in the Navy under another name, with convincingly faked identification papers, and go on to additional glory and as many Navy decorations as Army ribbons.

He came home, expecting to pick up his marriage where he had so thoughtlessly left it years before, but she couldn't forgive his long absence, or the months of needless worry he had caused. She preferred to remain married to her second husband. Still, mere desire wasn't enough. She had to take specific legal steps. She had to divorce her first husband, on the ground of mental cruelty and desertion, and then remarry her second in a new ceremony. Without all this procedure, her second marriage would have been legally void, she would have had none of the protection to which a wife is entitled, and any subsequent children would have been considered illegitimate.

When, then, is it safe for a woman whose husband has been missing in action and later certified dead, to remarry? The answer varies not only with the laws of each state, but also with the way the courts of each state interpret them.

One positive statement can be made: In no state is it safe to remarry merely on the strength of the War or Navy Department's certification of death after a man has been missing in action. Prewar state laws govern this action and must be complied with.

ALL states have long recognized that people do disappear—even in civilian life—and are never heard from again. For that reason each state has a special law to cover remarriage by the missing person's spouse. New York, for example, is one of several states that require court action before the wife is free to remarry. There she must wait at least five years, must have tried diligently to locate the missing man, and have found no evidence that he was alive during that period. On this proof, the court will dissolve the marriage. Until such a decree is obtained, she may not remarry.

If she follows this procedure, her first husband will have no rights should he reappear, and her second marriage will remain valid.

Other states require no court action, but demand that the wife wait until her husband has been missing for a certain number of years—usually five to seven—before she may remarry. Unfortunately these same states have different rules about what happens if the first husband should return.

Some of them declare that the second marriage is still valid, others that it becomes void and must be annulled. All agree, however, that when the wife has waited the full statutory time, any children of the second marriage will be considered legitimate even though that marriage is legally ended. But if she has not waited the full statutory time, they may be considered illegitimate.

Still more hazards menace the wife who remarries without waiting the full statutory period. Actually, she is marrying illegally and, as a result, will lose certain rights. If her second husband should die, other members of his family may contest her right to inherit his estate on the ground that she married him unlawfully. If her second marriage should not work out and she should sue for divorce, she may be denied alimony on the ground that she is not the legal wife.

All these legal intricacies indicate that any missing man's wife who intends to remarry should first seek careful and sound advice. She should consider the risks involved and decide whether she ought to wait out the statutory period and avoid these risks.

What of the missing man who returns to find his property distributed and his wife remarried? His domestic problem is as complicated as his wife's. If she chooses not to return to him, he will have to get a divorce before he can remarry. He may find his property distributed and a stranger running his business. To get his property back, he would have to get a probate court order compelling those who had received it to make restitution. In some states he would be able to get restitution from the administrator; in others, from the beneficiaries of the estate. Should they be unable to make payment, he might find himself shorn of all his property as well as his wife and home.

As the war continues, and in spite of all the best efforts of the War and Navy Departments to establish the facts in missing-in-action cases, more and more men will come back from the dead to find that they have no place among the living.

THE END

NEXT TIME SAY
BRIGHT STAR
and you will get a
FLASHLIGHT & BATTERIES
famous since 1909
for QUALITY,
STYLE and
SERVICE

BRIGHT STAR
BRIGHT STAR
Nº 10 M
FLASHLIGHT
BATTERY
REGISTERED
BRIGHT STAR BATTERY CO.
CHICAGO, CLIFTON, N. J., SAN FRANCISCO
BRIGHT STAR
Nº 10 M
FLASHLIGHT
BATTERY
REGISTERED
BRIGHT STAR BATTERY CO.
CHICAGO, CLIFTON, N. J., SAN FRANCISCO

BRIGHT STAR BATTERY CO., CLIFTON, N. J.

HUNDREDS OF MAKES *TO CHOOSE FROM...*
YET EVERY *EIGHTH* OIL BURNER *IS AN* OIL-O-MATIC

A speedy victory depends on what you do today. Buy War Bonds and *keep* them.

WILLIAMS
OIL-O-MATIC
HEATING
BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

Lt. Irving Hecht, Germany. B-29s were not used in the war against the Nazis because, with their 3,600-mile range, they were more effective against the Japs. The length of a B-29 is ninety-nine feet, and it weighs 120,000 pounds.

* * *

Mrs. H. W., Troy, N. Y. The silver oak leaves on a Combat Infantryman Badge were adopted from mythology and symbolize strength and independence. The oak tree was sacred to the Greeks and Romans, and they sometimes presented a victorious commander with a crown of oak leaves.

Offensive?

* * *

C. E. Simmons, S1c, FPO, San Francisco, Calif. Yes, there are a few pictures such as you mention which prove offensive to the troops in the combat zones, but on the whole Hollywood has done a magnificent job during the war.

* * *

Mrs. J. O. B., Bremerton, Wash. In the Armored Force, the small vehicle to which you refer was called a "peep." The larger recon car was called a "jeep." However, the small car won the public's heart as well as the G. I.'s, and it has come to have exclusive right to be called a "jeep."

* * *

Cpl. R. F. G., Kansas City, Kans. No, service with the CCC does not count toward longevity pay, since the CCC was not under military jurisdiction.

* * *

Capt. Vernon Smindall, Philippines. The Seabees have fought hand-to-hand battles with the Japs on quite a few Pacific atolls. I do not believe any single branch of the Army or Navy has the right to criticize any other branch's performance, since it is obvious that without all parts of the Army and Navy functioning together, the war would be in a sorry (for us) state.

* * *

Sgt. H. W., APO, San Francisco, Calif. The G. I. Bill of Rights contains benefits for veterans, not for those still in the service. No provisions have yet been made to determine what bonus, if any, will be given to those men who re-enlist after the war.

* * *

Pvt. Marshall Kensall, Tampa, Fla. Yes, there is a provision of the G. I. Bill of Rights which provides that a self-employed veteran shall receive from the government the difference between what his business earns and the sum of $100 a month. Maximum aid is $1,200, since no vet may receive more than twelve checks.

* * *

Mrs. M. Thomas, El Paso, Tex. If your husband is a merchant seaman, he would be entitled to free hospitalization. The rule states that all active merchant seamen and officers are provided free medical attention at any U. S. Public Health Service facility up to sixty days after they sign off an American vessel.

* * *

W. R. Jones, MM3c, FPO, San Francisco, Calif. There is no one ship that was *the* Fighting Lady. The film was shot on four different carriers, and all the Navy will say officially is that "it is probable that the new U. S. S. Yorktown was one of them."

* * *

P. E. C., Omaha, Neb. Being discharged from the Army on a "Section 8" does not interfere with your right to receive mustering-out pay, nor does it deprive you of any of the benefits of the G. I. Bill of Rights.

* * *

Mrs. Q., Belair, N. J. If your son still has an APO in his address, he has not yet been discharged, because there are no overseas separation centers.

* * *

S/Sgt. C. A. Cleveland, Camp Carson, Colo. Yes, according to a War Department circular, you are entitled to wear your former unit's insignia after reassignment. It is to be worn on the right sleeve, same position as formerly worn on the left.

* * *

R. B. Woods, West Point, N. Y. There were many more than two Negro officers in the U. S. Army before Pearl Harbor. You may possibly be thinking of the fact that, prior to that date, only two Negroes had ever graduated from West Point.

* * *

Doyle Rogers, Hope, Ark. If you are on inactive duty, you may wear your uniform on Army Day and also when taking part in any military formation or parade. You may not wear the uniform at will, and if it is the only suit in the closet when you send the tweeds to the cleaner's, you'll just have to sit around and wait for the tailor.

This department of Liberty is for your convenience. It is here to answer your questions about the Armed Forces. No names will be used without express permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

BANZAI—JAP SUICIDE CHARGE

Continued from Page 21

Mulcahy saw him coming and finished him with a shot from Wimmer's pistol.

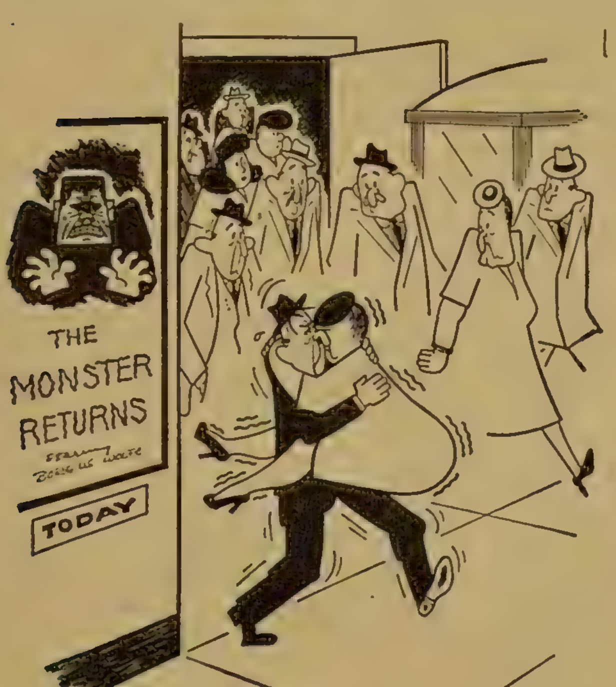
Meanwhile Killian was still in trouble. As the Jap fled, another group of the enemy charged out of the darkness. Killian's rifle mowed them down. Dopp's automatic jammed at this point, and he had to substitute a pistol. The Japs turned away, but three of them stopped at Herzberg's silent machine gun, and tried to swing it at Killian. He blasted them with his automatic and they dropped it. Two of them fell over the bodies of the marine crew. The third pulled out a grenade, held it to his head and blew himself up.

During the comparative quiet that followed, Eubanks, returning, wriggled toward Herzberg's gun to see what was wrong. Japs appeared suddenly from behind it, and he ducked back into his hole. Several of them were trying to swing the heavy weapon around when from the darkness a lone drunken Jap raced headlong at them, tripped several feet away over a body, and flew through the air. There was a blinding flash as he blew apart. He had been a human bomb, carrying a land mine and a blast charge on his waist. The explosion knocked out the other Japs and gave Eubanks a chance to withdraw.

Slightly to his left he found that the remnants of B Company's third platoon had formed a new line on a tiny ridge. He, Kemp, and Barcovic joined this line and remained there for the rest of the night. Shortly before dawn a mortar shell landed close to them, and Barcovic was killed.

When Eubanks withdrew, Lieutenant Ed Mulcahy, who had been keeping up his pep yells to hold the line, noticed an ominous silence settling over the ridgetop. Making the blinded Wimmer as comfortable as possible, he crawled painfully up the hill to examine the situation. At the top, the first thing he saw was Herzberg's machine gun, amid a chaotic mass of blood and bodies. Lying beside the gun was Krejci, horribly mangled. He had been slashed and stuck with a bayonet, riddled with bullets and grenade fragments, and literally peppered from head to foot with shrapnel from the explosion of the dynamite-carrying Jap.

Near by, beneath a dead Jap, lay Herz-


THE MONSTER RETURNS
TODAY
BILL KING

"Oh, come on, dear! It was only a movie and it's all over now!"

ATHLETE'S FOOT DANGER IS GREATEST IN SUMMER WHEN FEET ARE EXPOSED

SUMMER "EPIDEMIC" THREATENS

Science finds 7 out of 10 have Athlete's Foot

CHECK YOUR FEET for these symptoms:
☐ Peeling & cracks between toes
☐ Soft, soggy skin
☐ Itching

AMAZING RESULTS OF 30-DAY TREATMENT WITH QUINSANA
74% infected before Quinsana treatment
6% Practically all cases cleared up after Quinsana treatment

ATHLETE'S FOOT DISAPPEARED among practically all those using Quinsana—in actual records. In new study of 40,000 persons, scientist in charge states, *"Quinsana was found to be a highly effective aid in controlling Athlete's Foot!"*

YOU HAVE ATHLETE'S FOOT or probably will get it unless you guard against it. 7 out of 10 adults are infected yearly, warm weather *increases danger!* Mild case may become serious. *Millions* now use Mennen Quinsana with excellent results!

EASY TO USE
1. ON FEET
2. IN SHOES
MENNEN
QUINSANA
50¢
Slightly higher in Canada

MOST CHIROPODISTS (FOOT SPECIALISTS) RECOMMEND QUINSANA. for Athlete's Foot. Use Quinsana daily 2 ways: (1) on feet and (2) in shoes, (absorbs moisture, reduces chances of re-infection from shoe linings). Being a soothing *powder*, Quinsana is easy to use—for prevention as well as relief. Used by all branches of the armed forces. Excellent for the whole family. Buy Quinsana today! **THE MENNEN COMPANY, Newark, N. J.**

WOMEN in your '40's'

Do these symptoms betray your age?

Often many women between the ages of 38 and 52—are shocked to realize they are in the class commonly known as "middle-age" with its annoying symptoms which so often betray their age.

So if *you* suffer from hot flashes, feel weak, tired, nervous, restless, a bit blue at times—due to the functional "middle-age" period peculiar to women—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms.

This Great Medicine HELPS NATURE

For almost a century—Pinkham's Compound has been famous to help great numbers of women go "smiling thru" such middle-age distress. Thousands have reported remarkable benefits!

Pinkham's Compound taken *regularly* helps build *up resistance* against such symptoms. This great medicine *helps nature* and *that's* the kind you should try.

INEXPENSIVE: Pinkham's Compound costs very little compared to some other methods but this doesn't detract from its effectiveness.

Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND

SONG POEMS WANTED To Be Set to Music

★ Publishers need new songs! Submit one or more of your best poems for immediate consideration. Any subject. Send poem.

★ *Phonograph Records Made*

★ **FIVE STAR MUSIC MASTERS**

★ 656 Beacon Bldg. Boston 8, Mass.

THE FINEST OF FINE CUTLERY

ROBESON "ShurEdge" CUTLERY

Quality Household, Pocket and Sportsman's Cutlery for All Uses

ROBESON CUTLERY CO., INC., PERRY, N. Y.

berg. The lieutenant could detect no breathing and assumed that the corporal was dead.

At the same time he heard a wild yell and saw more Japs beginning to rush. He withdrew quickly down the hill, but on the way he heard two weapons firing back at the advancing Japs. "Moose" Killian and Dopp were still at it, all alone now on that ridge of death. Their resistance, gallant as it was, had become almost futile, so many of the enemy had stampeded past them.

As Mulcahy slid into his shellhole again, Japanese grenades began coming down, bursting mostly behind the three men. One hit a man in the back, lower down on the ridge. He began to yell for a corpsman. The three men in the shellhole lay for a few moments listening to him, unable to do anything to help him. The man's agonizing screams gave way to a delirious laugh. Then the lieutenant turned to Martinez and saw that the rifleman had been hit. Grenade fragments had smashed into his back.

Martinez could still move about, and the lieutenant ordered him to get medical help, and possibly direct a corpsman up the ridge to care for Wimmer and the delirious man on the slope. Martinez nodded and silently crawled away. He had gone only a few feet in the darkness when he bumped into a human form.

There was an instant of spine-chilling silence. Then a voice called out, "It's Moose."

Martinez hugged Killian with joy, then called up to the lieutenant and told him that Killian and Dopp had finally withdrawn and were looking for a new line to hold. That settled the lieutenant's mind. He decided to try to reach other men along the slope and set up some kind of new line. Wimmer at first pleaded with Mulcahy to leave him behind and not be tied down with a wounded man. But the lieutenant ordered the blinded marine to hang onto his ankle and, with Martinez as a guide, began dragging him back to where Killian was waiting. They paused there. Killian found a small shellhole and pulled Wimmer in beside him.

A few moments later two other marines and a Navy corpsman, Hospital Apprentice First Class John J. Maloney, slid in and joined them. Instantly another wave of Japs appeared at the top of the hill. The marines fired as fast as they could. Some of the enemy veered off. But several Japs at the crest of the ridge spotted the little band and resorted to the old trick of rolling grenades down on them. One burst near Maloney. The corpsman fell back, injured, against one of the other men and begged the marines not to let the Japs take him alive.

After a moment his cries subsided and he became quiet.

Mulcahy now ordered the men to withdraw to a knob which commanded the top of the cliff behind them. At the same time Killian volunteered to try to take the wounded men to A Company's command post, from which they could probably be evacuated to the rear. He locked Wimmer's arms around his neck and, telling him to hang on, grasped Maloney by the elbow and set off.

As he was dragging the two men along the rough ground shell fragments struck him in the arm and leg, but he took hold of the two men again and shoved off. Once more he had to rest. When he set out a third time, he could pull only one man. He left Wimmer behind.

There was gunfire all around the C. P., and he had to wait a moment before returning for Wimmer. He had scarcely caught his breath when three Japs suddenly appeared, charging straight toward him.

Half a dozen shots stopped them only a few feet away.

The trip back to get Wimmer seemed to take an eternity. Killian was now ill from all the tension and excitement. He felt blurry and numb. When he reached Wimmer and started back with him, it was beginning to get light.

Back at the C. P. with Wimmer, he found Martinez waiting for him. The wounded Martinez had become lost trying to follow Lieutenant Mulcahy down the ridge, and finally had wandered into the A Company lines.

The two men greeted the dawn with almost hysterical joy. But the terror was not yet over. About 6 A. M., three hours after the attack had first begun, a last wave of Japs suddenly charged over the top of the hill. It was the wildest, most drunken group of all, bunched together, howling, stumbling and waving swords, bayonets, and even sticks. Some, already wounded, were swathed in gory bandages. The marines chopped them down in their mad rush. The last wave of the three-hour attack died to a man.

But daylight revealed how successful the earlier charges had been. About 2,000 Japs were behind the American front line, and now they began to hit the rear units. By noon, most of them had been wiped out. The rest took to caves to hide like bewildered, sick animals.

Killian, Martinez, Eubanks, and the other survivors of B Company cautiously returned to the top of the ridge. Around Herzberg's machine gun a score of broken Jap bodies lay in piles. Krejci, with a bayonet still sticking in him, was mangled almost beyond recognition. A tattered enemy corpse hung over Herzberg's form.

Killian pulled the corpse away and, to his amazement, found that Herzberg was still breathing. Some time during the night he had come to enough to take some sulfa tablets and tie his belt around his leg as a tourniquet. His life had also been saved, when the Jap human bomb had exploded, by the enemy lying across his body.

Herzberg was evacuated with a bayonet wound, sixty-three holes in one leg and thirty-five in the other. But he lived and recovered.

B Company had almost been wiped out during the night. Only eighteen men were left of more than 200. The number went down to seventeen a few minutes later, when they started to dig out Herzberg's machine gun. A marine sat down behind the gun to see if it still was in working order.

Before he could squeeze the trigger, a Jap sniper shot him squarely between the eyes.

Soon afterward, the men of the Third Division were ordered to get off the ridge for once and for all. Weary, red-eyed, and fighting mad, the leathernecks attacked. The Japanese, weakened by their losses of the night, never again had a chance, and the island was soon secured.

Before the old First Battalion positions, burial squads found between 250 and 500 dead Japs.

Eubanks, Killian, Captain Donald M. Beck, Lieutenant Mulcahy, and several other members of B Company later received the Silver Star, and Martinez and many others the Bronze Star. They and the men whose honors could only be posthumous had proved once again that the marines were equal to anything the Japs could offer. In the swirling hell of Banzai Ridge they not only helped to save a vital beachhead, but wrote one of the most glorious chapters in Marine Corps history.

THE END

A GREAT TEAM

ON this week's cover, Major Robert S. Johnson of Lawton, Okla., shakes hands with his indispensable crew chief, Staff Sergeant Eaton Olson of Alexandria, Minn. Pilot Johnson was formerly with the 56th Fighter Group, Eighth Air Force, in the European theater. He was the first American ace to break Captain Eddie Rickenbacker's record of twenty-six victories in World War I. Twenty-five years old, he wears the Distinguished Service Cross, the Silver Star, the Distinguished Flying Cross, and the Air Medal with clusters.

Lt. Col. Charles Baskerville, who painted the cover, is an official artist of the Army Air Forces under the personal orders of Commanding General H. H. Arnold.

PRIDE OF THE SOUTH!
Pride of THE NATION
100 PROOF
Delicious
Straight or Mixed
SWANEE PRIDE
Liqueur
Its distinctive bouquet and flavor recall the body of fine whiskey and the mildness of smooth brandy. Serve your favorite drink with PRIDE.
"The all-purpose drink"
M. S. WALKER, Inc., BOSTON, MASS.

The Fisherman's Friend
SHERRILL
AVIATION TYPE Magnetic "DIRECTOR"
AUTO COMPASS
DON'T GET "LOST" Save Tires and Gas!
Use a Sherrill Auto Compass whether you drive for business or fun. It is accurate, durable and easily attached to dash or windshield of your car. Simple to operate. No tools are required. Ruggedly constructed of modern molded plastic, this new streamlined precision instrument is modeled from Sherrill Tank Compasses used by the U. S. Armed Forces. Supply limited!
Sold at Hdw., Drug, Dept., Chain Stores and Service Stations. Only $2.50
SHERRILL INSTRUMENT COMPANY, PERU, IND.

WHEN YOUR STOMACH IS UPSET

Look out for "worry-go-round stomach" . . . distress after meals, nervous indigestion, gas pains — perhaps simple diarrhea! When you feel these symptoms, go easy...take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL!

This pleasant-tasting preparation is neither antacid nor laxative. It spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls . . . thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets. *Get a bottle today!* If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician.

Pepto-Bismol

A NORWICH PRODUCT Norwich

PULVEX
FLEA POWDER
Kills fleas
25¢ AND 50¢
100% SATISFACTION ...OR MONEY BACK

"SM's"

CONSULT YOUR PHYSICIAN

"SM's" [pronounced S-Ems] are available *only* through properly licensed pharmacists. Never sold by mail or mail order houses. Consult your physician — purchase from your pharmacy.*** S. M. Laboratories, Seattle 1, Wash.

"Georgie still comes running to his old mother-with his little problems."

THEY WISH UPON A STAR —AND WIN!

Continued from Page 35

reverently, "is our prop man. You can't do better."

Why pay for all the plush and chromium and telephones and secretaries that go into a Front Office? Wherever the two Bills happen to be sitting is the Pine-Thomas front office. Their first directors' meeting they held in a phone booth at the Metropolitan airport, frantically calling the weatherman. Since then they greet each other with "Step into the phone booth, please," whenever they feel the need of a financial powwow.

In a recent picture, They Made Me a Killer, they needed a set that would show the crowded main street of a small bustling city. Cost, $50,000. And they would have had to hire hundreds of extras from Central Casting to act as townspeople. That's all right for producers with elephantiasis of the budget. Pine-Thomas took the technical crew and a couple of actors to Visalia, California. The townspeople said sure they'd like to be in pictures. So while the actors shot blank cartridges at them on the main street, the folks had a wonderful time looking frightened. "Acted better than actors," says Bill Pine. "And the sequence only cost us the crew's wages."

They wanted to do a picture about men who wreck buildings, titled Wrecking Crew. They wrote to wrecking companies all over the country, asking whether they were planning to wreck any buildings. Nobody was. At dinner one night, Bill Pine was telling his troubles to a theater exhibitor from the East. "Hell," said the guy, "there's a building down on Hill Street in Los Angeles—used to be a theater—they're wrecking it next week to make a parking lot." Pine-Thomas galloped down to Hill Street with their cameras and their actors.

One day the Bills read about the huge gasoline cracking plants the government had built in various parts of the country —for $39,000,000 per. One of these plants was in Richmond, California. "That's terrific. That's for us," they said. They sent their two writers, Shane and Danny Mainwaring, to take a look at the 200-foot steel structure. High Power, a picture about high-octane for airplanes, was the result. And no other producers in Hollywood ever had a $39,000,000 set.

The two Bills even get their gags free. Two years ago Thomas was in New York with a couple of guests he wanted to impress. The Copacabana headwaiter said there simply weren't any tables. Bill Thomas slipped him a double sawbuck. "Keep it, bud," said the headwaiter casually, "you'll only screw up my income tax." Thomas told the incident to Max Shane, and it appeared as a gag in Double Exposure.

For all their thrift when they started producing in 1941, today they open the till wide if the picture warrants it. Pine-Thomas make their pictures on the unpretentious Producers Releasing Corporation lot on Santa Monica Boulevard, only a stone's throw from Sam Goldwyn, who outspends them twenty to one. Just so their stars won't waste time dawdling over coffee, they take them to lunch as their guests, and hustle them back to the studio within the hour. Being former exploitation men, they write their advertising copy before they start work on a picture. If the copy gets them hankering to see the picture, they make it.

When the boys have a story conference, everybody's welcome. One night, as they were huddling over Timber Queen, a quavery voice piped up over by the water cooler. "Trouble with that story, the girl stinks," announced Shorty, the old man who cleans out the waste-paper baskets. "Shorty has the floor," said Bill Pine. So Shorty proceeded to tell them about girls and love and life—and they rewrote the script to incorporate his suggestion.

Hollywood's unique producers were both born in Los Angeles, which is unheard of among other producers. Bill Pine studied journalism at Columbia University, became a reporter, and went home to a job with the Los Angeles Herald-Tribune. Following this stint he took up press-agenting for Gilda Gray. After adding considerably to the colorful career of the Queen of the Shimmy, he went to work as a press agent for the Balaban and Katz chain of theaters. In 1932, Katz became a Paramount executive and put Pine in charge of exploitation. Pine looked around for a smart young assistant and found Thomas, then handling publicity for the Pantages theater circuit.

"Bill Thomas," says Max Shane, "has rhythm. And that's good if you're a producer. While he was at U. S. C. he got a job as a drummer in a band. He'd play for the *thé dansant*, knock off for dinner, and then back at eight to play until one

TROUBLED CONSTIPATION? BY SIMPLE

Here are 7 reasons why thousands prefer Innerclean Herbal Laxative.

1. Contains only Natural Herbs.
2. Thorough yet Gentle in Effect.
3. No Unpleasant After-effects.
4. Pleasant and Easy to Take.
5. No Fuss, No Brewing, No Bother.
6. Dose can be easily Adjusted to your Individual Needs.
7. Economical, a 50c package lasts the Family for Months.

Caution: Use only as directed.

At all druggists. Or write for **FREE GENEROUS SAMPLE.** Innerclean Co., 846 E. Sixth St., Los Angeles 21, California.

INNERCLEAN
Herbal Laxative

TOOTHACHE? DUE TO CAVITY

GET QUICK relief with Dent's Tooth Gum or Dent's Tooth Drops! "Cavity Toothache" frequently strikes at night. Be prepared. Buy either package from your druggist today. Keep it handy for children and adults. Follow easy directions.

DENT'S TOOTH GUM TOOTH DROPS 25¢

do you WORRY?

ABOUT RUPTURE

Why worry and suffer any longer if we can help you? Try a Brooks Patented Air Cushion. This marvelous appliance for most forms of reducible rupture is GUARANTEED to bring YOU heavenly comfort and security—day and night—at work and at play—or it costs you NOTHING! Thousands happy. Light, neat-fitting. No hard pads or springs. For men, women, and children. Durable, cheap. **Sent on trial** to prove it. Not sold in stores. Beware of imitations. Write for Free Book on Rupture, no-risk trial order plan, and proof of results. All Correspondence Confidential.

Brooks Company, 210-C State St., Marshall, Mich.

DOES YOUR DOG ITCH? SCRATCH?

DON'T BLAME FLEAS ...MANGE...DIET!

If your dog or cat itches, scratches continually, it's probably not due to fleas, mange or diet. 2 to 1, it's FUNGITCH, grass-borne fungus infection long a puzzle to science. It starts as an itch followed by dandruff-like scales or brownish-edged sores with mouldy odor. May start in ears, on paws, underbody, tail or eyes. Can have serious results—costly care—even total loss. Now a noted specialist's discovery—Dr. Merrick's **SULFADENE**—applied externally, stops itching in minutes . . clears up scales and sores in a few days. Only $1.00 in stores or order direct. Money back guarantee. Address:

SULFADENE, BOX H-145, BROOKFIELD, ILLINOIS

Dr. MERRICK'S SULFADENE

Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

in the morning. He'd have to be up at six to get to the university. The trouble was that Bill never had enough time to study."

After a long session of press-agenting together at Paramount, Thomas journeyed over to Columbia as publicity head, and then to RKO as a writer, while Pine became associate producer and right-hand man to Cecil B. De Mille. When Pine told De Mille he was going into the producer business on his own, De Mille cautioned him:

"You can't make pictures without money. You'll come back to me with your hat in your hand."

ONE reason why Pine and Thomas have worked so smoothly together is that they are complete opposites. Pine is the business man, Thomas the idea man. Forty-eight years old, tall, dark, taciturn, Pine keeps an eagle eye on those budgets and production schedules.

"I may look calm," he says, "but inside I'm bleeding."

He's sure he'll be the first of the partners to get ulcers. He has been married twenty-nine years, and has a son recently back from overseas. He still turns a little pale when you mention Mae West, but insists that in their last years together at Paramount they got along wonderfully. "I always carried a stack of her latest photographs under my arm," he says, "and when I saw Mae working herself up to a temperamental williwaw, I'd pull out a few pictures and say, 'Look, Miss West, here are some of your new pictures. Look at this one. Isn't it a beauty!' Calmed her down every time."

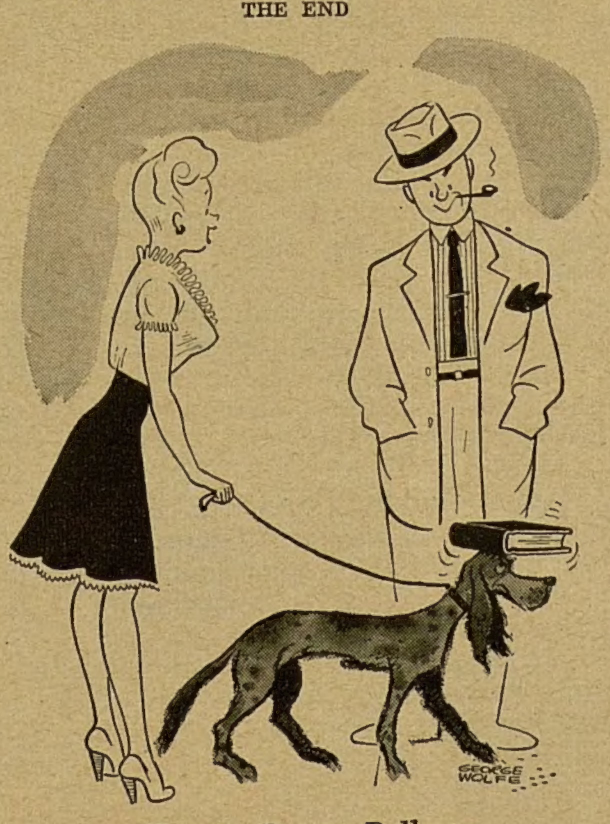
Bill Thomas is forty-one, blond, rosy-cheeked, a fast talker, and as enthusiastic and exuberant as the day he first became a press agent.

Thomas is by way of becoming a Hollywood character. He is extremely superstitious about the Pine-Thomas luck, raps loudly on tables, and crosses his fingers when he passes a cemetery. He lives with his wife and little daughter Carol, who is now doing entrechats, thanks to papa's bookings.

As producers, Pine and Thomas are the silent men of Hollywood. Their pictures never have gala premières with lights and music and movie stars trailing mink. They are never shown at the movie palaces of the cinema city. They never win Oscars.

They just make money, that's all.

THE END



"I want Bonny Belle to walk with more poise."

AVAILABLE for IMMEDIATE DELIVERY!

Radios—Table Models
Electric Fans
Electric Heaters
Health Lamps

Electric Irons
Electric Roasters
Electric Mixers
Waffle Bakers

Silverware
Cooking Utensils
Carpet Sweepers
Electric Extension Cords
Other Electric Items

Electric Cookers—1 or 2-Burner
Electric Broilers

Send Stamped Return Envelope for Prices

JOSEPH WINKLER & CO.
Dept. LF
667-671 NO. CLARK STREET
CHICAGO 10, ILLINOIS

TUK AWAY BUTCHER BLOCKS

The ideal chopping block for Home, Ranch, Farm, Restaurant and Camp. 3½ inches thick, 10½ to 12½ inches wide, 6 inches overall height $4.14

Five other popular sizes 4¼ to 18½ inches.

If unable to obtain locally, write

Pat. Pend.
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

TEXAS MANUFACTURING CO., Brenham, Texas

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE) *Use* **DERMOIL**

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent FREE. Write for it.

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Send 10c (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. Caution: Use only as directed. Print name plainly. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 547, Northwestern Station, Dept. 4624, Detroit 4, Mich.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

©1935 LAKE LAB.

Summer-time Lips

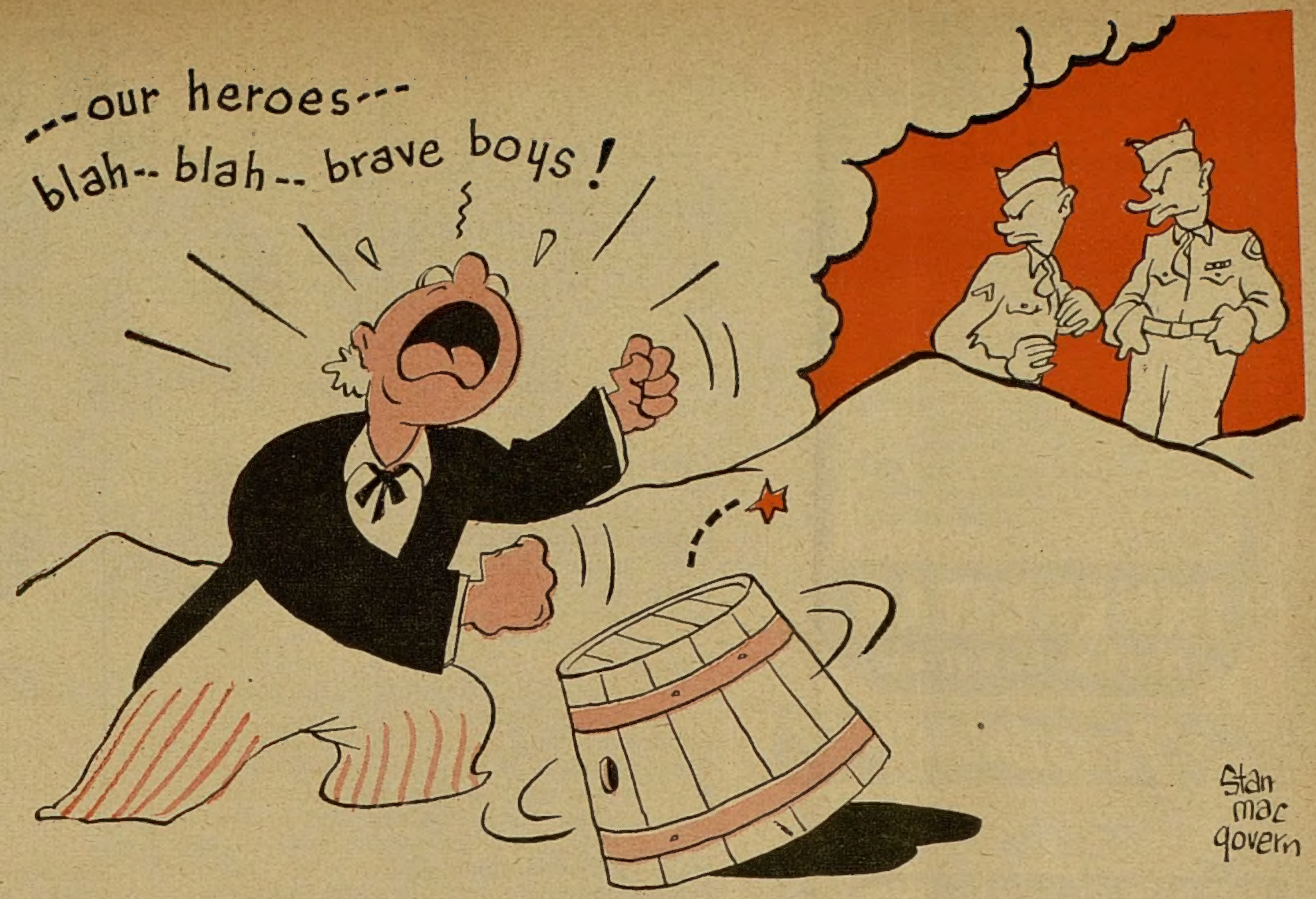
In the good old Summertime, CHAP STICK is the friend in need. For the soldier—the outdoor man—the child at play—It's CHAP STICK—to keep lips fit. Specially medicated, gently soothing *for parched, chapped, sunburned lips.*

FLEET'S ChapStick 25c

KEEPS LIPS FIT

AUG. 25, 1945

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor



ANOTHER KIND OF JUSTICE WE OWE THE VETERAN

ALMOST all civilians have felt at times a twinge of uneasiness about the millions of service men and women who eventually will return to live among us. We have wondered about their readjustment to civilian life and the readjustment of civilian life to them. Prompted no doubt by a vague guilty feeling, we have hoped they will harbor no resentment toward us on the home front because of the easy time we have had during the war while they were bearing its hardships. We hope life will be good to them and that they will be enabled to make up in progress and happiness for the time they have lost.

But servicemen have been coming back by the thousands every day. As far as anyone can notice, they are being absorbed into civilian life without too great difficulty. The fact is that, by and large, their mental attitudes afford little ground for our fears. Most of them seem simply to want to be civilians again and take up their lives where they left off. They display no resentment toward civilians and seem to consider the home front has done its part in the war pretty well.

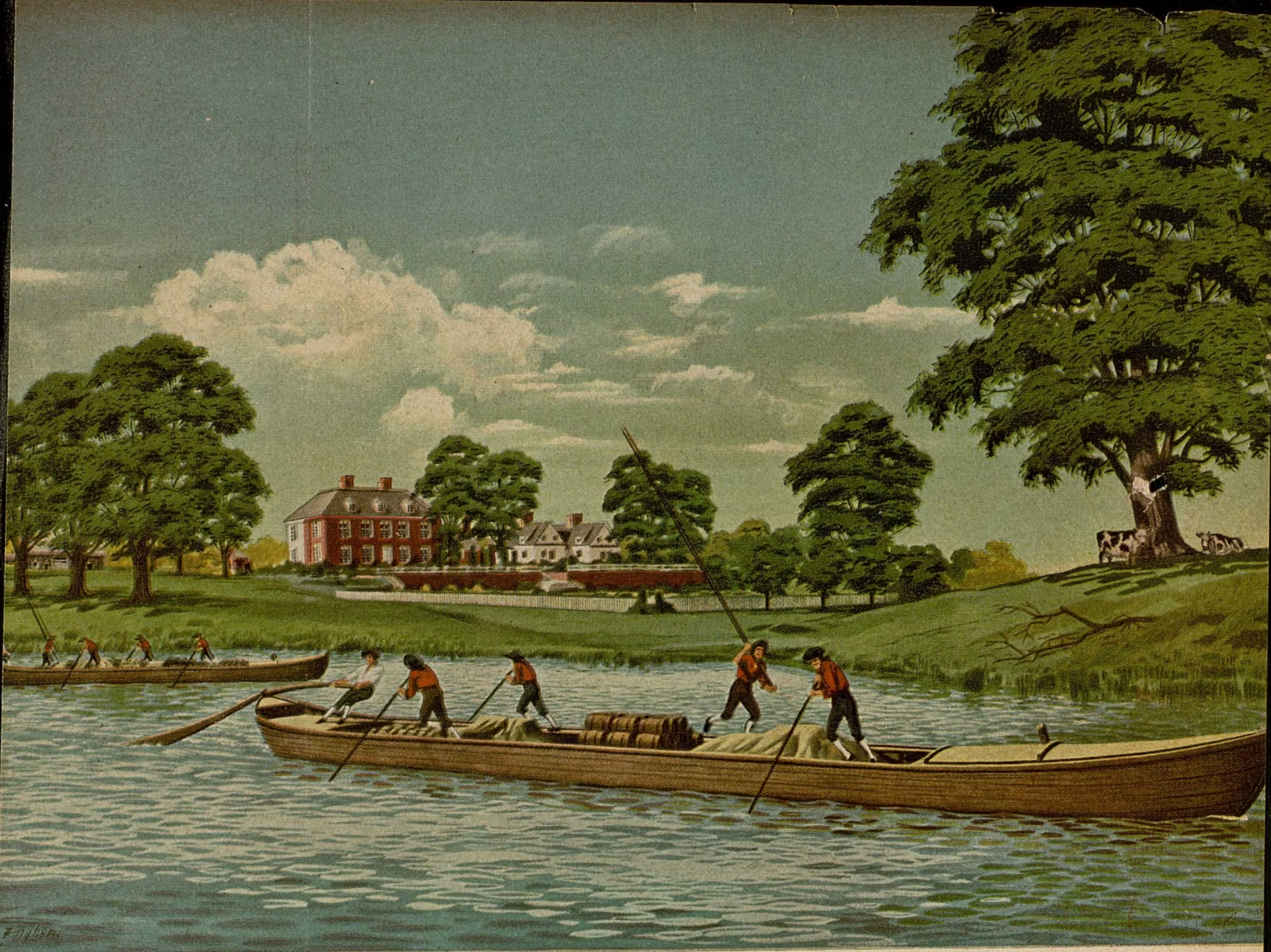
It will do neither the veterans nor the country any good for overzealous citizens to insist on setting them in a class apart against their wishes. The country is oversupplied with weepers and tub thumpers who intone with tears in their eyes and emotion in their voices about our brave boys and the undying debt we owe them. Most of the boys take a dim view of this attitude. The able-bodied feel the country owes them nothing but a chance to make up for lost time. The disabled want only enough help to enable them to overcome their service-acquired handicaps. The vast majority think it was right and proper for them to fight the war. After all, they feel it's their country too. If America's young men do not fight for her, who will?

It is understandable that civilians find it difficult to meet and talk with returned soldiers, combat men particularly, without a feeling of awe. Here are men trained in the arts of war who have bared their breasts to enemy steel, and some of them show the marks of it. It is natural to be in awe of people who have been so far and done so much, but it does the boys themselves a grave injustice. They do not want to be set in a class apart. They want the folks at home to accept them naturally and to be neither in awe of them nor afraid of them. It embarrasses them to be overwhelmed with maudlin emotion. They have done a job which they consider rightfully theirs and want it accepted as such.

The American fighting man is too sound a lad to be prayed over, wept over, or talked over. What he wants is a fair chance, not maudlin sentiment.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
... FOR ALL



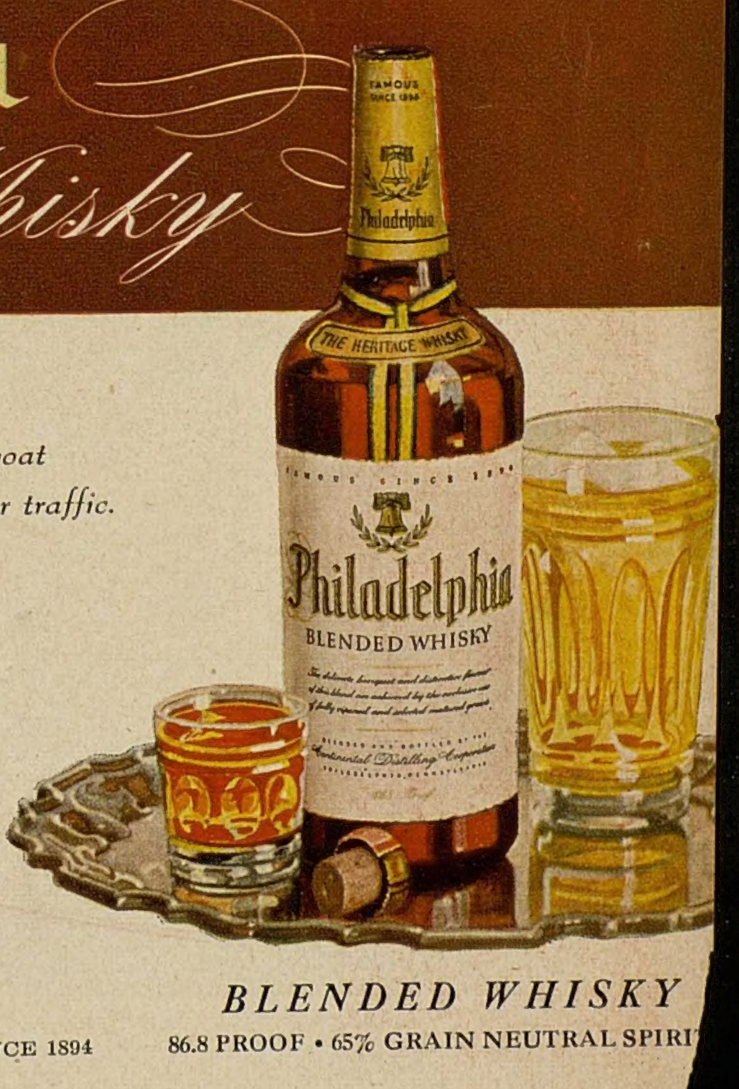
Durham Boats Passing Pennsbury on the Delaware, about 1750*

Philadelphia
The Heritage Whisky

"She came across country on the dew"
. . . from Skipper's account of last recorded trip of a Durham boat
. . . developed as a cargo carrier for river traffic.

Shot and shell for Washington's army, whisky and lumber from the upper reaches of the Delaware, were transported by these famous light-draught boats. That their cargoes encompassed the amenities as well as the necessities of the Good Life, is a fitting commentary on Colonial Philadelphia. Today one finds a welcome reminder of such pleasant traditions in Philadelphia, "The Heritage Whisky." Rich, gratifying, mellow . . . a whisky of such special excellence one might justly reserve it for special occasions. Yet you can afford to enjoy Philadelphia, regularly and often.

CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA



BLENDED WHISKY
86.8 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRI

*FROM A SERIES OF HISTORIC PRINTS FOR PHILADELPHIA . . . *THE HERITAGE WHISKY* . . . FAMOUS SINCE 1894